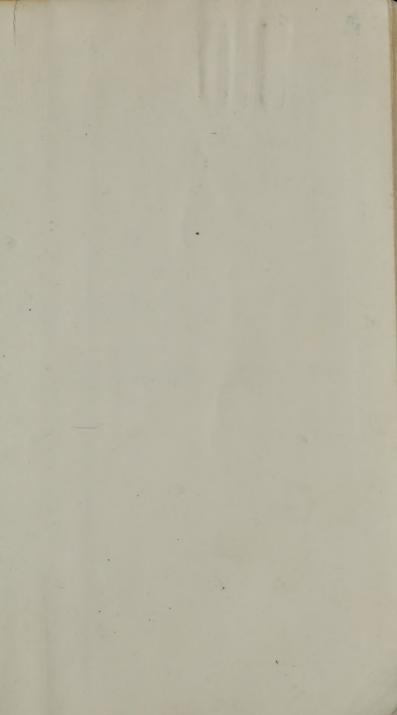


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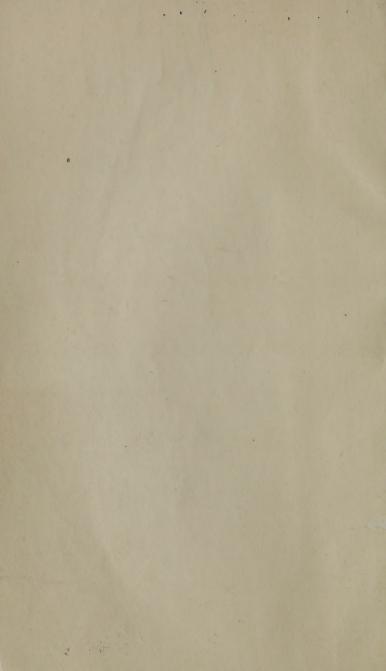


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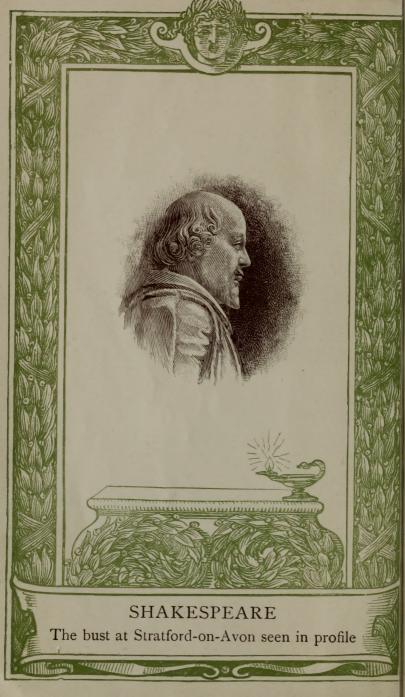
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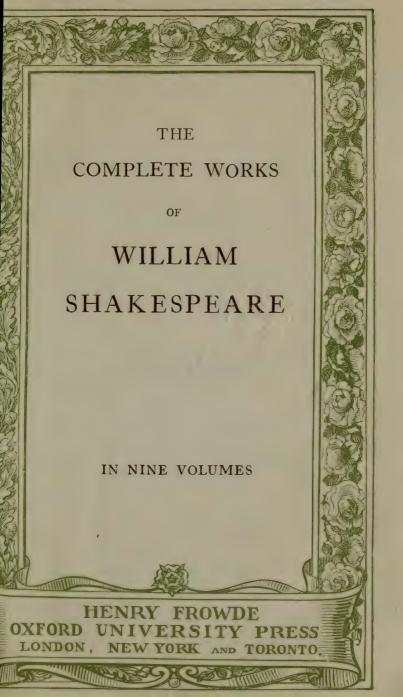
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THE COMPLETE WORKS

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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF VILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WITH A GENERAL INTRODUCTION BY
ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

INTRODUCTORY STUDIES OF THE SEVERAL PLAYS BY EDWARD DOWDEN

AND A NOTE BY

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

UPON THE SPECIAL TYPOGRAPHICAL FEATURES OF THIS EDITION

IN NINE VOLUMES

VOL. III

AS YOU LIKE IT, THE TAMING OF THE SHREW
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL
TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL
THE WINTER'S TALE

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HENRY FROWDE
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AS YOU LIKE IT



AS YOU LIKE IT

INTRODUCTION

Our sole authority for the text of As You Like It is the Folio of 1623. Following an entry dated 1600 in the registers of the Stationers' Company appears, ander the head of 'my lord chamberlens menns plaies', mention of four plays—three by Shakespeare, one by Ionson—as 'to be staied'. This was on August 4, and we may presume that the year was that of the preceding entry. The 'stay' was removed in the case of Much Ado About Nothing, which appeared in a quartor edition, but As You Like It, for what cause we can only conjecture, remained until seven years after Shakepeare's death unpublished. The Folio text seems to have been derived from a manuscript copy which had not been carefully revised.

Taking 1600 as a downward limit of date, we turn to he list of Shakespeare's comedies given by Meres in is Palladis Tamia of 1598, and note that our plays not there mentioned. It seems, therefore, probable hat As You Like It was written between 1598 and August 1600. The year 1599 is a generally accepted late, and the characteristics of style and versification correspond with the chronological position thereby assigned to it. Of more definite internal evidence, shough critics have raised certain points which carry no conviction, there is only this—that Shakespeare, who howhere else alludes to his great contemporary Marowe, here quotes from that poet's version of the Hero

and Leander of the pseudo-Musaeus:

Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might: 'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?'

Hero and Leander was first published in 1598, and the

allusion would probably not have been caught by the spectators of the theatre until the book had been for

some time before the public.

In As You Like It, as long afterwards in The Winter's Tale, Shakespeare dramatizes the prose romance of a contemporary writer. But the tale goes back far beyond Thomas Lodge, the author of Rosalynde, as far back indeed as the days of Chaucer. A somewhat rough and rude but always spirited poem, The Tale of Gamelyn. belonging to perhaps the middle of the fourteenth century, is the remote ancestor of Shakespeare's comedy. It has been erroneously ascribed to Chaucer, and possibly, as Professor Skeat conjectures, Chaucer actually thought of rehandling it, and of placing it in the mouth of his Yeoman as one of the Canterbury Tales. The poem has in it some of the freedom and greenwood freshness of the Robin Hood ballads. Sir John of the Bounds has three sons, and, dying, leaves the larger portion of his possessions to the youngest, Gamelyn; the eldest brother defrauds the youth of his rights; the brothers quarrel and come to blows. The wrestling match follows as in Shakespeare's play. In the contention between the pair young Gamelyn is supported by Adam, the 'spencer' (officer in charge of provisions) who had served his father for many years; and before long both Gamelyn and Adam fly to the forest, where the gallant young man becomes the crowned king of a group of outlaws. In the end the evil eldest brother suffers shame and is hanged, 'to wave with the ropes and dry with the wind,' while Gamelyn becomes Chief Justice of the King's forest and weds a wife both good and fair.

We cannot say whether Shakespeare ever read or even heard of one of those manuscript copies of The Tale of Gamelyn, which until long afterwards were the only means by which it was known. In some details it agrees with As You Like It where Lodge's Rosalynde differs, but such coincidences may be due to accident. Except Gamelyn's wife, referred to at the close of the poem, no woman plays any part in the

honest, rough-and-tumble piece which Chaucer perhaps designed to re-write. There is not a touch of romantic ove in it from first to last. For such additions and for much Renaissance decoration, it waited till Elizabethan

days.

Thomas Lodge was a charming lyrical poet, and as a narrative poet had probably influenced the author of Venus and Adonis. He had been a gentleman adventurer with Captain Clarke to 'the Ilands of Terceras and the Canaries', and to beguile the time on shipboard he wrote the short romance which was published n 1590 under the name of 'Rosalynde. Euphues golden Legacie found after his death in his Cell at Silexedra'. 'Roome,' he cries in his address 'To the Gentlemen Readers', 'for a souldier and a sailer, that gives you the fruits of his labors that he wrote in the ocean, when everie line was wet with a surge, and every humourous passion countercheckt with a storm. you like it, so.' In these last words, with a slight variation, Shakespeare found a title for his play; the words 'As You Like It' seem to strike a cheerful note of confidence in the good judgement of the theatrical spectators; it is not for me, Shakespeare would say, to force upon you what it has pleased me to write; take it as you choose.

To the story of the three brothers, Lodge, in what Milton might have called his 'vain amatorious' tale, adds the story of Aliena, daughter of the usurping King of France, and Rosalynd, daughter of the ban-ished King Gerismond, who in Arden forest have their delightful love-adventures. It is Shakespeare who makes the usurper brother to the lawful King, and the girls cousins. He creates the characters of Jaques, Touchstone, William, and Audrey; but, with occasional variations, the main incidents of the play agree in essentials with those of the romance. Shakespeare was content to be original in refashioning the persons of the comedy, in adding others, and in supplying a dialogue which never fails in brilliance and variety. In refashioning the persons the motives of their action

are naturally often modified, even though the action itself may be materially the same as that set forth in Lodge's romance. And it may be noted that where the incidents are of Shakespeare's invention, he does not always invent with a view to rendering his story more like reality than that of Lodge; he has no fear of the improbable in the framework of his tale: the truth at which the dramatist aims is truth as it concerns character, and even as regards character he makes some concessions to the conveniences of the fifth act of a comedy. The Aliena of the romance has a better reason than Shakespeare's Aliena for giving her heart to Saladyne, whom the dramatist, at the suggestion of Carlovingian romance, re-names 'Oliver'. The usurper in the prose tale is not converted by that old religious man who plays such a convenient part in the play. The romance closes with war between the twelve peers of France and the usurping Gerismond: the peers, aided by the banished King and the brothers, now united in a just cause, are victorious, and the restored monarch—celebrating a royal feast in Paris makes appropriate appointments for those of his followers in whom we are chiefly interested. Rosader (the Orlando of Shakespeare) is declared heir apparent of the crown. His faithful Adam becomes captain of the King's guard.

The pastoral-heroic romance of Lodge is a bright piece of Renaissance decorative work; but it could hardly claim the attention of readers of the present day did it not come thus into close connexion with Shakespeare's exquisite comedy. The writer of Rosalynde had not quite reached mid-manhood when amid the tumbling seas he wrote his tale of Arden forest. Afterwards he grew into a serious, elderly physician, translated Seneca's moral and scientific writings, was learned in the treatment of the plague, and seems to have dabbled in intrigue on behalf of his Roman Catholic fellows in days when they were

hardly dealt with in England.

Shakespeare wrote comedies of more boisterous

mirth; he has written no happier play than this which tells of the love of Orlando and Rosalind, at once so earnest and so sportive, as it moves through the sundappled spaces and over the dewy sward below the oaks of Arden. Arcady and England meet in this forest of France, with its exotic fauna and flora. The genuine English peasant, the Dresden-china shepherd and shepherdess, and the noble youth and maiden of romance cross each other in the greenwood. The temper of the banished Duke has made sweet the uses of adversity. Master Touchstone, the courtier-clown, has a field for the display of his logic and learning and wit, nor does he lack admirers, male and female, among the denizens of the forest. Jaques, the contemplative observer of life, with a pride in his own humorous melancholy-no common melancholy, but one very daintily compounded from many ingredients—is happy in gathering his idle experience. Our chief regret for him is that he has not enjoyed the humorous sadness to be derived from studying the German interpretations of his own character; but at least he has Touchstone to make him mirth. 'Were he really possessed of all the qualities attributed to him by his critics,' writes Dr. Furness, 'we should behold a man both misanthropic and genial, sensual and refined, depraved and elevated, cynical and liberal, selfish and generous, and finally, as though to make him still more like Hamlet, we should see in him the clearly marked symptoms of incipient insanity. . . . So completely did he fascinate George Sand, that in her version of the play for the French stage, Jaques is the guiding spirit of the whole drama, and is represented by her as so madly in love with Celia, that in a fit of jealousy he is only with difficulty restrained from fighting a duel with Orlando, and the curtain falls on the prettiest of ring-times between him and his adoration.'

The play, fascinating as it is, has not had so great a stage history as some less admirable comedies of Shakespeare. Mrs. Siddons, indeed, appeared as Rosalind, but though her performance was not a failure, it was felt that her highest achievements were reserved for tragedy. Helen Faucit's genius was better suited to the part, and she has left a charming study of the character as she conceived it. With Mrs. Jordan. Rosalind had been a sprightly coquette. Helen Faucit. with all the innocent delight proper to the part, united the dignity of character and of bearing that belongs to the princess. The secret of her excellence, as a spectator wrote, lay in 'her fine intuitions of human character in its most diverse aspects, and in knowing that the deepest and most delicate sportiveness springs only from an earnest and sensitive nature, to which thoughtfulness and the capacity of strong emotion are habitual.' Rosalind indeed is no coquette; a tremulous woman's

heart lies below every jest uttered by her lips.

The most interesting stage tradition connected with the play concerns Shakespeare himself. The story has been discredited, but it may contain some fragment of truth, and it is therefore worth recording. William Oldys (1696-1761), the antiquary, made certain collections for a life of Shakespeare, and from his papers Steevens printed the following extract: 'One of Shakespeare's younger brothers, who lived to a good old age, even some years, as I compute, after the restoration of King Charles II, would in his younger days come to London to visit his brother Will, as he called him, and be a spectator of him as an actor in some of his own plays. . . . [Being questioned by curious persons on the subject of Shakespeare's performances] he, it seems, was so stricken in years, and possibly his memory so weakened with infirmities (which might make him the easier pass for a man of weak intellects) that he could give them but little light into their inquiries; and all that could be recollected from him of his brother Will in that station was the faint, general, and almost lost ideas he had of having once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein, being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported

and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song.' It may be that Shake-speare thus played the part of old Adam, the faithful servant of Sir Rowland de Boys, who follows the fortunes of Orlando; but we may hesitate in accepting the statement that such information came from the dramatist's brother, Gilbert. It will be remembered that immediately before the entrance of Adam, borne or supported by Orlando, Jaques has delivered his bravura speech on the seven ages of man, in which old age is represented as second childishness and mere oblivion,

Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

And precisely at this moment old age, sans teeth indeed (for he has lost them in his master's service), appears upon the scene, as if to rebuke the melancholy jester, in the person of Adam, and old age is found to be not second childishness, but fidelity, loyalty, and long-enduring affection.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DUKE, living in exile.

FREDERICK, his Brother, Usurper of his Dominions.

AMIENS, Lords attending upon the banished Duke.

LE BEAU, a Courtier, attending upon Frederick.

CHARLES, a Wrestler.

OLIVER, JAQUES, Sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.

ORLANDO, J ADAM.) ~

DENNIS, Servants to Oliver.

Touchstone, a Clown.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a Vicar.

CORIN, SILVIUS, Shepherds.

WILLIAM, a Country Fellow, in love with Audrey. A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, Daughter to the banished Duke. Celia, Daughter to Frederick.

PHEBE, a Shepherdess.

AUDREY, a Country Wench.

Lords, Pages, Foresters, and Attendants.

Scene.—First, Oliver's Orchard near his House; afterwards, in the Usurper's Court, and in the Forest of Arden.

AS YOU LIKE IT

ACT I.

Scene I.—An Orchard near Oliver's House.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

ORLANDO. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

ADAM. Yonder comes my master, your brother.
ORLANDO. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear
how he will shake me up.

Enter OLIVER.

OLIVER. Now, sir! what make you here? 28 ORLANDO. Nothing: I am not taught to make anything.

OLIVER. What mar you then, sir?

ORLANDO. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

OLIVER. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

naught awhile.

ORLANDO. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

OLIVER. Know you where you are, sir?

ORLANDO. O! sir, very well: here in your orchard.

OLIVER. Know you before whom, sir?

ORLANDO. Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

OLIVER. What, boy! 52 ORLANDO. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

OLIVER. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

orlando. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

ADAM. [Coming forward.] Sweet masters, be patient:

for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

OLIVER. Let me go, I say.

ORLANDO. I will not, till I please: you shall hear

me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it; therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament;

with that I will go buy my fortunes.
OLIVER. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

ORLANDO. I will no further offend you than becomes

me for my good.

OLIVER. Get you with him, you old dog.

ADAM. Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.

OLIVER. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

DENNIS. Calls your worship?

OLIVER. Was not Charles the duke's wrestler here to speak with me? I have all the fall a speak with me?

DENNIS. So please you, he is here at the door, and

importunes access to you.

OLIVER. Call him in. [Exit Dennis.] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

CHARLES. Good morrow to your worship.
OLIVER. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

CHARLES. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke: therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

OLIVER. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's

daughter, be banished with her father?

CHARLES. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court. and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

OLIVER. Where will the old duke live?

CHARLES. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.
OLIVER. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the

new duke?

CHARLES. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender: and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him as I must. for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will.

OLIVER. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts.

a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion. I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee,—and almost with tears I speak it,—there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

CHARLES. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more; and so God keep your worship! [Exit.

OLIVER. Farewell, good Charles. Now will I stir this gamester. I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and, indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. 167

Scene II.—A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

CELIA. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be

merry.

ROSALIND. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of, and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

CELIA. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished

father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

ROSALIND. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

CELIA. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

ROSALIND. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love? CELIA. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal:

CELIA. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

ROSALIND. What shall be our sport then?

CELIA. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

ROSALIND. I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

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CELIA. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.

ROSALIND. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter Touchstone.

CELIA. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument? 46 ROSALIND. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for

Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

CELIA. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dullness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?

TOUCHSTONE. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

CELIA. Were you made the messenger?

TOUCHSTONE. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

ROSALIND. Where learned you that oath, fool?

TOUCHSTONE. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

CELIA. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

ROSALIND. Ay, marry: now unmuzzle your wisdom. TOUCHSTONE. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

CELIA. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

TOUCHSTONE. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

CELIA. Prithee, who is 't that thou meanest? 80 TOUCHSTONE. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

CELIA. My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.

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TOUCHSTONE. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

CELIA. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

ROSALIND. With his mouth full of news. CELIA. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed

their young.

ROSALIND. Then we shall be news-cramm'd. CELIA. All the better; we shall be more marketable.

Enter LE BEAU.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news? LE BEAU. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

CELIA. Sport! Of what colour? LE BEAU. What colour, madam! How shall I

answer vou?

ROSALIND. As wit and fortune will.

TOUCHSTONE. Or as the Destinies decree. 104 CELIA. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

TOUCHSTONE. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—
ROSALIND. Thou losest thy old smell.

LE BEAU. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

ROSALIND. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling. LE BEAU. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it. oming to perform it.

CELIA. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

LE BEAU. There comes an old man and his three

sons,-

CELIA. I could match this beginning with an old tale. LE BEAU. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence :-

ROSALIND. With bills on their necks, 'Be it known

unto all men by these presents.'

LE BEAU. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

ROSALIND. Alas!

TOUCHSTONE. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

LE BEAU. Why, this that I speak of.

TOUCHSTONE. Thus men may grow wiser every day: it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

CELIA. Or I, I promise thee.

ROSALIND. But is there any else longs to feel this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

LE BEAU. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

CELIA. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

DUKE FREDERICK. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness. 149 ROSALIND. Is yonder the man?

LE BEAU. Even he, madam.

CELIA. Alas! he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

DUKE FREDERICK. How now, daughter and cousin!

are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

ROSALIND. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.
DUKE FREDERICK. You will take little delight in it,
I can tell you, there is such odds in the man: in pity
of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him,
but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies;
see if you can move him.

CELIA. Call him hither, good Monsieur le Beau.

DUKE FREDERICK. Do so: I'll not be by.

[Duke goes apart.

Monsieur the challenger, the princes call LE BEAU. for you.

ORLANDO. I attend them with all respect and duty. ROSALIND. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

ORLANDO. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with

him the strength of my youth.
CELIA. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

ROSALIND. Do, young sir: your reputation shall not therefore be misprised. We will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward. 181

ORLANDO. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

ROSALIND. The little strength that I have, I would

it were with you.

CELIA. And mine, to eke out hers.

ROSALIND. Fare you well. Pray heaven I be deceived in you!

CELIA. Your heart's desires be with you!

CHARLES. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

- ORLANDO. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

DUKE FREDERICK. You shall try but one fall. CHARLES. No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first. ORLANDO. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways. ROSALIND. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man! CELIA. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong Tellow by the leg. [Charles and Orlando wrestle. ROSALIND. O excellent young man! CELIA. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [Charles is thrown. Shout. DUKE FREDERICK. No more, no more. orlando. Yes, I beseech your Grace: I am not yet well breathed. and it is to be the from room is accounted to 216 DUKE FREDERICK. How dost thou, Charles? LE BEAU. He cannot speak, my lord. DUKE FREDERICK. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man? [Charles is borne out. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys. DUKE FREDERICK. I would thou hadst been son to some man else: The world esteem'd thy father honourable, 224 But I did find him still mine enemy: Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed, Hadst thou descended from another house. But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth: 228 I would thou hadst told me of another father. [Exeunt DUKE FREDERICK, Train, and LE BEAU. CELIA. Were I my father, coz, would I do this? ORLANDO. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son, His youngest son; and would not change that calling, To be adopted heir to Frederick. ROSALIND. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul, And all the world was of my father's mind: Had I before known this young man his son, I should have given him tears unto entreaties,

Gentle cousin.

Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

CELIA.

Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

ROSALIND. Gentleman, 244

[Giving him a chain from her neck. Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune, That could give more, but that her hand lacks means. Shall we go neg?

Shall we go, coz?

this;

CELIA. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman. ORLANDO. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts 248

Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up

Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

ROSALIND. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes:

I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

CELIA. Will you go, coz? ROSALIND. Have with you. Fare you well.

[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.

ORLANDO. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue? 256

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference. O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown! Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

LE BEAU. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause and love,
Yet such is now the duke's condition
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous: what he is indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.
ORLANDO. I thank you, sir; and pray you, tell me

Which of the two was daughter of the duke, That here was at the wrestling? LE BEAU. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners: But yet, indeed the smaller is his daughter: The other is daughter to the banish'd duke, 272 And here detain'd by her usurping uncle, To keep his daughter company; whose loves Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters. But I can tell you that of late this duke 275 Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece, Grounded upon no other argument But that the people praise her for her virtues. And pity her for her good father's sake; And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well: Hereafter, in a better world than this,

I shall desire more love and knowledge of you. 284
ORLANDO. I rest much bounden to you: fare you
well.
[Exit Le Beau.
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother; From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother.

But heavenly Rosalind!

[Exit.

Scene III.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

CELIA. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy! Not a word?

ROSALIND. Not one to throw at a dog.

CELIA. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

ROSALIND. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons and the other mad without any.

CELIA. But is all this for your father?

ROSALIND. No, some of it is for my child's father: O, how full of briers is this working-day world! 12 CELIA. They are but burrs, cousin, thrown upon

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thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

ROSALIND. I could shake them off my coat: these

burrs are in my heart.

CELIA. Hem them away.

ROSALIND. I would try, if I could cry 'hem', and have him.

CELIA. Come, come; wrestle with thy affections, ROSALIND. O! they take the part of a better

wrestler than myself!

CELIA. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

ROSALIND. The duke my father loved his father

dearly.

CELIA. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

ROSALIND. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake. CELIA. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well? ROSALIND. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do. Look, here comes the duke.

CELIA. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

DUKE FREDERICK. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste.

And get you from our court.

ROSALIND. Me, uncle?

DUKE FREDERICK. You, cousin:

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found So near our public court as twenty miles, Thou diest for it.

ROSALIND. I do beseech your Grace, Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me. If with myself I hold intelligence, Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,

f that I do not dream or be not frantic,— 48
as I do trust I am not,—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.
DUKE FREDERICK. Thus do all traitors:
f their purgation did consist in words, 52
'hey are as innocent as grace itself:
et it suffice thee that I trust thee not.
ROSALIND. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a
traitor:
'ell me whereon the likelihood depends.
DUKE FREDERICK. Thou art thy father's daughter;
there's enough.
ROSALIND. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
o was I when your highness banish'd him.
reason is not inherited, my lord;
r, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
hen, good my liege, mistake me not so much
o think my poverty is treacherous.
CELIA. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.
DUKE FREDERICK. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your
sake;
lse had she with her father rang'd along.
CELIA. I did not then entreat to have her stay: 68
was your pleasure and your own remorse.
was too young that time to value her;
ut now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Thy so am I; we still have slept together, 72
ose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
nd wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
till we went coupled and inseparable.
DUKE FREDERICK. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
er very silence and her patience,
peak to the people, and they pity her.
pour to the people, and they play her.
hou art a tool: she robs thee of thy name:
hou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name; nd thou wilt show more bright and seem more

When she is gone. Then open not thy lips: Firm and irrevocable is my doom Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd. Pronounce that sentence then, on me, my CELIA. liege: I cannot live out of her company. DUKE FREDERICK. You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself: If you outstay the time, upon mine honour, And in the greatness of my word, you die. 88 [Exeunt DUKE FREDERICK and Lords. CELIA. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go? Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine. I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am. ROSALIND. I have more cause. Thou hast not, cousin; CELIA. Prithee, be cheerful; know'st thou not, the duke 93 Hath banish'd me, his daughter? That he hath not. ROSALIND. CELIA. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one: Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl? No: let my father seek another heir. Therefore devise with me how we may fly, Whither to go, and what to bear with us: And do not seek to take your change upon you, To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out; For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale, Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee. 104 ROSALIND. Why, whither shall we go? To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden. ROSALIND. Alas, what danger will it be to us, Maids as we are, to travel forth so far! 108 Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold. CELIA. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire. And with a kind of umber smirch my face; The like do you: so shall we pass along And never stir assailants.

ROSALIND. Were it not better, Because that I am more than common tall,

That I did suit me all points like a man? A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh, A boar-spear in my hand; and,—in my heart Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,-We'll have a swashing and a martial outside, As many other mannish cowards have That do outface it with their semblances. CELIA. What shall I call thee when thou art a man? ROSALIND. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page, And therefore look you call me Ganymede. But what will you be call'd? CELIA. Something that hath a reference to my state: No longer Celia, but Aliena. ROSALIND. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal The clownish fool out of your father's court? Would be not be a comfort to our travel? CELIA. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me; Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away, And get our jewels and our wealth together, Devise the fittest time and safest way To hide us from pursuit that will be made

ACT II.

After my flight. Now go we in content To liberty and not to banishment.

Scene I .- The Forest of Arden.

Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, and other Lords, like Foresters.

DUKE SENIOR. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,

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Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say 'This is no flattery: these are counsellors That feelingly persuade me what I am.' Sweet are the uses of adversity, Which like the toad, ugly and venomous, Wears yet a precious jewel in his head: And this our life exempt from public haunt. Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, 16 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing. I would not change it. Happy is your Grace, AMIENS. That can translate the stubbornness of fortune Into so guiet and so sweet a style. DUKE SENIOR. Come, shall we go and kill us venison? And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools, Being native burghers of this desert city, Should in their own confines with forked heads Have their round haunches gor'd. Indeed, my lord, FIRST LORD. The melancholy Jaques grieves at that; And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you. To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself Did steal behind him as he lay along Under an oak whose antique root peeps out Upon the brook that brawls along this wood; 32 To the which place a poor sequester'd stag, That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt, Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord, The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans 36 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat Almost to bursting, and the big round tears Cours'd one another down his innocent nose In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool, 40 Much marked of the melancholy Jaques, Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook, Augmenting it with tears. But what said Jaques? DUKE SENIOR. Did he not moralize this spectacle?

FIRST LORD. O, yes, into a thousand similes.

First, for his weeping into the needless stream; 'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou mak'st a testament As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more 48 To that which had too much': then, being there alone, Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends: 'Tis right,' quoth he; 'thus misery doth part The flux of company': anon, a careless herd, Full of the pasture, jumps along by him And never stays to greet him; 'Ay,' quoth Jaques, 'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens; 'Tis just the fashion; wherefore do you look Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?' Thus most invectively he pierceth through The body of the country, city, court, Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse, To fright the animals and to kill them up In their assign'd and native dwelling-place. DUKE SENIOR. And did you leave him in this contemplation? SECOND LORD. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting Upon the sobbing deer. Show me the place. DUKE SENIOR. I love to cope him in these sullen fits, For then he's full of matter. SECOND LORD. I'll bring you to him straight.

[Exeunt.

Scene II .- A Room in the Palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, and Attendants.

DUKE FREDERICK. Can it be possible that no man saw them?

It cannot be: some villains of my court Are of consent and sufferance in this.

FIRST LORD. I cannot hear of any that did see her. 4
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

SECOND LORD. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft

Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing. Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman, Confesses that she secretly o'erheard Your daughter and her cousin much commend The parts and graces of the wrestler That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles; And she believes, wherever they are gone,

That youth is surely in their company. DUKE FREDERICK. Send to his brother: fetch that

gallant hither:

If he be absent, bring his brother to me; I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly, And let not search and inquisition quail To bring again these foolish runaways.

Scene III.—Before Oliver's House.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

ORLANDO. Who's there?

ADAM. What! my young master? O my gentle master!

O my sweet master! O you memory Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here? Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you? And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant? Why would you be so fond to overcome The bony priser of the humorous duke? 8 Your praise is come too swiftly home before you. Know you not, master, to some kind of men Their graces serve them but as enemies? No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master, Are sanctified and holy traitors to you. O, what a world is this, when what is comely Envenoms him that bears it!

ORLANDO. Why, what's the matter?

O unhappy youth! ADAM. Come not within these doors; within this roof

The enemy of all your graces lives.

Your brother,—no, no brother; yet the son,—	
Yet not the son, I will not call him son	20
Of him I was about to call his father,—	
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means	
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,	
And you within it: if he fail of that,	24
He will have other means to cut you off.	
overheard him and his practices.	
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:	
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.	28
ORLANDO. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou ha	ve
me go ?	
ADAM. No matter whither, so you come not here.	
ORLANDO. What! wouldst thou have me go and b	eg
my food ?	
or with a base and boisterous sword enforce	32
A thievish living on the common road?	
This I must do, or know not what to do:	
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;	
rather will subject me to the malice	36
of a diverted blood and bloody brother.	
ADAM. But do not so. I have five hundred crown	ıs,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,	
When garving should in my old limbs lie lame	40
When service should in my old limbs lie lame, and unregarded age in corners thrown.	
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,	
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,	
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;	44
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:	
Chough I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;	
For in my youth I never did apply	48
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,	1
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo	
The means of weakness and debility;	
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,	52
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you;	
'll do the service of a younger man	
n all your business and necessities.	
ORLANDO. O good old man! how well in thee appear	rs

The constant service of the antique world, When service sweat for duty, not for meed! Thou art not for the fashion of these times. Where none will sweat but for promotion, And having that, do choke their service up Even with the having: it is not so with thee. But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree, That cannot so much as a blossom yield, In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry. But come thy ways, we'll go along together, And ere we have thy youthful wages spent, We'll light upon some settled low content. 68 ADAM. Master, go on, and I will follow thee To the last gasp with truth and loyalty. From seventeen years till now almost fourscore Here lived I, but now live here no more. At seventeen years many their fortunes seek; But at fourscore it is too late a week: Yet fortune cannot recompense me better Than to die well and not my master's debtor. [Exeunt.

Scene IV.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter Rosalind in boy's clothes, Celia dressed like a shepherdess, and Touchstone.

ROSALIND. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits.

TOUCHSTONE. I care not for my spirits if my legs

were not wearv.

ROSALIND. I could find it in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

CELIA. I pray you, bear with me: I cannot go no further.

TOUCHSTONE. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you; yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse.

ROSALIND. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

TOUCHSTONE. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more

ol I; when I was at home, I was in a better place: at travellers must be content. ROSALIND. Ay, be so, good Touchstone. Look you, ho comes here; a young man and an old in solemn lk. Enter CORIN and SILVIUS. CORIN. This is the way to make her scorn you still. SILVIUS. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her! CORIN. I partly guess, for I have lov'd ere now. SILVIUS. No, Corin; being old, thou canst not guess, hough in thy youth thou wast as true a lover s ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow: ut if thy love were ever like to mine,s sure I think did never man love so, ow many actions most ridiculous ast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy? CORIN. Into a thousand that I have forgotten. SILVIUS. O! thou didst then ne'er love so heartily. thou remember'st not the slightest folly hat ever love did make thee run into, hou hast not lov'd: r if thou hast not sat as I do now, learing thy hearer with thy mistress' praise, hou hast not lov'd: r if thou hast not broke from company bruptly, as my passion now makes me, hou hast not lov'd. O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [Exit. ROSALIND. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound. have by hard adventure found mine own. TOUCHSTONE. And I mine. I remember, when I was love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him ke that for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and remember the kissing of her batler, and the cow's ags that her pretty chopped hands had milked; and

remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from hom I took two cods, and giving her them again, id with weeping tears, 'Wear these for my sake.' We

SH. III

that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly. ROSALIND. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of the state of the paner and the TOUCHSTONE. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it. ROSALIND. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion Is much upon my fashion. TOUCHSTONE. And mine; but it grows something stale with me. CELIA. I pray you, one of you question youd man, If he for gold will give us any food: I faint almost to death. Holla, you clown! 64 TOUCHSTONE. ROSALIND. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman. Who calls? Your betters, sir. TOUCHSTONE. Else are they very wretched. CORIN. ROSALIND. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend. CORIN. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all. 68 ROSALIND. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold Can in this desert place buy entertainment, Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed. Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd, 72 And faints for succour. Fair sir, I pity her, And wish, for her sake more than for mine own, My fortunes were more able to relieve her; But I am shepherd to another man, 76 And do not shear the fleeces that I graze: My master is of churlish disposition And little recks to find the way to heaven By doing deeds of hospitality. 80 Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed Are now on sale; and at our sheepcote now, By reason of his absence, there is nothing That you will feed on; but what is, come see, And in my voice most welcome shall you be. ROSALIND. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

SCENE IV] CORIN. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile. That little cares for buying anything. ROSALIND. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty, Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock, And thou shalt have to pay for it of us. CELIA. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place, in mater in a material of all con web 92 And willingly could waste my time in it. CORIN. Assuredly the thing is to be sold: Go with me: if you like upon report The soil, the profit, and this kind of life, I will your very faithful feeder be, And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [Exeunt. Scene V.—Another part of the Forest. Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and Others. SONG. AMIENS. Under the greenwood tree Who loves to lie with me, And turn his merry note Unto the sweet bird's throat, Come hither, come hither, come hither: Here shall he see No enemy 8

But winter and rough weather. JAQUES. More, more, I prithee, more.

It will make you melancholy, Monsieur AMIENS. Jaques.

JAQUES. I thank it. More! I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs. More! I prithee, more.

AMIENS. My voice is ragged; I know I cannot please you.

JAQUES. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanzo: call you them stanzos?

AMIENS. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

JAQUES. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe

me nothing. Will you sing?

AMIENS. More at your request than to please myself. JAQUES. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes, and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

AMIENS. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.

JAQUES. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble; come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [All together here. AMIENS. And loves to live i' the sun,

Seeking the food he eats, And pleas'd with what he gets,

Come hither, come hither, come hither:

Here shall he see No enemy

But winter and rough weather.

I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

And I'll sing it. AMIENS.

Thus it goes: JAQUES. If it do come to pass

That any man turn ass, Leaving his wealth and ease,

A stubborn will to please,

Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:

Here shall he see Gross fools as he.

An if he will come to me.

AMIENS. What's that 'ducdame'?

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JAQUES. 'Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt. 60

AMIENS. And I'll go seek the duke: his banquet is prepared. [Exeunt severally.

Scene VI .- Another Part of the Forest.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

ADAM. Dear master, I can go no further: O! I die for food. Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

orlando. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable, hold death awhile at the arm's end, I will here be with thee presently, and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die; but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou lookest cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter, and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam.

Scene VII .- Another part of the Forest.

A table set out. Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, Lords like Outlaws.

DUKE SENIOR. I think he be transform'd into a beast, For I can nowhere find him like a man.

FIRST LORD. My lord, he is but even now gone hence:

Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

DUKE SENIOR. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.

Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

FIRST LORD. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Enter JAQUES.

DUKE SENIOR. Why, how now, monsieur! what life is this,	a
That your poor friends must woo your company? What, you look merrily!	
JAQUES. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,	12
A motley fool; a miserable world!	
As I do live by food, I met a fool; Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,	
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,	16
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool. 'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,	
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.'	
And then he drew a dial from his poke,	20
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye, Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock;	
Thus may we see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:	
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,	24
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven; And so, from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,	
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,	
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear The motley fool thus moral on the time,	28
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,	
That fools should be so deep-contemplative,	
And I did laugh sans intermission An hour by his dial. O noble fool!	32
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.	
DUKE SENIOR. What fool is this?	
JAQUES. O worthy fool! One that hath been courtier.	a 36
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,	3-
They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,— Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit	
After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd	40
With observation, the which he vents	
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool! I am ambitious for a motley coat.	
DUKE SENIOR. Thou shalt have one.	

7.1	
JAQUES. It is my only s	uit;
rovided that you weed your better judgments	
f all opinion that grows rank in them	
hat I am wise. I must have liberty	
ithal, as large a charter as the wind,	48
blow on whom I please; for so fools have:	
nd they that are most galled with my folly,	
ney most must laugh. And why, sir, must they s	30 ?
ne 'why ' is plain as way to parish church:	52
e that a fool doth very wisely hit	
oth very foolishly, although he smart,	
ot to seem senseless of the bob; if not,	
ne wise man's folly is anatomiz'd	56
ven by the squandering glances of the fool.	
vest me in my motley; give me leave	
speak my mind, and I will through and through	h
eanse the foul body of th' infected world,	
they will patiently receive my medicine.	- 1
DUKE SENIOR. Fie on thee! I can tell what t	hou
wouldst do.	
JAQUES. What, for a counter, would I do, but go	od?
DUKE SENIOR. Most mischievous foul sin, in chic	
sin: James all by hanks har to ared	64
or thou thyself hast been a libertine,	
s sensual as the brutish sting itself;	
nd all the embossed sores and headed evils,	
nat thou with licence of free foot hast caught,	68
ouldst thou disgorge into the general world.	
JAQUES. Why, who cries out on pride,	
nat can therein tax any private party?	
oth it not flow as hugely as the sea,	72
Il that the weary very means do ebb?	
hat woman in the city do I name,	
hen that I say the city-woman bears	
ne cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?	76
ho can come in and say that I mean her,	•
hen such a one as she such is her neighbour?	
what is he of basest function,	
nat says his bravery is not on my cost,—	80
ninking that I mean him,—but therein suits	
d man a mount man, out out of the lower	

His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see

wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,

Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn.

Orlando. Forbear, and eat no more.

JAQUES. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orlando. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

JAQUES. Of what kind should this cock come of?

DUKE SENIOR. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy

distress,
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

ORLANDO. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show Of smooth civility; yet I am inland bred And know some nurture. But forbear, I say: He dies that touches any of this fruit Till I and my affairs are answered.

JAQUES. An you will not be answered with reason, I must die.

DUKE SENIOR. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force

More than your force move us to gentleness.

ORLANDO. I almost die for food; and let me have it.

DUKE SENIOR. Sit down and feed, and welcome to
our table.

orlando. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray

I thought that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;

112

f ever you have look'd on better days, f ever been where bells have knoll'd to church, f ever sat at any good man's feast, f ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear, and know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied, et gentleness my strong enforcement be: n the which hope I blush, and hide my sword. DUKE SENIOR. True is it that we have seen better days. nd have with holy bell been knoll'd to church, and sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd; and therefore sit you down in gentleness 124 and take upon command what help we have That to your wanting may be minister'd. ORLANDO. Then but forbear your food a little while, Vhiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn 128 and give it food. There is an old poor man, Who after me hath many a weary step imp'd in pure love; till he be first suffic'd, oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger, 132 will not touch a bit. DUKE SENIOR. Go find him out, and we will nothing waste till you return. ORLANDO. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good comfort! DUKE SENIOR. Thou seest we are not all unhappy: 136 This wide and universal theatre Presents more woful pageants than the scene Wherein we play in. JAQUES. All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players: 140 They have their exits and their entrances; And one man in his time plays many parts, His acts being seven ages. At first the infant, Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms. 144 And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel, And shining morning face, creeping like snail

Inwillingly to school. And then the lover,

Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad	148
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,	
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,	
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,	
Seeking the bubble reputation	152
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,	
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,	
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,	
Full of wise saws and modern instances;	156
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts	
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,	
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,	
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide	160
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,	
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes	
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,	
That ends this strange eventful history,	164
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,	
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.	
Re-enter Orlando, with Adam.	
DUKE SENIOR. Welcome. Set down your venera	ble

DUKE SENIOR. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.
ORLANDO. I thank you most for him. 168
ADAM. So had you need:
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.
DUKE SENIOR. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes. 172

SONG.

Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

AMIENS. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

[Exeunt.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

DUKE SENIOR. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son, is you have whisper'd faithfully you were, and as mine eye doth his effigies witness solve truly limn'd and living in your face, be truly welcome hither: I am the duke that lov'd your father: the residue of your fortune, so to my cave and tell me. Good old man, chou art right welcome as thy master is. upport him by the arm. Give me your hand,

ACT III.

and let me all your fortunes understand.

Scene I .- A Room in the Palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, and Attendants.

DUKE FREDERICK. Not seen him since! Sir, sir, that
cannot be:

But were I not the better part made mercy, should not seek an absent argument of my revenge, thou present. But look to it: Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is; seek him with candle; bring him, dead or living,

Within this twelvementh, or turn thou no more To seek a living in our territory. 8 Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands, Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth Of what we think against thee. OLIVER. O that your highness knew my heart in this! I never lov'd my brother in my life. DUKE FREDERICK. More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors; And let my officers of such a nature 16 Make an extent upon his house and lands. Do this expediently and turn him going. [Excunt.

Scene II.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter Orlando, with a paper.

ORLANDO. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:

And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above, Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.

O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,

And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,

That every eye, which in this forest looks,

Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere. Run, run, Orlando: carve on every tree The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

e, and unexpressive she. [Exit.

Enter Corin and Touchstone.

CORIN. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

TOUCHSTONE. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my

umour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it oes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy n thee, shepherd?

CORIN. No more but that I know the more one ickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants noney, means, and content, is without three good riends; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to ourn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he hat hath learned no wit by nature nor art may comdain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred. TOUCHSTONE. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Vast ever in court, shepherd?

CORIN. No, truly.

TOUCHSTONE. Then thou art damned.

CORIN. Nay, I hope.
TOUCHSTONE. Truly, thou art damned like an illoasted egg, all on one side.

CORIN. For not being at court? Your reason.

TOUCHSTONE. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou ever sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good nanners, then thy manners must be wicked; and vickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art a a parlous state, shepherd.

CORIN. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are ood manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the ountry as the behaviour of the country is most nockable at the court. You told me you salute not at he court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would e uncleanly if courtiers were shepherds.

TOUCHSTONE. Instance, briefly; come, instance. corin. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and

heir fells, you know, are greasy.

TOUCHSTONE. Why, do not your courtier's hands weat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome s the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better nstance, I say; come.

CORIN. Besides, our hands are hard.
TOUCHSTONE. Your lips will feel them the sooner: hallow again. A more sounder instance; come.

CORIN. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

TOUCHSTONE. Most shallow man! Thou wormsmeat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

CORIN. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest. TOUCHSTONE. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

CORIN. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

TOUCHSTONE. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldy ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds: I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

CORIN. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my

new mistress's brother.

Enter Rosalind, reading a paper.

From the east to western Ind. ROSALIND. No jewel is like Rosalind. Her worth, being mounted on the wind, Through all the world bears Rosalind. All the pictures fairest lin'd Are but black to Rosalind. 92 Let no face be kept in mind, But the fair of Rosalind.

TOUCHSTONE. I'll rime you so, eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rank to market. 97 ROSALIND. Out, fool! TOUCHSTONE. For a taste:—

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter-garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

ROSALIND. Peace! you dull fool: I found them on a tree.

TOUCHSTONE. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit. 116
ROSALIND. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar. 120
TOUCHSTONE. You have said; but whether wisely or

no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, reading a paper.

ROSALIND. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside. 124

CELIA. Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.

Some, how brief the life of man Runs his erring pilgrimage, That the stretching of a span

Buckles in his sum of age; Some, of violated vows

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:

But u	pon the fairest boughs,	
Or a	at every sentence' end,	136
Will I	Rosalinda write;	
Tea	ching all that read to know	
The qu	uintessence of every sprite	
	ven would in little show.	140
	fore Heaven Nature charg'd	
	t one body should be fill'd	
	all graces wide enlarg'd:	
	ure presently distill'd	144
	's cheek, but not her heart,	
	patra's majesty,	
	nta's better part,	
	Lucretia's modesty.	148
	Rosalind of many parts	
	heavenly synod was devis'd,	
	ny faces, eyes, and hearts,	
	have the touches dearest priz'd.	152
	en would that she these gifts show	
	to live and die her slave.	,
Zillice I	to 11 to wild die 1101 blave.	

ROSALIND. O most gentle pulpiter! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, 'Have patience, good people!' CELIA. How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off

a little: go with him, sirrah.

TOUCHSTONE. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.

CELIA. Didst thou hear these verses?

ROSALIND. O. yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

CELIA. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

ROSALIND. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

CELIA. But didst thou hear without wondering,

how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

ROSALIND. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree; I was never so be-rimed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

CELIA. Trow you who hath done this?

180

ROSALIND. Is it a man?

CELIA. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

ROSALIND. I prithee, who?

184

CELIA. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

ROSALIND. Nay, but who is it?

188

CELIA. Is it possible?

ROSALIND. Nay, I prithee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

CELIA. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful! and after that, out of all whooping!

ROSALIND. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

CELIA. So you may put a man in your belly.

ROSALIND. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

CELIA. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

ROSALIND. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin. 212

CELIA. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both, in an instant.

ROSALIND. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brow and true maid.

CELIA. I' faith, coz, 'tis he. ROSALIND. Orlando?

CELIA. Orlando.

ROSALIND. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee, and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

CELIA. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

ROSALIND. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

CELIA. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

ROSALIND. It may well be called Jove's tree, when

it drops forth such fruit.

CELIA. Give me audience, good madam.

ROSALIND. Proceed. 240 There lay he, stretch'd along like a wounded knight.

ROSALIND. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

CELIA. Cry 'holla!' to thy tongue, I prithee; it

curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter. ROSALIND. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

CELIA. I would sing my song without a burthen: thou bringest me out of tune.

ROSALIND. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

CELIA. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here? ROSALIND. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

JAQUES. I thank you for your company; but, good faith. I had as lief have been myself alone. ORLANDO. And so had I; but yet, for fashion' sake, I thank you too for your society.

JAQUES. God be wi' you: let's meet as little as

we can. ORLANDO. I do desire we may be better strangers.

JAQUES. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

ORLANDO. I pray you mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly. 265

JAQUES. Rosalind is your love's name?

ORLANDO. Yes, just.

JAQUES. I do not like her name.

ORLANDO. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

JAQUES. What stature is she of? ORLANDO. Just as high as my heart.

JAQUES. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

ORLANDO. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

JAQUES. You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

ORLANDO. I will chide no breather in the world but

myself, against whom I know most faults.

JAQUES. The worst fault you have is to be in love. ORLANDO. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your

best virtue. I am weary of you.

JAQUES. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

ORLANDO. He is drowned in the brook: look but in,

and you shall see him.

JAQUES. There I shall see mine own figure.

ORLANDO. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

JAQUES. I'll tarry no longer with you. Farewell,
good Signior Love.

ORLANDO. I am glad of your departure. Adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [Exit Jaques.

good Monsieur Melancholy. [Exit Jaques. ROSALIND. I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?

ORLANDO. Very well: what would you?

ROSALIND. I pray you, what is 't o'clock?

ORLANDO. You should ask me, what time o' day; there's no clock in the forest.

ROSALIND. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

ORLANDO. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

ROSALIND. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

ORLANDO. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

ROSALIND. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized; if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

ORLANDO. Who ambles Time withal?

ROSALIND. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

ORLANDO. Who doth he gallop withal?

ROSALIND. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall he thinks himself too soon there.

ORLANDO. Who stays it still withal?

ROSALIND. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

ORLANDO. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

ROSALIND. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

ORLANDO. Are you native of this place? 337
ROSALIND. As the cony, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

ORLANDO. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

341

ROSALIND. I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

ORLANDO. Can you remember any of the principal

evils that he laid to the charge of women?

ROSALIND. There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow fault came to match it.

ORLANDO. I prithee, recount some of them. 355
ROSALIND. No, I will not cast away my physic, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

ORLANDO. I am he that is so love-shaked. I pray you, tell me your remedy.

ROSALIND. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

ORLANDO. What were his marks?

ROSALIND. A lean cheek, which you have not;

a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not: but I pardon you for that, for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue. Then, your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man: you are rather point-device in your accountrements; as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

ORLANDO. Fair youth, I would I could make thee

believe I love.

ROSALIND. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

orlando. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

ROSALIND. But are you so much in love as your

rimes speak?

ORLANDO. Neither rime nor reason can express how

much.

ROSALIND. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

ORLANDO. Did you ever cure any so?

ROSALIND. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour;

ould now like him, now loathe him; then entertain im, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit t him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour f love to a living humour of madness, which was, to orswear the full stream of the world, and to live in nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and his way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean s a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one oot of love in 't.

ORLANDO. I would not be cured, youth. ROSALIND. I would cure you, if you would but call ne Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and oo me.

ORLANDO. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell ne where it is.

ROSALIND. Go with me to it and I'll show it you; nd by the way you shall tell me where in the forest ou live. Will you go?

ORLANDO. With all my heart, good youth.
ROSALIND. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. ome, sister, will you go?

Scene III.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey; Jaques behind.

TOUCHSTONE. Come apace, good Audrey: I will etch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am the man yet? doth my simple feature content you? AUDREY. Your features! Lord warrant us! what eatures?

TOUCHSTONE. I am here with thee and thy goats, as ne most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the oths.

JAQUES. [Aside.] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than ove in a thatch'd house!

TOUCHSTONE. When a man's verses cannot be undertood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward hild Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the ods had made thee poetical. 15 AUDREY. I do not know what 'poetical' is. Is it

honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

TOUCHSTONE. No, truly, for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

AUDREY. Do you wish then that the gods had

made me poetical?

TOUCHSTONE. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

AUDREY. Would you not have me honest? 27
TOUCHSTONE. No, truly, unless thou wert hardfavour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have
honey a sauce to sugar.

JAQUES. [Aside.] A material fool.

AUDREY. Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

TOUCHSTONE. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

AUDREY. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

TOUCHSTONE. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

JAQUES. [Aside.] I would fain see this meeting. 44

AUDREY. Well, the gods give us joy!

TOUCHSTONE. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, 'many a man knows no end of his goods?': right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the

ingle man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town s more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of married man more honourable than the bare brow f a bachelor; and by how much defence is better han no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.

ir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you disatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you your chapel?

SIR OLIVER. Is there none here to give the woman? TOUCHSTONE. I will not take her on gift of any man. sir oliver. Truly, she must be given, or the arriage is not lawful. 68

JAQUES. [Coming forward.] Proceed, proceed: I'll give er.

TOUCHSTONE. Good even, good Master What-yeall't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: od 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray be vered.

JAQUES. Will you be married, motley? TOUCHSTONE. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse s curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his esires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be bbling.

JAQUES. And will you, being a man of your breeding, e married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to nurch, and have a good priest that can tell you what arriage is: this fellow will but join you together as ney join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk anel, and like green timber, warp, warp.

TOUCHSTONE. [Aside.] I am not in the mind but I ere better to be married of him than of another: for e is not like to marry me well, and not being well arried, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to ave my wife.

JAQUES. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee. TOUCHSTONE. Come, sweet Audrey:

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We must be married, or we must live in bawdry. Farewell, good Master Oliver: not

O sweet Oliver!
O brave Oliver!

Leave me not behind thee:

but,—

Wind away,
Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.

[Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey. SIR OLIVER. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. 104
[Exit.

Scene IV .- Another Part of the Forest.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

ROSALIND. Never talk to me: I will weep.

CELIA. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

ROSALIND. But have I not cause to weep?

CELIA. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

ROSALIND. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

CELIA. Something browner than Judas's; marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

ROSALIND. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour

CELIA. An excellent colour: your chesnut was ever the only colour.

ROSALIND. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as

the touch of holy bread.

CELIA. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

ROSALIND. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

CELIA. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

ROSALIND. Do you think so?

CELIA. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse nor a

orse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think m as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut. ROSALIND. Not true in love? CELIA. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in. ROSALIND. You have heard him swear downright was. 'Was' is not 'is': besides, the oath of a CELIA. ver is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they e both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends ere in the forest on the duke your father. ROSALIND. I met the duke yesterday and had much nestion with him. He asked me of what parentage was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed, d let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there such a man as Orlando? CELIA. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave rses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and eaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose. But 's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who mes here? Enter CORIN. CORIN. Mistress and master, you have oft inquir'd ter the shepherd that complain'd of love, ho you saw sitting by me on the turf, 48 aising the proud disdainful shepherdess at was his mistress. CELIA. Well, and what of him? corin. If you will see a pageant truly play'd, tween the pale complexion of true love 52 nd the red glow of scorn and proud disdain, hence a little, and I shall conduct you, you will mark it. ROSALIND. O! come, let us remove:

ne sight of lovers feedeth those in love.

ing us to this sight, and you shall say I prove a busy actor in their play.

[Exeunt.

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Scene V.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

SILVIUS. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:

Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind. PHEBE. I would not be thy executioner: I fly thee, for I would not injure thee. Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye: 'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable, That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things, Who shut their coward gates on atomies, Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers! Now I do frown on thee with all my heart; And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee; Now counterfeit to swound; why now fall down; Or, if thou canst not, O! for shame, for shame, Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers. Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee; 20 Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains Some scar of it, lean but upon a rush, The cicatrice and capable impressure Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes, 24 Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not, Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes That can do hurt.

silvius. O dear Phebe,
If ever,—as that ever may be near,—
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

PHEBE. But, till that time Come not thou near me; and, when that time comes, 32

fflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
s, till that time I shall not pity thee.
ROSALIND. [Advancing.] And why, I pray you? Who
might be your mother,
hat you insult, exult, and all at once, yer the wretched? What though you have no
beauty,—
s by my faith, I see no more in you
han without candle may go dark to bed,—
ust you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Thy, what means this? Why do you look on me?
see no more in you than in the ordinary
f nature's sale-work. Od's my little life!
think she means to tangle my eyes too.
o, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
is not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
our bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
hat can entame my spirits to your worship. 48
ou foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
ike foggy south puffing with wind and rain?
ou are a thousand times a properer man
han she a woman: 'tis such fools as you 52
hat make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
is not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
nd out of you she sees herself more proper
han any of her lineaments can show her.
ut, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
nd thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
or I must tell you friendly in your ear,
ell when you can; you are not for all markets.
ry the man mercy; love him; take his offer: oul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
take her to thee, shepherd. Fare you well.
PHEBE. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year
together:
had rather hear you chide than this man woo.
ROSALIND. He's fallen in love with her foulness, and
e'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast
she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her
ith bitter words. Why look you so upon me? 69

PHEBE. For no ill will I bear you. ROSALIND. I pray you, do not fall in love with me, For I am falser than vows made in wine: Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house, 'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by. Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard. Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better, 76 And be not proud: though all the world could see, None could be so abus'd in sight as he. Come, to our flock. [Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and Corin. PHEBE. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might: 'Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?' SILVIUS. Sweet Phebe,— Ha! what sayst thou, Silvius? PHEBE. SILVIUS. Sweet Phebe, pity me. PHEBE. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius. 84 SILVIUS. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be: If you do sorrow at my grief in love, By giving love your sorrow and my grief Were both extermin'd. PHEBE. Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly? SILVIUS. I would have you. Why, that were covetousness. Silvius, the time was that I hated thee; And vet it is not that I bear thee love: But since that thou canst talk of love so well, Thy company, which erst was irksome to me, I will endure, and I'll employ thee too; But do not look for further recompense 96 Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd. SILVIUS. So holy and so perfect is my love, And I in such a poverty of grace, That I shall think it a most plenteous crop ICO To glean the broken ears after the man That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon. PHEBE. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile? 104

Go with me, Silvius.

[Exeunt.

SILVIUS. Not very well, but I have met him oft; And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds That the old carlot once was master of. PHEBE. Think not I love him, though I ask for him. 'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well; But what care I for words? yet words do well. When he that speaks them pleases those that hear. It is a pretty youth: not very pretty: But sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him: He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue Did make offence his eye did heal it up. He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall: His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well: There was a pretty redness in his lip, A little riper and more lusty red Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask. There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him In parcels as I did, would have gone near To fall in love with him; but, for my part, I love him not nor hate him not; and yet Have more cause to hate him than to love him: For what had he to do to chide at me? He said mine eyes were black and my hair black; And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me. I marvel why I answer'd not again: But that's all one; omittance is no quittance. I'll write to him a very taunting letter, And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius? SILVIUS. Phebe, with all my heart.
PHEBE. I'll write it I'll write it straight; The matter's in my head and in my heart: 136 I will be bitter with him and passing short.

ACT IV.

Scene I .- The Forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.

JAQUES. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

ROSALIND. They say you are a melancholy fellow. JAQUES. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

ROSALIND. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

JAQUES. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

ROSALIND. Why, then, 'tis good to be a post. 9
JAQUES. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, which, by often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

ROSALIND. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

JAQUES. Yes, I have gained my experience. 24
ROSALIND. And your experience makes you sad: I
had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad: and to travel for it too!

Enter ORLANDO.

ORLANDO. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

JAQUES. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse.

[Exit.

ROSALIND. Farewell, Monsicur Traveller: look you lisp, and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity, and

most chide God for making you that countenance you re; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. Thy, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this hile? You a lover! An you serve me such another ick, never come in my sight more.

ORLANDO. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour my promise.

ROSALIND. Break an hour's promise in love! He nat will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and reak but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid ath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him eart-whole.

ORLANDO. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

ROSALIND. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more my sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

ORLANDO. Of a snail!

ROSALIND. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes owly, he carries his house on his head; a better inture, I think, than you make a woman: besides, brings his destiny with him.

ORLANDO. What's that?

ROSALIND. Why, horns; that such as you are fain be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.

ORLANDO. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my osalind is virtuous.

ROSALIND. And I am your Rosalind?

CELIA. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath

Rosalind of a better leer than you.

ROSALIND. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am a holiday humour, and like enough to consent. That would you say to me now, an I were your very ery Rosalind?

ORLANDO. I would kiss before I spoke.

ROSALIND. Nay, you were better speak first, and then you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might ake occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they re out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking,—God arn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

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SH. III

ORLANDO. How if the kiss be denied?

ROSALIND. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter. 76

ORLANDO. Who could be out, being before his be-

loved mistress?

mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

81

ORLANDO. What, of my suit?

ROSALIND. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

ORLANDO. I take some joy to say you are, because

I would be talking of her.

ROSALIND. Well, in her person I say I will not have you.

ORLANDO. Then in mine own person I die.

ROSALIND. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp was drowned; and the foolish coroners of that age found it was 'Hero of Sestos'. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

ORLANDO. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

ROSALIND. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

ORLANDO. Then love me, Rosalind.

109
ROSALIND. Yes, faith will I, Fridays and Saturdays

and all.

ORLANDO. And wilt thou have me?

ROSALIND. Ay, and twenty such.

112

ORLANDO. What sayest thou? Are you not good?

ORLANDO. I hope so.

ROSALIND. Why then, can one desire too much of good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest nd marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando. What o you say, sister?

ORLANDO. Pray thee, marry us.

CELIA. I cannot say the words.

ROSALIND. You must begin,—'Will you, Orlando,'—CELIA. Go to.—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this cosalind?

ORLANDO. I will.

ROSALIND. Ay, but when?

ORLANDO. Why now; as fast as she can marry us. ROSALIND. Then you must say, 'I take thee,

Rosalind, for wife.'

ORLANDO. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

ROSALIND. I might ask you for your commission; ut, I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there's girl goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's hought runs before her actions.

ORLANDO. So do all thoughts; they are winged. 236 ROSALIND. Now tell me how long you would have

er after you have possessed her? ORLANDO. For ever and a day.

ROSALIND. Say a day, without the ever. No, no, orlando; men are April when they woo, December then they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over is hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; nore new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my esires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are isposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

ORLANDO. But will my Rosalind do so?

ROSALIND. By my life, she will do as I do.

ORLANDO. O! but she is wise.

ROSALIND. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

ORLANDO. A man that hath a wife with such a wit, he might say, 'Wit, whither wilt?'

ROSALIND. Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed. ORLANDO. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

ROSALIND. Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O! that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

ORLANDO. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

ROSALIND. Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

ORLANDO. I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

ROSALIND. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove, my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

ORLANDO. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

ROSALIND. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful. Therefore, beware my censure, and keep your promise.

ORLANDO. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu.

ROSALIND. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try. Adieu.

[Exit ORLANDO.

CELIA. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

ROSALIND. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an un-

known bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

CELIA. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

ROSALIND. No; that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

CELIA. And I'll sleep.

[Exeunt.

Scene II .- Another Part of the Forest.

Enter JAQUES, Lords, and Foresters.

JAQUES. Which is he that killed the deer?

FIRST LORD. Sir, it was I.

JAQUES. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

SECOND LORD. Yes, sir.

JAQUES. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune so it make noise enough.

SONG.

What shall he have that kill'd the deer? His leather skin and horns to wear.

Then sing him home.

[The rest shall bear this burden.

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born:
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[Ex

Scene III .- Another Part of the Forest.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

ROSALIND. How say you now? Is it not past two

o'clock? And here much Orlando!

CELIA. I warrant you, with pure love and a troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

SILVIUS. My errand is to you, fair youth. My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this:

[Giving a letter.

24

I know not the contents; but, as I guess

By the stern brow and waspish action

Which she did use as she was writing of it,

It bears an angry tenour: pardon me;

I am but as a guiltless messenger.

ROSALIND. Patience herself would startle at this letter,

And play the swaggerer: bear this, bear all:

She says I am not fair; that I lack manners;

She calls me proud, and that she could not love me

Were man as rare as phænix. 'Od's my will!

Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:

Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,

This is a letter of your own device.

SILVIUS. No, I protest, I know not the contents:

ROSALIND. Come, come, you are a fool, And turn'd into the extremity of love.

I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand.

Phebe did write it.

A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:

She has a housewife's hand; but that 's no matter: I say she never did invent this letter: 28 This is a man's invention, and his hand. SILVIUS. Sure, it is hers. ROSALIND. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style, A style for challengers; why, she defies me, Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention, Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter? SILVIUS. So please you, for I never heard it yet; 37 Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty. ROSALIND. She Phebes me. Mark how the tyrant writes. Art thou god to shepherd turn'd, 40 That a maiden's heart hath burn'd? Can a woman rail thus? SILVIUS. Call you this railing? ROSALIND. [Reads.] Why, thy godhead laid apart; Warr'st thou with a woman's heart? Did you ever hear such railing? Whiles the eye of man did woo me, That could do no vengeance to me. 48 Meaning me a beast. If the scorn of your bright eyne Have power to raise such love in mine, Alack! in me what strange effect 52 Would they work in mild aspect. Whiles you chid me, I did love: How then might your prayers move! He that brings this love to thee 56 Little knows this love in me: And by him seal up thy mind; Whether that thy youth and kind Will the faithful offer take 60 Of me and all that I can make; Or else by him my love deny, And then I'll study how to die.

(Exit Silvies.

SILVIUS. Call you this chiding?

here comes more company.

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ROSALIND. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for

Enter OLIVER.

her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word, for

OLIVER. Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you if you know,

Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheepcote fenc'd about with olive-trees?

CELIA. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:

The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream

Left on your right hand brings you to the place.

But at this hour the house doth keep itself;

There's none within.

OLIVER. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments, and such years: 'The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: but the woman low,
And browner than her brother.' Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

CELIA. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.
OLIVER. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind

He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

ROSALIND. I am: what must we understand by this?

OLIVER. Some of my shame; if you will know of me What man I am, and how, and why, and where 96 This handkercher was stain'd.

CELIA. I pray you, tell it.

OLIVER. When last the young Orlando parted from you He left a promise to return again Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest, 100 Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy, Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside, And mark what object did present itself: Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age, 104 And high top bald with dry antiquity, A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair, Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself, Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd The opening of his mouth; but suddenly, Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself, And with indented glides did slip away nto a bush; under which bush's shade A lioness, with udders all drawn dry, Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch, When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis 116 The royal disposition of that beast To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead: This seen, Orlando did approach the man, And found it was his brother, his elder brother. CELIA. O! I have heard him speak of that same brother: And he did render him the most unnatural That liv'd 'mongst men. And well he might so do, OLIVER. For well I know he was unnatural. ROSALIND. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there, Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness? OLIVER. Twice did he turn his back and purpos'd so; But kindness, nobler ever than revenge, And nature, stronger than his just occasion, Made him give battle to the lioness,

D 3

Was it you he rescu'd?

Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling

From miserable slumber I awak'd. CELIA. Are you his brother?

BOSALIND.

CELIA. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him? OLIVER. 'Twas I: but 'tis not I. I do not shame To tell you what I was, since my conversion 136 So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am. ROSALIND. But, for the bloody napkin? OLIVER.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two, By and by. Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd, 140 As how I came into that desert place:— In brief, he led me to the gentle duke, Who gave me fresh array and entertainment, Committing me unto my brother's love; Who led me instantly unto his cave, There stripp'd himself; and here, upon his arm The lioness had torn some flesh away, Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted, 148 And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind. Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound; And, after some small space, being strong at heart, He sent me hither, stranger as I am. To tell this story, that you might excuse His broken promise; and to give this napkin, Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth That he in sport doth call his Rosalind. 156 CELIA. [Rosalind swoons.] Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede! OLIVER. Many will swoon when they do look on blood. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede! OLIVER. Look, he recovers. 160 ROSALIND. I would I were at home. We'll lead you thither. CELIA. I pray you, will you take him by the arm? OLIVER. Be of good cheer, youth. You a man! You lack a man's heart. ou lack a man's heart.

ROSALIND. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah! a body would think this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!
OLIVER. This was not counterfeit: there is too great

testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

ROSALIND. Counterfeit, I assure vou.

OLIVER. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.

ROSALIND. So I do; but, i' faith, I should have been

a woman by right.

CELIA. Come; you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

OLIVER. That will I, for I must bear answer back

How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

ROSALIND. I shall devise something. But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go? [Exeunt.

ACT V.

Scene I.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

TOUCHSTONE. We shall find a time, Audrey: patience, gentle Audrey.

AUDREY. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

TOUCHSTONE. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey; a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

AUDREY. Av. I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world. Here comes the man you mean. 9

Enter WILLIAM.

TOUCHSTONE. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown. By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for: we shall be flouting; we cannot hold. It is a march at the print your, of sand site to 13

WILLIAM. Good even, Audrey.

AUDREY. God ye good even, William. WILLIAM. And good even to you, sir.

TOUCHSTONE. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

WILLIAM. Five-and-twenty, sir. TOUCHSTONE. A ripe age. Is thy name William? WILLIAM. William. sir.

TOUCHSTONE. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here? 24

WILLIAM. Ay, sir, I thank God.
TOUCHSTONE. 'Thank God'; a good answer. Art rich?

WILLIAM. Faith, sir, so so.

TOUCHSTONE. 'So so,' is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit. WILLIAM. TOUCHSTONE. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

WILLIAM. I do, sir. TOUCHSTONE. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

WILLIAM. No, sir.

TOUCHSTONE. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that ipse is he: now, you are not ipse, for I am he. WILLIAM. Which he, sir?

TOUCHSTONE. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is, company, -of this female, -which in the common is, woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel: I will bandy with thee in faction: I will o'errun

thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

AUDREY. Do, good William.

WILLIAM. God rest you merry, sir.

[Exit.

Enter CORIN.

CORIN. Our master and mistress seek you: come, away, away!

TOUCHSTONE. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend.

[Exeunt

Scene II.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

orlando. Is 't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?

OLIVER. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

orlando. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

ROSALIND. God save you, brother.

OLIVER. And you, fair sister. [Exit. ROSALIND. O! my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf. 20

ORLANDO. It is my arm.

ROSALIND. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

ORLANDO. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

ROSALIND. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swound when he showed me your hand-kercher?

ORLANDO. Ay, and greater wonders than that. 28
ROSALIND. O! I know where you are. Nay, 'tis
true: there was never anything so sudden but the
fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of
'I came, saw, and overcame': for your brother and
my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner
looked but they loved; no sooner loved but they
sighed; no sooner sighed but they asked one another
the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they
sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they
made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb
incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage.
They are in the very wrath of love, and they will
together: clubs cannot part them.

ORLANDO. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O! how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes. By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

ROSALIND. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

ORLANDO. I can live no longer by thinking.

ROSALIND. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then,—for now I speak to some purpose,—that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you

marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

ORLANDO. Speakest thou in sober meanings? ROSALIND. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will. Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

PHEBE. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, with a fill an form vice chart and 176

To show the letter that I writ to you.

ROSALIND. I care not if I have: it is my study

To seem despiteful and ungentle to you.

You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd: Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

PHEBE. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

SILVIUS. It is to be all made of sighs and tears; And so am I for Phebe.

PHEBE. And I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO. And I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND. And I for no woman.

SILVIUS. It is to be all made of faith and service; 88 And so am I for Phebe.

PHEBE. And I for Ganymede. ORLANDO. And I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND. And I for no woman.

SILVIUS. It is to be all made of fantasy,

All made of passion, and all made of wishes;

All adoration, duty, and observance;

All humbleness, all patience, and impatience;

All purity, all trial, all obeisance;

And so am I for Phebe.

PHEBE. And so am I for Ganymede-ORLANDO. And so am I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND. And so am I for no woman.

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PHEBE. [To ROSALIND.] If this be so, why blame you

me to love you?

SILVIUS. [To PHEBE.] If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

ORLANDO. If this be so, why blame you me to love

you?

ROSALIND. Who do you speak to, 'Why blame you me to love you?'

ORLANDO. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

ROSALIND. Pray you, no more of this: 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [To Silvius.] I will help you, if I can: [To Phebe.] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [To Phebe.] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow: [To Orlando.] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow: [To Silvius.] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [To Orlando.] As you love Rosalind, meet: [To Silvius.] As you love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So, fare you well: I have left you commands.

SILVIUS. I'll not fail, if I live. PHEBE. Nor I.

ORLANDO. Nor I.

Exeunt.

Scene III.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

TOUCHSTONE. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey;

to-morrow will we be married.

AUDREY. I do desire it with all my heart, and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

FIRST PAGE. Well met, honest gentleman.
TOUCHSTONE. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

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SECOND PAGE. We are for you: sit i' the middle. FIRST PAGE. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice? SECOND PAGE. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune,

like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino, 16 That o'er the green corn-field did pass,

In the spring time, the only pretty ring time, When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding; Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rve. With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino, These pretty country folks would lie, In the spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour, With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino, How that a life was but a flower In the spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time, With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino; For love is crowned with the prime In the spring time, &c.

TOUCHSTONE. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

FIRST PAGE. You are deceived, sir: we kept time; we lost not our time.

TOUCHSTONE. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [Excunt.

Scene IV .- Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.

DUKE SENIOR. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy

Can do all this that he hath promised?

ORLANDO. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;

As those that fear they hope, and know they fear

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

ROSALIND. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd.

[To the Duke.] You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,

You will bestow her on Orlando here?

DUKE SENIOR. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her. 8

ROSALIND. [To ORLANDO.] And you say, you will have her when I bring her?

ORLANDO. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king. ROSALIND. [To Phebe.] You say, that you'll marry me, if I be willing?

PHEBE. That will I, should I die the hour after. 12 ROSALIND. But if you do refuse to marry me,

You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

PHEBE. So is the bargain.

Phebe, if she will?

SILVIUS. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

ROSALIND. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter;
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd;
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me: and from hence I go,

To make these doubts all even.

[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia. DUKE SENIOR. I do remember in this shepherd boy

Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

ORLANDO. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him.

Methought he was a brother to your daughter; But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born, And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments Of many desperate studies by his uncle, Whom he reports to be a great magician, Obscured in the circle of this forest.

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Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

JAQUES. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called

TOUCHSTONE. Salutation and greeting to you all! JAQUES. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

TOUCHSTONE. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one. dealers on

JAQUES. And how was that ta'en up?

TOUCHSTONE. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

JAQUES. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like 53

DUKE SENIOR. I like him very well.
TOUCHSTONE. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own: a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will.

Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

DUKE SENIOR. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

TOUCHSTONE. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

JAQUES. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

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bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called 'the retort courteous'. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the 'quip modest'. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the 'reply churlish'. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the 'reproof valiant': if again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is called the 'countercheck quarrelsome': and so to the 'lie circumstantial', and the 'lie direct'.

JAQUES. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

TOUCHSTONE. I durst go no further than the 'lie circumstantial', nor he durst not give me the 'lie direct'; and so we measured swords and parted.

JAQUES. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

TOUCHSTONE. O sir, we quarrel in print; by the book, as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the 'retort courteous'; the second, the 'quip modest'; the third, the 'reply churlish'; the fourth, the 'reproof valiant'; the fifth, the 'countercheck quarrelsome'; the sixth, the 'lie with circumstance'; the seventh, the 'lie direct'. All these you may avoid but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an 'if'. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought

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but of an 'if', as 'If you said so, then I said so'; and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your 'if' is the only peace-maker; much virtue in 'if'. JAQUES. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

DUKE SENIOR. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, leading ROSALIND in woman's clothes, and

Still Music.

Then is there mirth in heaven. HYMEN. 108 When earthly things made even Atone together.

> Good duke, receive thy daughter: Hymen from heaven brought her;

Yea, brought her hither,

That thou mightst join her hand with his, Whose heart within her bosom is.

ROSALIND. [To DUKE Senior.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To Orlando.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

DUKE SENIOR. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

ORLANDO. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

PHEBE. If sight and shape be true,

Why then, my love adieu! ROSALIND. [To DUKE Senior.] I'll have no father, if

you be not he. [To Orlando.] I'll have no husband, if you be not he: [To Phebe.] Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. 124

HYMEN. Peace, ho! I bar confusion: 'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands

To join in Hymen's bands, If truth holds true contents.

[To ORLANDO and ROSALIND.] You and you no cross shall part:

[To Oliver and Celia.] You and you are heart in
heart:
[To Phebe.] You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:
[To Touchstone and Audrey.] You and you are sure
together,
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning,
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish. 140
SONG.
Wedding is great Juno's crown:
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
TT' 1 1 1 1 1 1
Honour, high honour, and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!
10 Hymon, god of every town.
DUKE SENIOR. O my dear niece! welcome thou art
to me:
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree. 148
PHEBE. [To Silvius.] I will not eat my word, now
thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.
Enter JAQUES DE BOYS.
JAQUES DE BOYS. Let me have audience for a word
or two:
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland, 152
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power, which were on foot 156
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where, meeting with an old religious man, 160
After some question with him, was converted

Both from his enterprise and from the world; His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother, And all their lands restor'd to them again 164 That were with him exil'd. This to be true, I do engage my life. Welcome, young man; DUKE SENIOR. Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding: To one, his lands withheld; and to the other 168 A land itself at large, a potent dukedom. First, in this forest, let us do those ends That here were well begun and well begot; And after, every of this happy number That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us, Shall share the good of our returned fortune, According to the measure of their states. Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity, And fall into our rustic revelry. Play, music! and you, brides and bridegrooms all, With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall. JAQUES. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly, The duke hath put on a religious life, And thrown into neglect the pompous court? JAQUES DE BOYS. He hath. JAQUES. To him will I: out of these convertites There is much matter to be heard and learn'd. [To DUKE Senior.] You to your former honour I bequeath; Your patience and your virtue well deserve it: [To Orlando.] You to a love that your true faith doth merit: [To OLIVER.] You to your land, and love, and great allies: [To Silvius.] You to a long and well-deserved bed: [To Touchstone.] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage Is but for two months victual'd. So, to your pleasures: I am for other than for dancing measures. DUKE SENIOR. Stay, Jaques, stay. JAQUES. To see no pastime, I: what you would I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [Exit.

DUKE SENIOR. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,

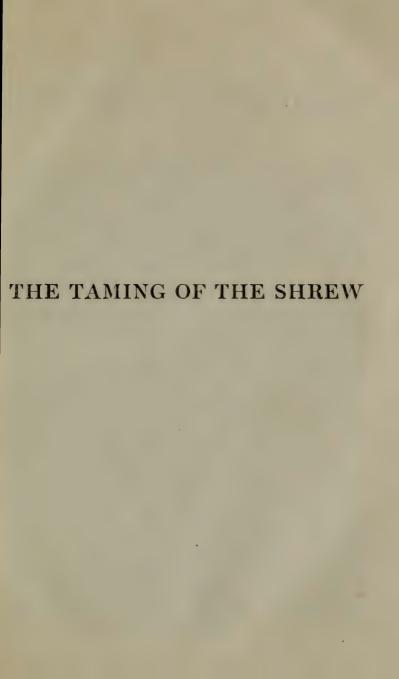
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

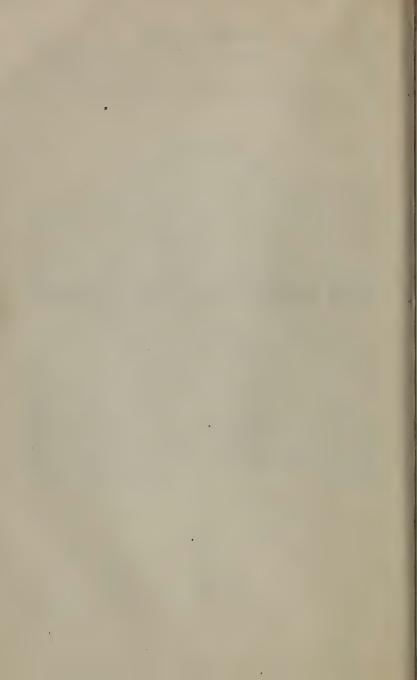
[A dance. Exeunt.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY ROSALIND.

It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, itis true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women! for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men! for the love you bear to women,—as I perceive by your simpering none of you hate them,—that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not; and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.





THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

INTRODUCTION

The Taming of the Shrew, as far as we know, was first printed in the Folio of 1623. A Quarto of 1631 follows the Folio text. It seems strange to us now that the play as a whole should ever have been regarded as the work of Shakespeare. The question of authorship is difficult, but there can be little doubt that here we have an instance of the hasty revision by Shakespeare of an older play, with certain additions which are

characteristically his own.

In 1594 appeared 'A Pleasant Conceited Historie called The Taming of A Shrew. As it was sundry times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrook his seruants'. Here the drunken Slie figures in the Induction, but instead of the Hostess a Tapster is his persecutor; at the close of the play Slie is borne off in his own apparrell againe' and left where he was; he thinks his glorious experiences are a dream, but congratulates himself on having learnt to tame his wife if she should anger him. Shakespeare has rewritten the Induction to its great advantage, but if we have the play of The Shrew in its complete form, he omitted to dispose of Sly at the close. The scene of the old play is Athens; the characters are all differently named from those of the play before us, with the exception of the Shrew herself. Polidor and Aurelius, two friends, correspond to our Hortensio and Lucentio; the Shrew's father, Alphonsus, has three daughters, and the fact that the daughters are three involves a considerable difference in the arrangement of characters and in the intrigue. But the story of Ferando (the Petruchio of the earlier play) and Kate is in the main essentially the same.

The probability is that this old play was recast before Shakespeare came to touch it. The Bianca underplot in The Shrew differs in many respects from the corresponding portions of A Shrew; but few persons who are familiar with Shakespeare's style are likely to attribute to him the Bianca scenes of our play. Who this adapter intermediate between the writer of A Shrew and Shakespeare was we dare not conjecture; that the original author was an admirer of Marlowe cannot be doubted, for a number of borrowings or adaptations from that poet appear in it. The pre-Shakespearean revision of A Shrew is in a considerable degree indebted to The Supposes of George Gascoigne, a comedy presented at Gray's Inn in 1566, itself a translation of a much older Italian comedy, the Suppositi of Ariosto (1509).

We are led to believe, then, that Shakespeare was called on, or undertook, to revise for the stage a recast of A Shrew, and that he threw himself into the task, hastily in all probability, but with his characteristic spirit. We cannot doubt that the Induction, with its Warwickshire allusions, in its revised form is his handiwork. We do not find more than occasional touches of his hand again, until Baptista sends for his daughter Kate in the first scene of the second act. It may in a general way be said that Shakespeare's genius comes in and goes out with Sly, Katharina, and her tamer Petruchio. The following conjectured division of parts—while it is not to be regarded as excluding some lines here and lines there from Shakespeare throughout the whole play-may be set down as the theory of modern scholarship, and not improbably as the truth.

Non-Shakespearean:

Act I.

,, II. i, lines 1-167, and 318 to end.

,, III. i and ii, lines 124-148, with the closing lines from the exit of Petruchio.

" IV. ii and iv.

" v. i and ii, lines 181 to end.

Shakespearean:

Induction.

Act II. i, lines 168-317 (exeunt Petruchio and Katharina).

,, III. ii, lines 1-123 and 149-238.

,, IV. i, iii, v.

" v. ii, lines 1-181.

The references are to the present edition.

The date at which Shakespeare made his alterations and additions is also a matter of conjecture. One of the most recent and most careful students of the play, Mr. R. Warwick Bond, writes: 'On the whole, I see no reason to attempt a more precise date than Professor Dowden's ? 1597. Something of the same spirit of boisterous mirth that is seen in The Merry Wives of Windsor is manifested in The Shrew. The play is not mentioned by Meres in 1598, but he may not have considered that Shakespeare was entitled to be named the author of a comedy which he only altered and improved. Early allusions to the play—if they are not rather allusions to A Shrew—do not help us to ascertain the date. We are driven to found a conjecture on our impression of the character of Shakespeare's workmanship; and the impression is that it is mature but hasty.

It may be noted, before passing on, that one distinguished critic—Creizenach—maintains that the play of A Shrew was based on Shakespeare's The Shrew, and

was 'run' against it.

In addition to the sources already pointed out—the old play and Gascoigne's Supposes—it has been suggested that the scene of Bianca's Latin lesson may have been indebted to a similar scene in The Three Lords and Three Ladies of London, a play printed in 1590, and reprinted in Hazlitt's edition of Dodsley. The general idea of shrew-taming is widespread through literature. Hazlitt, in his Shakespeare's Library, reprints A Merry Jest of a Shrewd and Curst Wife, &c., but we cannot say that anything in The Shrew is really derived from it. The lines (Act IV, Sc. iii),

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds So honour peereth in the meanest habit,

may possibly be caught from The ancient, true and admirable history of Patient Grisel, but no edition of this tract is known of an earlier date than 1619, so that the borrower may be the writer of the pamphlet and not the play. Parallels to the Shrew story occur in Straparola's Notte piacevole, and the Spanish Conde Lucanor, by Don Juan Manuel; 'the Jutland legend,' writes Professor Herford, 'of the shrewish Mette, which throws into vivid relief the folk-lore origin of the story,

is in some respects nearer than either.'

The incident by which the drunken tinker is 'translated' into a supposed lord appears in varying forms in the literature of the East and of the West. We find a somewhat similar story in the Arabian Nights. In the De Rebus Burgundicis of Heuterus, a trick of a like kind is said to have been played on a drunken man in Brussels by Philip the Good, and Warton stated that he had seen the same tale in a collection of short comic stories of the date 1570 by the Master of the Revels, Richard Edwardes. There are other post-Shakespearean varieties of the incident which need not be enumerated.

Slight as Shakespeare's work in The Taming of the Shrew may be, we should not willingly miss from our Shakespearean gallery the figures of Sly, Petruchio, and Katharina. That the same brain which could conceive a Hamlet and a Prospero could also drop—and in a genial spirit—into the mind of the tinker, 'old Sly's son of Burton-heath,' creditor for fourteen pence of Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, gives a measure of its wide humanity. The incongruity of his transformation, and his puzzled consciousness, hovering between what he is and what he seems to be, have in them touches of humour worthy of the inventor of Sancho Panza. His final decision in favour of accepting the delightful illusion closes the debate of his double consciousness: 'Come, madam wife, sit by my side and let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger.'

Petruchio, as Hazlitt has said, does not show a particle of ill-humour from beginning to end. No one ever was at once so outrageous in his behaviour and yet so entirely free from malice. He knows that to tame his shrew is to make her happy for a whole lifetime. And in her heart Katharina, a revolter against the law of sex, desires to find a tamer worthy of her. When her will has become one with that of her husband, she does not lose her audacity of spirit; it only finds new uses; henceforth with Petruchio by her side she will be in his cause 'Katharina contra mundum'. For a good actress, who can play the part of a storm in petticoats, the Shrew affords gallant opportunities. We read in Sir Henry Herbert's Office Book that the play was acted before Charles I and Henrietta Maria, and was 'likt'. When Pepys found 'some very good pieces in it', he witnessed a performance not of the play as we know it, but of Lacy's adaptation, Sauny the Scot. It was again altered in the eighteenth century by Garrick, and in this form on at least one occasion Mrs. Siddons played the Shrew to John Kemble's Petruchio. In recent times the Shrew was presented with admirable spirit by the American actress Ada Rehan. 'I look upon Katharine,' she wrote, 'as a grand creature—a very noble nature—of high breeding—a spoiled, wilful child, who had always had her own way with every one. High-strung and nervous, though at the same time strong and thoroughly healthy, she could not bear a shadow of contradiction. I liked, when playing, to remember General Sherman's expression, one evening, after having seen her-that Katharine always reminded him "of a soldier who had had victories all along the line until she had at last met her master".' Her defeat is in truth no defeat: it is a woman's victory.

The Woman's Prize or The Tamer tamed, by Fletcher, was suggested by The Shrew, and tells how the tables were turned upon Petruchio by his second wife, a successor of Katharina. It is itself an evidence of the popularity of the play in which Shakespeare had a share.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

A Lord.

CHRISTOPHER SLY, a Tinker.

Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen,
and Servants.

BAPTISTA, a rich Gentleman of Padua. VINCENTIO, an old Gentleman of Pisa.

LUCENTIO, son to Vincentio; in love with Bianca.

РЕТRUCHIO, a Gentleman of Verona; Suitor to Katharina.

GREMIO, HORTENSIO. Suitors to Bianca.

TRANIO, Servants to Lucentio.

BIONDELLO, Servants to Lucentio

GRUMIO, CURTIS, Servants to Petruchio.

Pedant, set up to personate Vincentio.

KATHARINA, the Shrew, Daughters to Baptista.

BIANCA,

Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

Scene.—Sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

INDUCTION.

Scene I .- Before an Alehouse on a Heath.

Enter Hostess and SLY.

SLY. I'll pheeze you, in faith.

HOSTESS. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

SLY. Y'are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; bok in the chronicles; we came in with Richard onqueror. Therefore, paucas pallabris; let the world ide. Sessa!

ue. Bessa :

HOSTESS. You will not pay for the glasses you have urst?

SLY. No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy, go to by cold bed, and warm thee.

HOSTESS. I know my remedy: I must go fetch the nird-borough.

sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer im by law. I'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, ad kindly.

[Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.

Horns winded. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.

LORD. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:

rach Merriman, the poor cur is emboss'd, nd couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.

aw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good

t the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?

would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

FIRST HUNTSMAN. Why, Bellman is as good as he,
my lord;

e cried upon it at the merest loss,

nd twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:

24

SH. III

77 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.
LORD. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen . 1ch.
But sup them well, and look up to them all:
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.
FIRST HUNTSMAN. I will, my lord.
LORD. [Sees SLY.] What's here? one dead, or drunk?
See, doth he breathe?
SECOND HUNTSMAN. He breathes, my lord. Were he
not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.
LORD. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?
FIRST HUNTSMAN. Believe me, lord, I think he can-
not choose.
SECOND HUNTSMAN. It would seem strange unto him
when he wak'd.
LORD. Even as a flattering dream or worthless
fancy. The state of the state o
Then take him up and manage well the jest.
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters, 48
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet.
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight, 52
And with a low submissive reverence
Say, 'What is it your honour will command?'
Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers; 56
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say, 'Will't please your lordship cool your hands?'
Some one be ready with a costly suit,

CENE I]	THE	TAMING OF	THE	SHREW
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99

and ask him what apparel he will wear; 60 another tell him of his hounds and horse, and that his lady mourns at his disease. Persuade him that he hath been lunatic; and, when he says he is—say that he dreams, 64 or he is nothing but a mighty lord. his do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs: t will be pastime passing excellent, f it be husbanded with modesty. FIRST HUNTSMAN. My lord, I warrant you we will play our part, s he shall think, by our true diligence,

le is no less than what we say he is.

LORD. Take him up gently, and to bed with him, 72 and each one to his office when he wakes.

[SLY is borne out. A trumpet sounds. irrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:

Belike, some noble gentleman that means, ravelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter Servant.

Iow now! who is it? SERVANT. An it please your honour, layers that offer service to your lordship. LORD. Bid them come near.

Enter Players. Now, fellows, you are welcome.

PLAYERS. We thank your honour.

LORD. Do you intend to stay with me to-night? A PLAYER. So please your lordship to accept our 111 111 111 111 111 duty. LORD. With all my heart. This fellow I remember, ince once he play'd a farmer's eldest son: I was where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well. have forgot your name; but, sure, that part Vas aptly fitted and naturally perform'd.

A PLAYER. I think 'twas Soto that your honour

means.

LORD. 'Tis very true: thou didst it excellent.	
Well, you are come to me in happy time,	
The rather for I have some sport in hand	
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.	9
There is a lord will hear you play to-night;	
But I am doubtful of your modesties,	
Lest, over-eyeing of his odd behaviour,—	
For yet his honour never heard a play,—	9
You break into some merry passion	
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,	
If you should smile he grows impatient.	
A PLAYER. Fear not, my lord: we can contain	our
selves	10
Were he the veriest antick in the world.	
LORD. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,	
And give them friendly welcome every one:	
Let them want nothing that my house affords.	10
[Exeunt one with the Pl	ayers
Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page,	
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:	
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamb	er;
And call him 'madam', do him obeisance.	IO
Tell him from me,—as he will win my love,—	
He bear himself with honourable action,	
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies	
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:	II
Such duty to the drunkard let him do	
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy;	
And say, 'What is't your honour will command,	
Wherein your lady and your humble wife	110
May show her duty, and make known her love?'	
And then, with kind embracements, tempting kisse	es,
And with declining head into his bosom,	
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd	120
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,	
Who for this seven years hath esteemed him	
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.	
And if the boy have not a woman's gift	124
To rain a shower of commanded tears,	
An onion will do well for such a shift,	

Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.

See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst:
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.

I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:

I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter
When they do homage to this simple peasant.

I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence

May well abate the over merry spleen
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[Exeunt.

Scene II.—A Bedchamber in the Lord's House.

SLY is discovered in a rich nightgown, with Attendants: some with apparel, others with basin, ewer, and other appurtenances; and Lord, dressed like a servant.

SLY. For God's sake! a pot of small ale.

FIRST SERVANT. Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

SECOND SERVANT. Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

THIRD SERVANT. What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

SLY. I am Christophero Sly; call not me honour, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet: nay, sometime more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

LORD. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!

O, that a mighty man, of such descent, Of such possessions, and so high esteem, Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

SLY. What! would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son, of Burton-heath; by

birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught: here's-

FIRST SERVANT. O! this it is that makes your lady

mourn.

SECOND SERVANT. O! this it is that makes your servants droop.

LORD. Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house. 28

32

40

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy. O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth, Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.

Look how thy servants do attend on thee,

Each in his office ready at thy beck:

Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays, Music. And twenty caged nightingales do sing: 36

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrew the ground: Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,

Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them, And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

FIRST SERVANT. Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift

As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe. SECOND SERVANT. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight

Adonis painted by a running brook, And Cytherea all in sedges hid,

Which seem to move and wanton with her breath, Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

CENE II] THE TAMING OF THE SHREW 103	
LORD. We'll show thee Io as she was a maid, and how she was beguiled and surpris'd,	
s lively painted as the deed was done. THIRD SERVANT. Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,	
cratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds; and at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,	
o workmanly the blood and tears are drawn. LORD. Thou art a lord and notice but a lord:	
hou hast a lady far more beautied.	
FIRST SERVANT. And Tolle sears that she hath shed for the	
ike envious mods for run her lovely face, he was the fairest creature in the world;	
nd yet she is inferior to none. SLY. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady? 68	
r do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?	
do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak; smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:	
Jpon my life, I am a lord indeed; 72 and not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.	
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight; and once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.	
SECOND SERVANT. Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?	
[Servants present a ewer, basin, and napkin.] Servants present a ewer, basin, and napkin.	
that once more you knew but what you are! These fifteen years you have been in a dream,	
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept. 80 SLY. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.	
But did I never speak of all that time? FIRST SERVANT. O! yes, my lord, but very idle	
words; or though you lay here in this goodly chamber, 84	
et would you say ye were beaten out of door,	
and rail upon the hostess of the house, and say you would present her at the leet,	
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts.	

PAGE. How fares my noble lord? SLY. Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer enough.

Where is my wife?

PAGE. Here, noble lord: what is thy will with her? SLY. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband? My men should call me lord: I am your goodman. 105 PAGE. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband:

I am your wife in all obedience.

SLY. I know it well. What must I call her? 108 LORD. Madam.

SLY. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

LORD. Madam, and nothing else: so lords call ladies.

SLY. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd And slept above some fifteen year or more. PAGE. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me.

Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

SLY. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone. Madam, undress you, and come now to bed. 117 PAGE. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you To pardon me yet for a night or two,

120

Or, if not so, until the sun be set: For your physicians have expressly charg'd, In peril to incur your former malady,

That I should yet absent me from your bed:

SCENE II] THE TAMING OF THE SHREW 105

I hope this reason stands for my excuse. SLY. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long; but I would be loath to fall into my dreams again: I will therefore tarry, in spite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment.

Are come to play a pleasant comedy; For so your doctors hold it very meet,

Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood, 132

And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:

Therefore they thought it good you hear a play, And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,

Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life. SLY. Marry, I will; let them play it. Is not a commonty a Christmas gambold or a tumblingtrick?

PAGE. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff. SLY. What! household stuff?

PAGE. It is a kind of history.

SLY. Well, we'll see't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side.

And let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger.

[Flourish.

ACT I.

Scene I .- Padua. A public Place.

Enter Lucentio and Tranio.

LUCENTIO. Tranio, since for the great desire I had To see fair Padua, nursery of arts, I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy, The pleasant garden of great Italy; And by my father's love and leave am arm'd

With his good will and thy good company, My trusty servant well approv'd in all,

Here let us breathe, and haply institute A course of learning and ingenious studies.

Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,	
Gave me my being and my father first,	
A merchant of great traffic through the world,	12
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.	
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,	
It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd,	
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:	- 16
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,	
Virtue and that part of philosophy	
Will I apply that treats of happiness	
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.	20
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left	
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves	
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,	
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.	24
TRANIO. Mi perdonate, gentle master mine,	
I am in all affected as yourself,	
Glad that you thus continue your resolve	
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.	28
Only, good master, while we do admire	
This virtue and this moral discipline,	
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;	
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks	32
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd.	
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,	
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;	
Music and poesy use to quicken you;	36
The mathematics and the metaphysics,	
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you	;
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;	
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.	40
LUCENTIO. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost	thou
advise.	
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,	
We could at once put us in readiness,	
And take a lodging fit to entertain	44
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.	
But stay awhile: what company is this?	
TRANIO. Master, some show to welcome us to	town.

Enter Baptista, Katharina, Bianca, Gremio, and Hortensio. Lucentio and Tranio stand aside.
BAPTISTA. Gentlemen, importune me no further, 48
or how I firmly am resolv'd you know;
hat is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
efore I have a husband for the elder.
f either of you both love Katharina, 52
ecause I know you well and love you well,
eave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.
GREMIO. To cart her rather: she's too rough for
me.
here, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?
KATHARINA. [To BAPTISTA.] I pray you, sir, is it your
will
o make a stale of me amongst these mates?
HORTENSIO. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no
mates for you,
Inless you were of gentler, milder mould.
KATHARINA. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to
fear:
wis it is not half way to her heart;
ut if it were, doubt not her care should be
o comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
nd paint your face, and use you like a fool.
HORTENSIO. From all such devils, good Lord deliver
us!
GREMIO. And me too, good Lord!
TRANIO. Hush, master! here is some good pastime
toward:
that wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.
LUCENTIO. But in the other's silence do I see
Iaid's mild behaviour and sobriety.
TRANIO. Well said, master; mum! and gaze you fill.
BAPTISTA. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said,—Bianca, get you in: And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.
of I will love thee he er the less, my girl.

KATHAY pretty peat! it is best
Put finge to the eye, an she knew why.
BIANCA Sister, content you in my discontent. 80
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look and practise by myself.
LUCENTIO. Hark, Tranio! thou mayst hear Minerva
speak.
HORTENSIO. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.
GREMIO. Why will you mow her up,
Signior Baptists and this fiend or well.
And many his are penance of for tongue?
BAPTIST . none u, content ye; I am resolv'd.
Go in, Biasa. [Exit Bianca.
And for 1 know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing up;
And so, farewell. Katharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [Exit.
KATHARINA. Why, and I trust I may go too; may
I not?
What! shall I be appointed hours, as though, belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha!
[Exit.
GREMIO. You may go to the devil's dam: your
gifts are so good, here's none will hold you. Their

GREMIO. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so good, here's none will hold you. Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out: our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell: yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

HORTENSIO. So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word,

I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing specially.

GREMIO. What's that, I pray?
HORTENSIO. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

GREMIO. A husband! a devil. HORTENSIO. I say, a husband.

GREMIO. I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very

a fool to be married to hell?

HORTENSIO. Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

GREMIO. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whipped at the high-

cross every morning.

HORTENSIO. Faith, as you say, there's small choice n rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained, till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?

GREMIO. I am agreed: and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on. [Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.

TRANIO. I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible

That love should of a sudden take such hold? LUCENTIO. O Tranio! till I found it to be true,

I never thought it possible or likely; But see, while idly I stood looking on,

I found the effect of love in idleness: And now in plainness do confess to thee,

152

That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio, 156
If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst:
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.
TRANIO. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,
Redime te captum, quam queas minimo.
LUCENTIO. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this con-
tents:
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.
TRANIO. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what 's the pith of all.
LUCENTIO. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had, 169
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.
TRANIO. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how
her sister
Began to scold and raise up such a storm
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?
LUCENTIO. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air; 176
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.
TRANIO. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his
trance.
I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it
stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
That till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up, 184
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.
LUCENTIO. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her? 188
TRANIO. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

LUCENTIO. I have it, Tranio. Master, for my hand, TRANIO. Both our inventions meet and jump in one. LUCENTIO. Tell me thine first. You will be schoolmaster, TRANIO. And undertake the teaching of the maid: 193 That's your device. It is: may it be done? LUCENTIO. TRANIO. Not possible; for who shall bear your part, And be in Padua here Vincentio's son? Keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends; Visit his countrymen, and banquet them? LUCENTIO. Basta; content thee; for I have it full. We have not yet been seen in any house, 200 Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces For man, or master: then, it follows thus: Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead, Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should: I will some other be; some Florentine, Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa. 'Tis hatch'd and shall be so: Tranio, at once Uncase thee, take my colour'd hat and cloak: 208 When Biondello comes, he waits on thee; But I will charm him first to keep his tongue. They exchange habits. TRANIO. So had you need. In brief then, sir, sith it your pleasure is, 212 And I am tied to be obedient: For so your father charg'd me at our parting, 'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he, Although I think 'twas in another sense: 216 I am content to be Lucentio, Because so well I love Lucentio. LUCENTIO. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves; And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye. Here comes the rogue.

232

Enter BIONDELLO.

Sirrah, where have you been?
BIONDELLO. Where have I been! Nay, how now!
where are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes, 224 Or you stol'n his? or both? pray, what's the news?

LUCENTIO. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,

And therefore frame your manners to the time.

Your fellow Tranio, here, to save my life,

Puts my apparel and my countenance on,

And I for my escape have put on his; For in a quarrel since I came ashore

I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.

Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes, While I make way from hence to save my life:

You understand me?

BIONDELLO. I, sir! ne'er a whit.

LUCENTIO. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth: Tranio is changed to Lucentio.

BIONDELLO. The better for him: would I were so too!

TRANIO. So would I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after.

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter. But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;

But in all places else your master, Lucentio. 244

LUCENTIO. Tranio, let's go. One thing more rests, that thyself execute, to make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why, sufficeth my reasons are both good and weighty.

[Exeunt.

The Presenters above speak.

FIRST SERVANT. My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

SLY. Yes, by Saint Anne, I do. A good matter, surely: comes there any more of it?

PAGE. My lord, 'tis but begun.

sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady: would 'twere done! [They sit and mark.

Scene II.—The Same. Before Hortensio's House.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

PETRUCHIO. Verona, for awhile I take my leave, To see my friends in Padua; but, of all

My best beloved and approved friend,

Hortensio: and I trow this is his house. Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I sav.

GRUMIO. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is

there any man has rebused your worship?

PETRUCHIO. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly. 8 GRUMIO. Knock you here, sir! why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

PETRUCHIO. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate; And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate. 12 GRUMIO. My master is grown quarrelsome. I should knock you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

PETRUCHIO. Will it not be?

Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it; I'll try how you can sol, fa, and sing it.

[He wrings Grumio by the ears.

GRUMIO. Help, masters, help! my master is mad. PETRUCHIO. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

Enter Hortensio.

HORTENSIO. How now! what's the matter? My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio! How do you all at Verona?

PETRUCHIO. Signior Hortensio, come you to part

the fray?

Con tutto il cuore ben trovato, may I say. HORTENSIO. Alla nostra casa ben venuto; molto honorato signior mio Petruchio.

Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel. GRUMIO. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Why, this 's a heavy chance 'twixt him and you, Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio. And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale Blows you to Padua here from old Verona? PETRUCHIO. Such wind as scatters young men through

the world

To seek their fortunes further than at home, Where small experience grows. But in a few, Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me: Antonio, my father, is deceas'd,

And I have thrust myself into this maze, Haply to wive and thrive as best I may. Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,

And so am come abroad to see the world. HORTENSIO. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee.

52

56

And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife? Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel; 60 And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich, And very rich: but thou'rt too much my friend,

And I'll not wish thee to her.

PETRUCHIO, Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we.

SCENE II] THE TAMING OF THE SHREW	115
Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know	
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,	
As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,	
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,	68
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd	
As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse,	
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,	
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough	72
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:	
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;	
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.	
GRUMIO. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly	what
his mind is: why, give him gold enough and marry	him
to a puppet or an aglet-baby; or an old trot	with
ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as r	nany
diseases as two-and-fifty horses: why, nothing co	omes
amiss, so money comes withal.	81
HORTENSIO. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd	thus
far in,	
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.	
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife	84
With wealth enough, and young and beauteous,	
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:	
Her only fault,—and that is faults enough,—	
Is, that she is intolerable curst	88
And shrewd and froward, so beyond all measure,	
That, were my state far worser than it is,	
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.	
PETRUCHIO. Hortensio, peace! thou know'st	not
gold's effect:	92
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;	
For I will board her, though she chide as loud	
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.	
HORTENSIO. Her father is Baptista Minola,	96
An affable and courteous gentleman;	

Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

PETRUCHIO. I know her father, though I know not her;

100

And he knew my deceased father well.

Her name is Katharina Minola,

132

I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her; And therefore let me be thus bold with you, To give you over at this first encounter,

Unless you will accompany me thither.

GRUMIO. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves or so: why, that's nothing: an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, sir, an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

HORTENSIO. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee, For in Baptista's keep my treasure is: He hath the jewel of my life in hold, His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca, And her withholds from me and other more,

Suitors to her and rivals in my love:

Supposing it a thing impossible,

For those defects I have before rehears'd. That ever Katharina will be woo'd:

Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en. That none shall have access unto Bianca,

Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

GRUMIO. Katharine the curst!

A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

HORTENSIO. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me

grace, And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes, To old Baptista as a schoolmaster

Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca; That so I may, by this device at least

Have leave and leisure to make love to her,

And unsuspected court her by herself. GRUMIO. Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Enter GREMIO, and LUCENTIO disguised, with books under his arm. Master, master, look about you: who goes there, ha? HORTENSIO. Peace, Grumio! 'tis the rival of my love. Petruchio, stand by awhile. GRUMIO. A proper stripling, and an amorous! GREMIO. O! very well; I have perus'd the note. Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound: 144 All books of love, see that at any hand, And see you read no other lectures to her. You understand me. Over and beside Signior Baptista's liberality, 148 I'll mend it with a largess. Take your papers too, And let me have them very well perfum'd; For she is sweeter than perfume itself To whom they go to. What will you read to her? 152 LUCENTIO. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you, As for my patron, stand you so assur'd, As firmly as yourself were still in place; Yea, and perhaps with more successful words 156 Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir. GREMIO. O! this learning, what a thing it is, GRUMIO. O! this woodcock, what an ass it is. PETRUCHIO. Peace, sirrah! HORTENSIO. Grumio, mum! God save you, Signior Gremio! GREMIO. And you're well met, Signior Hortensio. Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola. I promis'd to inquire carefully 164 About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca: And, by good fortune, I have lighted well On this young man; for learning and behaviour Fit for her turn; well read in poetry 168 And other books, good ones, I warrant ye. HORTENSIO. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman Hath promis'd me to help me to another, A fine musician to instruct our mistress: 172 So shall I no whit be behind in duty

To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me. Belov'd of me, and that my deeds shall GREMIO. prove. GRUMIO. [Aside.] And that his bags shall prove. 176 HORTENSIO. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love: Listen to me, and if you speak me fair, I'll tell you news indifferent good for either. Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met, 180 Upon agreement from us to his liking, Will undertake to woo curst Katharine; Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please. GREMIO. Se aid, so done, is well. 184 Hortensio, have ou told him all her faults? PETRUCHIO. know she is an irksome, brawling scold: If that be all, masters, I hear no harm. GREMIO. No, sayst me so, friend? What countryman? 188 PETRUCHIO. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son: My father dead, my fortune lives for me; And I do hope good days and long to see. GREMIO. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange! But if you have a stomach, to 't i' God's name: You shall have me assisting you in all. But will you woo this wild-cat? Will I live? PETRUCHIO. GRUMIO. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her. 196 PETRUCHIO. Why came I hither but to that intent? Think you a little din can daunt mine ears? Have I not in my time heard lions roar? Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds, 200 Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat? Have I not heard great ordnance in the field, And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies? Have I not in a pitched battle heard 204 Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang? And do you tell me of a woman's tongue, That gives not half so great a blow to hear

232

As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?

Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.

GRUMIO. [Aside.] For he fears none.

GREMIO. Hortensio, hark:

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,

My mind presumes, for his own good and ours. 212
HORTENSIO. I promis'd we would be contributors,

And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

GREMIO. And so we will, provided that he win her. GRUMIO. [Aside.] I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio, bravely apparelled; and Biondello.

Tranio. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be

bold,

Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way

To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

BIONDELLO. He that has the two fair daughters: is't he you mean?

TRANIO. Even he, Biondello!

GREMIO. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to— TRANIO. Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have you to do?

PETRUCHIO. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

TRANIO. I love no chiders, sir. Biondello, let's away.

LUCENTIO. [Aside.] Well begun, Tranio.

HORTENSIO. Sir, a word ere you go Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

TRANIO. And if I be, sir, is it any offence? 228 GREMIO. No; if without more words you will get you hence.

TRANIO. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as

free

For me as for you?

GREMIO. But so is not she.

TRANIO. For what reason, I beseech you? GREMIO. For this reason, if you'll know,

That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

HORTENSIO. That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

TRANIO. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right; hear me with patience.

237
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one. Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;

Then well one more may fair Bianca have, And so she shall: Lucentio shall make one,

Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

GREMIO. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all. LUCENTIO. Sir, give him head: I know he'll prove a jade.

244

264

PETRUCHIO. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

HORTENSIO. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,

Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

TRANIO. No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two,
The one as famous for a scolding tongue
252

As is the other for beauteous modesty.

PETRUCHIO. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

GREMIO. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules, And let it be more than Alcides' twelve. 256
PETRUCHIO. Sir, understand you this of me in sooth:

The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,

Her father keeps from all access of suitors, And will not promise her to any man

Until the elder sister first be wed;

The younger then is free, and not before.

TRANIO. If it be so, sir, that you are the man Must stead us all, and me among the rest; And if you break the ice, and do this feat, Achieve the elder, set the younger free

For our access, whose hap shall be to have her Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.

HORTENSIO. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;

And since you do profess to be a suitor.

You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman, To whom we all rest generally beholding 272 TRANIO. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof, Please ye we may contrive this afternoon, And quaff carouses to our mistress' health. And do as adversaries do in law. 276 Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends. GRUMIO. O excellent motion! Fellows, let's be BIONDELLO. gone. HORTENSIO. The motion's good indeed, and be

it so :-Petruchio, I shall be your ben venuto.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

Scene I .- Padua. A Room in Baptista's House. Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.

BIANCA. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong vourself.

To make a bondmaid and a slave of me: That I disdain: but for these other gawds, Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself, Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat; Or what you will command me will I do,

So well I know my duty to my elders. KATHARINA. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell

Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not. BIANCA. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive

I never yet beheld that special face Which I could fancy more than any other. KATHARINA. Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio?

BIANCA. If you affect him, sister, here I swear I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

KATHARINA. O! then, belike, you fancy riches more: You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

BIANCA. Is it for him you do envy me so?

Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive You have but jested with me all this while: I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

KATHARINA. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[Strikes her.

Enter BAPTISTA.

BAPTISTA. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?

Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl! she weeps. 24
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,

Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

RATHARINA. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be re-

veng'd.

BAPTISTA. What! in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.

[Exit Bianca.

KATHARINA. What! will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see

She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep

Till I can find occasion of revenge. [Exit. BAPTISTA. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?

But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, with Lucentio in the habit of a mean man; Petruchio, with Hortensio as a Musician; and Tranio, with Biondello bearing a lute and books.

with Biondello bearing a lute and books.

GREMIO. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

BAPTISTA. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio. God save you, gentlemen!

PETRUCHIO. And you, good sir. Pray, have you not

etruchio. And you, good sir. Pray, nave you n a daughter

Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

BAPTISTA. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.
GREMIO. You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

45
PETRUCHIO. You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give
me leave.

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,

That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,	48
Her affability and bashful modesty,	
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,	
Am bold to show myself a forward guest	
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness	52
Of that report which I so oft have heard.	
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,	
I do present you with a man of mine,	
[Presenting Horten	SIO.
Cunning in music and the mathematics,	56
To instruct her fully in those sciences,	
Whereof I know she is not ignorant.	-
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:	
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.	60
BAPTISTA. You're welcome, sir; and he, for ye	our
good sake.	
But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,	
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.	
PETRUCHIO. I see you do not mean to part with h	ier,
Or else you like not of my company.	65
BAPTISTA. Mistake me not; I speak but as I fine	d.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?	
PETRUCHIO. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's so	n;
A man well known throughout all Italy.	69
BAPTISTA. I know him well: you are welcome	for
his sake.	
GREMIO. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,	
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too.	72
Backare! you are marvellous forward.	
PETRUCHIO. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I wo	uld
fain be doing.	
GREMIO. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse you	our
wooing.	
Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of	
To express the like kindness, myself, that have b	
more kindly beholding to you than any, freely give u	nto
you this young scholar, [Presenting Lucentio.] that !	nas

been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics. His name is Cambio; pray accept his service.

BAPTISTA. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio; welcome, good Cambio.— [To Transo.] But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger: may I be so bold

to know the cause of your coming?

TRANIO. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,

Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.

Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,

In the preferment of the eldest sister.

This liberty is all that I request,

That, upon knowledge of my parentage,

I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,

And free access and favour as the rest:

And, toward the education of your daughters,

I here bestow a simple instrument,

And this small packet of Greek and Latin books: 100 If you accept them, then their worth is great.

BAPTISTA. Lucentio is your name, of whence, I pray?

TRANIO. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

BAPTISTA. A mighty man of Pisa; by report

I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.

[To Hortensio.] Take you the lute, [To Lucentio.] and you the set of books;

You shall go see your pupils presently. Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my two daughters, and then tell them both
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.

[Exit Servant, with Hortensio, Lucentio, and Biondello. We will go walk a little in the orchard,

And then to dinner. You are passing welcome, And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

PETRUCHIO. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste.

And every day I cannot come to woo.

You knew my father well, and in him me, 116 Left solely heir to all his lands and goods, Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd: Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love, What dowry shall I have with her to wife? 120 BAPTISTA. After my death the one half of my lands. And in possession twenty thousand crowns. PETRUCHIO. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of Her widowhood, be it that she survive me, In all my lands and leases whatsoever. Let specialties be therefore drawn between us, That covenants may be kept on either hand. BAPTISTA. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd, That is, her love; for that is all in all. PETRUCHIO. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father. I am as peremptory as she proud-minded; And where two raging fires meet together They do consume the thing that feeds their fury: Though little fire grows great with little wind, Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all; So I to her, and so she yields to me; 136 For I am rough and woo not like a babe. BAPTISTA. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed! But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words. PETRUCHIO. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds. 140

That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter Hortensio, with his head broke.

BAPTISTA. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

HORTENSIO. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

BAPTISTA. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

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HORTENSIO. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier: Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

BAPTISTA. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?
HORTENSIO. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me. And the hath broke the lute
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
'Frets, call you these?' quoth she; 'I'll fume with
them'; if where the first three decoderors sage
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me rascal fiddler,
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms
As she had studied to misuse me so.
PETRUCHIO. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O! how I long to have some chat with her!
BAPTISTA. [To Hortensio.] Well, go with me, and be
not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter; 162
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?
PETRUCHIO. I pray you do; I will attend her here,
And was been with some spirit when the comes
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail; why then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say she be mute and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence: 176
If she do bid me pack; I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:
If she deny to wed; I'll crave the day When I shall ask the banns, and when be married. 180
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

KATHARINA. Well have you heard, but something

hard of hearing:

They call me Katharine that do talk of me.

PETRUCHIO. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;

But, Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom; Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,

For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,

Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;

Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,

Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,—

Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,—

Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

KATHARINA. Mov'd! in good time: let him that

mov'd you hither

Remove you hence. I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

PETRUCHIO. Why, what's a moveable?

KATHARINA. A joint-stool.

Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

KATHARINA. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Women are made to bear, and so are you.

KATHARINA. No such jade as bear you, if me you mean.

PETRUCHIO. Alas! good Kate, I will not burden thee;

For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

KATHARINA. Too light for such a swain as you to catch, 204

And yet as heavy as my weight should be. PETRUCHIO. Should be! should buz!

Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

PETRUCHIO. O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

RATHARINA. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith you are too angry.

PETRUCHIO.

KATHARINA.

If I be waspish, best beware my sting. KATHARINA. My remedy is, then, to pluck it out. PETRUCHIO. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies. KATHARINA. Who knows not where a wasp does wear PETRUCHIO. his sting? 213 In his tail. KATHARINA. In his tongue. Whose tongue? PETRUCHIO. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so fare-KATHARINA. well. What! with my tongue in your tail? PETRUCHIO. nay, come again. Good Kate, I am a gentleman. That I'll try. [Striking him. KATHARINA. I swear I'll cuff you if you strike again. PETRUCHIO. So may you lose your arms: KATHARINA. If you strike me, you are no gentleman; And if no gentleman, why then no arms. A herald, Kate? O! put me in thy PETRUCHIO. books. What is your crest? a coxcomb? KATHARINA. A combless cock, so Kate will be my PETRUCHIO. hen. No cock of mine; you crow too like KATHARINA. a craven. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not PETRUCHIO. look so sour. It is my fashion when I see a crab. KATHARINA. Why, here's no crab, and therefore look PETRUCHIO. not sour. There is, there is. KATHARINA. Then show it me. PETRUCHIO. Had I a glass, I would. KATHARINA. What, you mean my face? PETRUCHIO. Well aim'd of such a young one. KATHARINA. Now, by Saint George, I am too young PETRUCHIO. for you. Yet you are wither'd. KATHARINA. 'Tis with cares.

I care not.

PETRUCHIO. Nav, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape not so. KATHARINA. I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go. PETRUCHIO. No, not a whit: I find you passing rate Line of are of Hill your very good 236 gentle. I was told me you were rough and coy and sullen, and now I find report a very liar; or thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous, but slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers: hou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance, for bite the lip, as angry wenches will; for hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk: but thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers, With gentle conference, soft and affable. Thy does the world report that Kate doth limp? slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig, s straight and slender, and as brown in hue 248 s hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels. ! let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt. KATHARINA. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command. PETRUCHIO. Did ever Dian so become a grove s Kate this chamber with her princely gait? ! be thou Dian, and let her be Kate, nd then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful! KATHARINA. Where did you study all this goodly speech ? PETRUCHIO. It is extempore, from my mother-wit. KATHARINA. A witty mother! witless else her son. PETRUCHIO. Am I not wise? Yes: keep vou warm. KATHARINA PETRUCHIO. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed: 260 nd therefore, setting all this chat aside, hus in plain terms: your father hath consented hat you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on; nd will you, nill you, I will marry you. low, Kate, I am a husband for your turn; or, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,—

hy beauty that doth make me like thee well,—

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SH. III

Thou must be married to no man but me:	268
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;	
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate	
Conformable as other household Kates.	
Here comes your father: never make denial;	272
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.	

Re-enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio. BAPTISTA. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter? PETRUCHIO. How but well, sir? how but well? It were impossible I should speed amiss. BAPTISTA. Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your dumps? KATHARINA. Call you me daughter? now, I promise you You have show'd a tender fatherly regard, To wish me wed to one half lunatic: 280 A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack. That thinks with oaths to face the matter out. PETRUCHIO. Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world. That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her: 284 If she be curst, it is for policy, For she's not froward, but modest as the dove; She is not hot, but temperate as the morn; For patience she will prove a second Grissel, 288 And Roman Lucrece for her chastity; And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together, That upon Sunday is the wedding-day. KATHARINA. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first. hang'd first.

GREMIO. Hark, Petruchio: she says she'll see thee TRANIO. Is this your speeding? nay then, good night our part! PETRUCHIO. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her

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for myself: If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you? 'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone, That she shall still be curst in company.

tell you, 'tis incredible to believe low much she loves me: O! the kindest Kate. 300 he hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss he vied so fast, protesting oath on oath, hat in a twink she won me to her love. ! you are novices: 'tis a world to see, low tame, when men and women are alone, meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew. ive me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice o buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day. 308 rovide the feast, father, and bid the guests; will be sure my Katharine shall be fine. BAPTISTA. I know not what to say; but give me your hands. od send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match. 312 GREMIO. Amen, say we: we will be witnesses. TRANIO. PETRUCHIO. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu. will to Venice; Sunday comes apace: e will have rings, and things, and fine array: 316 nd, kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday. [Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina, severally. GREMIO. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly? BAPTISTA. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part, nd venture madly on a desperate mart. TRANIO. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you: will bring you gain, or perish on the seas. BAPTISTA. The gain I seek is, quiet in the match. GREMIO. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch. at now, Baptista, to your younger daughter: ow is the day we long have looked for: am your neighbour, and was suitor first. TRANIO. And I am one that love Bianca more 328 nan words can witness, or your thoughts can guess. GREMIO. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I. TRANIO. Greybeard, thy love doth freeze. But thine doth frv. GREMIO. tipper, stand back: 'tis age that nourisheth. 332

TRANIO. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

BAPTISTA. Content you, gentlemen; I'll compound
this strife:
'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both
That can assure my daughter greatest dower 336
Shall have my Bianca's love.
Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
GREMIO. First, as you know, my house within the
city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold: 340
Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints, 344
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong 348
To house or housekeeping: then, at my farm
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.
TRANIO. That 'only' came well in. Sir, list to me:
I am my father's heir and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good, Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all of which shall be her jointure.
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?
GREMIO. Two thousand ducats by the year of land
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.
What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?
TRANIO. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less
Than three great argosies, besides two galliasses.

And twelve tight galleys; these I will assure her, And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next. GREMIO. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more; And she can have no more than all I have: If you like me, she shall have me and mine. TRANIO. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world. By your firm promise. Gremio is out-vied. BAPTISTA. I must confess your offer is the best; And, let your father make her the assurance, She is your own; else, you must pardon me: If you should die before him, where's her dower? TRANIO. That's but a cavil: he is old, I young. GREMIO. And may not young men die as well as old? BAPTISTA. Well, gentlemen, I am thus resolv'd. On Sunday next, you know, My daughter Katharine is to be married: Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca Be bride to you, if you make this assurance; If not, to Signior Gremio: And so, I take my leave, and thank you both. GREMIO. Adieu, good neighbour. [Exit Baptista.] Now I fear thee not: Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool To give thee all, and in his waning age Set foot under thy table. Tut! a toy! An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. TRANIO. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide! Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten. 'Tis in my head to do my master good: I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio Must get a father, called 'suppos'd Vincentio'; And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly, Do get their children; but in this case of wooing, A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. [Exit.

ACT III.

education is spile united at the

Scene I.—Padua. A Room in Baptista's House.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

LUCENTIO. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:

Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?
HORTENSIO. But, wrangling pedant, this is

The patroness of heavenly harmony:

Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,

Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

8
LUCENTIO. Preposterous ass, that never read so far

To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?

Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

HORTENSIO. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

BIANCA. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong, To strive for that which resteth in my choice.

I am no breeching scholar in the schools;

I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.

And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:

Take you your instrument, play you the whiles; His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

HORTENSIO. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune? Management and the Retires.

LUCENTIO. That will be never: tune your instrument. He was a first life one is from flower bush: 25

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BIANCA. Where left we last? LUCENTIO. Here, madam:—

Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus; Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

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BIANCA. Construe them.

LUCENTIO. 'Hac ibat,' as I told you before, 'Simois,' am Lucentio, 'hic est,' son unto Vincentio of Pisa, Sigeia tellus,' disguised thus to get your love; 'Hic teterat,' and that Lucentio that comes a wooing, Priami,' is my man Tranio, 'regia,' bearing my port, celsa senis,' that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

HORTENSIO. [Returning.] Madam, my instrument's in

tune.

BIANCA. Let's hear.— [Hortensio plays.

O fie! the treble jars.

LUCENTIO. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again. 40
BIANCA. Now let me see if I can construe it: 'Hac
bat Simois,' I know you not, 'hic est Sigeia tellus,' I trust
you not; 'Hic steterat Priami,' take heed he hear us
not, 'regia,' presume not; 'celsa senis,' despair not. 44
HORTENSIO. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

LUCENTIO. All but the base. HORTENSIO. The base is right; 'tis the base knave

that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is!

Aside.] Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:

Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet. 49

BIANCA. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust. LUCENTIO. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides

Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.

BIANCA. I must believe my master; else, I promise
you,

should be arguing still upon that doubt:

But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you.

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray, That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

HORTENSIO. [To Lucentio.] You may go walk, and give me leave a while:

My lessons make no music in three parts.

LUCENTIO. Are you so formal, sir? [Aside.] Well, I must wait,

And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd, Our fine musician groweth amorous.

HORTENSIO. Madam, before you touch the instru-
ment,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.
BIANCA. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.
HORTENSIO. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.
BIANCA.
'Gamut' I am, the ground of all accord,
'A re,' to plead Hortensio's passion;
'B mi,' Bianca, take him for thy lord, 'C fa ut,' that loves with all affection:
'E la mi,' show pity, or I die.
Call you this gamut? tut, I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.
20 change of the ration for outer inventorion
Enter a Servant.
SERVANT. Mistress, your father prays you leave
your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up:
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.
BIANCA. Farewell, sweet masters both: I must be
gone. [Exeunt Bianca and Servant
LUCENTIO. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause
to stay.
HORTENSIO. But I have cause to pry into this
pedant:
Methinks he looks as though he were in love.
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble 8
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [Exit

[Exit.

Scene II.—The Same. Before Baptista's House.
Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharina, Bianca, Lucentio, and Attendants.
BAPTISTA. [To Transo.] Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day
nat Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
nd yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
hat will be said? what mockery will it be
want the bridegroom when the priest attends
speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
hat says Lucentio to this shame of ours?
KATHARINA. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth,
be forc'd
give my hand oppos'd against my heart
nto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;
ho woo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure.
old you, I, he was a frantic fool,
ding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour;
nd to be noted for a merry man,
e'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
ake friends invite, and proclaim the banns; to never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
ow must the world point at poor Katharine,
ad say, 'Lo! there is mad Petruchio's wife,
it would please him come and marry her.'
TRANIO. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista
too.
oon my life, Petruchio means but well,
hatever fortune stays him from his word:
ough he be blunt, I know him passing wise; 24
ough he be merry, yet withal he's honest.
KATHARINA. Would Katharine had never seen him
though! [Exit weeping, followed by BIANCA and others.
BAPTISTA. Go, girl: I cannot blame thee now to
weep,
r such an injury would vex a very saint, 28
ich more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

BIONDELLO. Master, master! news! old news, and such news as you never heard of!

BAPTISTA. Is it new and old too? how may that

BIONDELLO. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?

BAPTISTA. Is he come?

BIONDELLO. Why, no, sir.

What then? BAPTISTA. BIONDELLO. He is coming.

When will he be here? BAPTISTA. BIONDELLO. When he stands where I am and sees vou there.

TRANIO. But, say, what to thine old news?

BIONDELLO. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points: his horse hipped with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possessed with the glanders and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnavn with the bots, swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten; near-legged before, and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather, which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst and now repaired with knots; one girth six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Who comes with him? BIONDELLO. O, sir! his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with

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a red and blue list; an old hat, and the 'humour of forty fancies' pricked in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

TRANIO. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion; the same and the first contracting 172

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.

BAPTISTA. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

BIONDELLO. Why, sir, he comes not.

BAPTISTA. Didst thou not say he comes? Who? that Petruchio came? BIONDELLO.

BAPTISTA. Ay, that Petruchio came.

No, sir; I say his horse comes, with BIONDELLO. him on his back. 80

BAPTISTA. Why, that's all one.

BIONDELLO. Nay, by Saint Jamy, I hold you a penny, A horse and a man

Is more than one. And yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

PETRUCHIO. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

BAPTISTA. You are welcome, sir.

And yet I come not well. PETRUCHIO.

BAPTISTA. And yet you halt not.

Not so well apparell'd TRANIO.

As I wish you were.

PETRUCHIO. Were it better, I should rush in thus. But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride? How does my father? Gentles, methinks you frown:

And wherefore gaze this goodly company,

As if they saw some wondrous monument, Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

BAPTISTA. Why, sir, you know this is your weddingday:

First were we sad, fearing you would not come; Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.

Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate, 100 An eye-sore to our solemn festival. TRANIO. And tell us what occasion of import Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife, And sent you hither so unlike yourself? 104 PETRUCHIO. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear: Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word, Though in some part enforced to digress; Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse As you shall well be satisfied withal. But where is Kate? I stay too long from her: The morning wears, 'tis time 've were at church. TRANIO. See not your bide in these unreverent robes: Go to my chamber; "ut or "thes of mine. PETRUCHIO. Not I' believe me: thus I'll visit her. BAITISTA. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her. PETRUCHIO. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words: To me she's married, not unto my clothes. Could I repair what she will wear in me As I can change these poor accourrements, 'Twere well for Kate and better for myself. 120 But what a fool am I to chat with you When I should bid good morrow to my bride, And seal the title with a lovely kiss! [Exeunt Petruchio, Grumio, and Biondello. TRANIO. He hath some meaning in his mad attire. We will persuade him, be it possible, To put on better ere he go to church. BAPTISTA. I'll after him, and see the event of this. [Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, and Attendants. TRANIO. But to her love concerneth us to add Her father's liking: which to bring to pass, As I before imparted to your worship, I am to get a man,—whate'er he be It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn,-132 And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa,

And make assurance here in Padua.

dam. GREMIO. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him. I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife,

Ay, by gogs-wouns!' quoth he; and swore so loud, That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book; And, as he stoop'd again to take it up, The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff

That down fell priest and book and book and priest: Now take them up,' quoth he, 'if any list.' TRANIO. What said the wench when he arose again? GREMIO. Trembled and shook; for why he stampt and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

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But after many ceremonies done, He calls for wine: 'A health!' quoth he; as if He had been aboard, carousing to his mates After a storm: quaff'd off the muscadel, 172 And threw the sops all in the sexton's face; Having no other reason But that his beard grew thin and hungerly, And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking. 176 This done, he took the bride about the neck, And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack That at the parting all the church did echo: And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame; 180 And after me, I know, the rout is coming. Such a mad marriage never was before. Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. Music.

Re-enter Petruchio, Katharina, Bianca, Baptista, Hortensio, Grumio, and Train.

PETRUCHIO. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for vour pains: 184 I know you think to dine with me to-day, And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer But so it is, my haste doth call me hence, And therefore here I mean to take my leave. 188 BAPTISTA. Is't possible you will away to-night? I must away to-day, before night come. PETRUCHIO. Make it no wonder: if you knew my business, You would entreat me rather go than stay. And, honest company, I thank you all, That have beheld me give away myself To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife. Dine with my father, drink a health to me, 196

For I must hence; and farewell to you all.

TRANIO. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

PETRUCHIO. It may not be.

GREMIO. Let me entreat you.

PETRUCHIO. It cannot be.

KATHARINA. Let me entreat you. 200

PETRUCHIO. I am content.

KATHARINA. Are you content to stay?
PETRUCHIO. I am content you shall entreat me stay,
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.
KATHARINA. Now, if you love me, stay.
PETRUCHIO. Grumio, my horse!
GRUMIO. Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have
eaten the horses. 206
KATHARINA. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day; 208
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way;
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green; For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself.
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.
PETRUCHIO. O Kate! content thee: prithee, be
not angry.
KATHARINA. I will be angry: what hast thou to do?
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure. 217
GREMIO. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.
KATHARINA. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal
dinner:
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.
PETRUCHIO. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy
command.
Obey the bride, you that attend on her;
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves:
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret; 228
I will be master of what is mine own.
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything; 232
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with thieves; 236

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Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.

Fear not, sweet wench; they shall not touch thee, Kate:

I'll buckler thee against a million.

[Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Grumio. BAPTISTA. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones. Went they not quickly I should die with GREMIO. laughing. TRANIO. Of all mad matches never was the like.

LUCENTIO. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

That, being mad herself, she's madly BIANCA. mated.

GREMIO. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

BAPTISTA. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table.

You know there wants no junkets at the feast. Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place, And let Bianca take her sister's room.

TRANIO. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it? BAPTISTA. She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let's go. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

Scene I .- A Hall in Petruchio's Country House.

Enter Grumio.

GRUMIO. Fie, fie, on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me; but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho! Curtis.

CURTIS. Who is that calls so coldly?

GRUMIO. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou hayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no reater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good curtis.

CURTIS. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio? GRUMIO. O, ay! Curtis, ay; and therefore fire,

re; cast on no water.

CURTIS. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported? 20 GRUMIO. She was, good Curtis, before this frost; ut, thou knowest, winter tames man, woman, and east; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new instress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

CURTIS. Away, you three-inch-fool! I am no

east.

GRUMIO. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn a foot; and so long am I at the least. But wilt nou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our instress, whose hand,—she being now at hand,—thou halt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in my hot office?

CURTIS. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes

ne world?

GRUMIO. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but nine; and therefore, fire. Do thy duty, and have thy uty, for my master and mistress are almost frozen death.

CURTIS. There's fire ready; and therefore, good rumio, the news?

GRUMIO. Why, 'Jack, boy! ho, boy!' and as uch news as thou wilt.

CURTIS. Come, you are so full of cony-catching.

GRUMIO. Why, therefore fire: for I have caught streme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, he house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; he serving-men in their new fustian, their white ockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? e the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, and repets laid, and everything in order?

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CURTIS. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news?

GRUMIO. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

CURTIS. How?

GRUMIO. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

CURTIS. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

GRUMIO. Lend thine ear.

CURTIS. Here.
GRUMIO. [Striking him.] There.

CURTIS. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

GRUMIO. And therefore it is called a sensible tale; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear and beseech listening. Now I begin: Imprimis, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress,—

CURTIS. Both of one horse?

GRUMIO. What's that to thee?

CURTIS. Why, a horse.

GRUMIO. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crossed me thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoiled; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me: how he swore; how she prayed, that never prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper; with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

CURTIS. By this reckoning he is more shrew than

she.

GRUMIO. Ay; and that, thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my

haster's horsetail till they kiss their hands. Are they Il ready? CURTIS. They are. GRUMIO. Call them forth. CURTIS. Do you hear? ho! you must meet my naster to countenance my mistress. 96 GRUMIO. Why, she hath a face of her own. CURTIS. Who knows not that? GRUMIO. Thou, it seems, that callest for company o countenance her. CURTIS. I call them forth to credit her. GRUMIO. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of hem. Enter several Servants. NATHANIEL. Welcome home, Grumio! 104 PHILIP. How now, Grumio? JOSEPH. What, Grumio! NICHOLAS. Fellow Grumio! NATHANIEL. How now, old lad! 108 GRUMIO. Welcome, you; how now, you; what, ou; fellow, you; and thus much for greeting. Now, ny spruce companions, is all ready, and all things eat? NATHANIEL. All things is ready. How near is our naster? GRUMIO. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and thereore be not,—Cock's passion, silence! I hear my naster. 117 Enter Petruchio and Katharina. PETRUCHIO. Where be these knaves? What! no man at door To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse? Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?— 120 ALL SERVANTS. Here, here, sir; here, sir. PETRUCHIO. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms! What, no attendance? no regard? no duty? 124 Where is the foolish knave I sent before? GRUMIO. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

PETRUCHIO. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

GRUMIO. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel,
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,

And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing, There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory; The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;

Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you. 136
PETRUCHIO. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.
[Excunt some of the Servants.

'Where is the life that late I led?'
Where are those—? Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter Servants with supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.—Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains! When?

It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way:
Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry: [Strikes him.
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.
Be merry, Kate. Some water, here; what, ho!
Where's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:

[Exit Servant.

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with. Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water? Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.—

[Servant lets the ewer fall. Petruchio strikes him.

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

KATHARINA. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

PETRUCHIO. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach. 156 Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?—What's this? mutton?

FIRST SERVANT. Ay. Who brought it? PETRUCHIO. FIRST SERVANT. PETRUCHIO. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat. What dogs are these! Where is the rascal cook? How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser, And serve it thus to me that love it not? [Throws the meat, &c., at them. There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all. You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves! What! do you grumble? I'll be with you straight. KATHARINA. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet: The meat was well if you were so contented.

PETRUCHIO. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away; And I expressly am forbid to touch it, For it engenders choler, planteth anger; And better 'twere that both of us did fast, Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric, 172 Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh. Be patient; to-morrow't shall be mended, And for this night we'll fast for company: Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. 176

[Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Curtis. NATHANIEL. Peter, didst ever see the like?
PETER. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter Curtis.

GRUMIO. Where is he?

CURTIS. In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her;

And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,

And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

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Away, away! for he is coming hither.

[Exeunt.

Re-enter Petruchio.

PETRUCHIO. Thus have I politicly begun my reign, And 'tis my hope to end successfully.

My falcon now is sharp and passing empty, 188 And till she stoop she must not be full-gorg'd, For then she never looks upon her lure. Another way I have to man my haggard, To make her come and know her keeper's call; 192 That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites That bate and beat and will not be obedient. She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat; Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not: As with the meat, some undeserved fault 197 I'll find about the making of the bed: And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster, This way the coverlet, another way the sheets: 200 Ay, and amid this hurly I intend That all is done in reverend care of her; And in conclusion she shall watch all night: And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl, 204 And with the clamour keep her still awake. This is a way to kill a wife with kindness; And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour. He that knows better how to tame a shrew, 208 Now let him speak: 'tis charity to show. [Exit.

Scene II.—Padua. Before Baptista's House.

Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO.

TRANIO. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca

Doth fancy any other but Lucentio? I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

HORTENSIO. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said, 4 Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

[They stand aside.

Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO.

LUCENTIO. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

BIANCA. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

LUCENTIO. I read that I profess, the Art to Love. 8

CENE II] THE TAMING O	F THE SHREW
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CENE II] THE TAMING OF THE SHREW	151
BIANCA. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!	
LUCENTIO. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress	of
my heart. HORTENSIO. Quick proceeders, marry! Now,	ire.
me, I pray,	ten
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca	12
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.	- 2
TRANIO. O despiteful love! unconstant women kind!	an-
tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.	
HORTENSIO. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,	16
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;	
But one that scorns to live in this disguise,	
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,	
And makes a god of such a cullion:	20
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio. TRANIO. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard	
Of your entire affection to Bianca;	
	24
will with you, if you be so contented,	-4
Parawaan Rianga and har lave for over	
HORTENSIO. See, how they kiss and court! Sign Lucentio.	ior
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow	28
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,	
As one unworthy all the former favours	
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.	
TRANIO. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,	32
Never to marry with her though she would entreat.	
Fie on her! see how beastly she doth court him. HORTENSIO. Would all the world, but he had qu	ita
HORTENSIO. Would all the world, but he had que forsworn!	116
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,	36
will be married to a wealthy widow	30
Ere three days pass, which hath as long lov'd me	
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.	
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.	40
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,	
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,	

48

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In resolution as I swore before.

[Exit Hortensio. Lucentio and Bianca advance. TRANIO. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case! 45 Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love, And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

BIANCA. Tranio, you jest. But have you both for-

TRANIO. Mistress, we have.

LUCENTIO. Then we are rid of Licio.
TRANIO. I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,

That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

BIANCA. God give him joy!

TRANIO. Ay, and he'll tame her.

He says so, Tranio.
TRANIO. Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.
BIANCA. The taming-school! what, is there such

a place?

sworn me?

TRANIO. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master; That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,

To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, running.

BIONDELLO. O master, master! I have watch'd so long
That I'm dog-weary: but at last I spied

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That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied An ancient angel coming down the hill

Will serve the turn.

TRANIO. What is he, Biondello?

BIONDELLO. Master, a mercatante, or a pedant, I know not what; but formal in apparel,

In gait and countenance surely like a father.

LUCENTIO. And what of him, Tranio?
TRANIO. If he be credulous and trust my tale,

I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio, And give assurance to Baptista Minola,

As if he were the right Vincentio.

Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[Exeunt Lucentio and BIANCA.

Enter a Pedant.

PEDANT. God save you, sir! And you, sir! you are welcome. 72 TRANIO. Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest? PEDANT. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two: But then up farther, and as far as Rome; And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life. 76 TRANIO. What countryman, I pray? PEDANT. TRANIO. Of Mantua, sir! marry, God forbid! And come to Padua, careless of your life? PEDANT. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard. 80 TRANIO. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua To come to Padua. Know you not the cause? Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the duke,— For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,— Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly. Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come, You might have heard it else proclaim'd about. PEDANT. Alas, sir! it is worse for me than so; For I have bills for money by exchange From Florence, and must here deliver them. TRANIO. Well, sir, to do you courtesy, This will I do, and this I will advise you: First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa? PEDANT. Av., sir, in Pisa have I often been; Pisa, renowned for grave citizens. TRANIO. Among them, know you one Vincentio? 96
PEDANT. I know him not, but I have heard of him; A merchant of incomparable wealth. TRANIO. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say, n countenance somewhat doth resemble you. BIONDELLO. [Aside.] As much as an apple doth an yster, and all one. TRANIO. To save your life in this extremity,

This favour will I do you for his sake;

That you are like to Sir Vincentio.

And think it not the worst of all your fortunes

His name and credit shall you undertake. And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd, 108 Look that you take upon you as you should! You understand me, sir; so shall you stay Till you have done your business in the city. If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it. PEDANT. O sir, I do; and will repute you ever

The patron of my life and liberty.

TRANIO. Then go with me to make the matter good. This, by the way, I let you understand: My father is here look'd for every day, To pass assurance of a dower in marriage 'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here: In all these circumstances I'll instruct you. Go with me to clothe you as becomes you. [Exeunt.

Scene III.—A Room in Petruchio's House.

Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.

GRUMIO. No, no, for sooth; I dare not, for my life. KATHARINA. The more my wrong the more his

spite appears.

What, did he marry me to famish me? Beggars, that come unto my father's door, Upon entreaty have a present alms; If not, elsewhere they meet with charity: But I, who never knew how to entreat, Nor never needed that I should entreat, Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep; With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed. And that which spites me more than all these wants, He does it under name of perfect love; As who should say, if I should sleep or eat 'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death. I prithee go and get me some repast; I care not what, so it be wholesome food. GRUMIO. What say you to a neat's foot? KATHARINA. 'Tis passing good: I prithee let me have it.

GRUMIO. I fear it is too choleric a meat.

How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd? KATHARINA. I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me. GRUMIO. I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric. What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

KATHARINA. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

GRUMIO. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little. KATHARINA. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

GRUMIO. Nay, then I will not: you shall have the

or else you get no beef of Grumio.

KATHARINA. Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.

GRUMIO. Why then, the mustard without the beef. KATHARINA. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave.

'hat feed'st me with the very name of meat. orrow on thee and all the pack of you, hat triumph thus upon my misery!

o, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio with a dish of meat; and Hortensio. PETRUCHIO. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort? 36

HORTENSIO. Mistress, what cheer?

KATHARINA. Faith, as cold as can be. PETRUCHIO. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully. upon me.

ere, love; thou seest how diligent I am, o dress thy meat myself and bring it thee:

Sets the dish on a table.

am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks. That! not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not, nd all my pains is sorted to no proof.

ere, take away this dish.

KATHARINA. I pray you, let it stand. 44 PETRUCHIO. The poorest service is repaid with thanks.

nd so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

KATHARINA. I thank you, sir.

HORTENSIO. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.

Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

PETRUCHIO. [Aside.] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace: and now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house,
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats and caps and golden rings,
With ruffs and cuffs and farthingales and things; 56
With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads and all this knavery.
What! hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments; Lay forth the gown.—

Enter Haberdasher.

What news with you, sir?

HABERDASHER. Here is the cap your worship did
bespeak.

PETRUCHIO. Why, this was moulded on a porringer; A velvet dish: fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy: 65 Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:

Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

KATHARINA. I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the

time, And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

PETRUCHIO. When you are gentle, you shall have one too:

And not till then.

HORTENSIO. [Aside.] That will not be in haste.

KATHARINA. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,

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And speak I will; I am no child, no babe: Your betters have endur'd me say my mind,

CENE III] THE TAMING OF THE SHREW 157
Ind if you cannot, best you stop your ears. If y tongue will tell the anger of my heart, or else my heart, concealing it, will break: and rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.
PETRUCHIO. Why, thou sayst true; it is a paltry
cap,
custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie.
love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.
KATHARINA. Love me or love me not, I like the cap, and it I will have, or I will have none.
and it I will have, or I will have none. 85
PETRUCHIO. Thy gown? why, ay: come, tailor, let
us see 't.
mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon: 88
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Iere's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,
ike to a censer in a barber's shop.
Vhy, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this? 92
HORTENSIO. [Aside.] I see, she's like to have neither
cap nor gown.
TAILOR. You bid me make it orderly and well,
according to the fashion and the time.
PETRUCHIO. Marry, and did: but if you be remember'd,
did not bid you mar it to the time.
to, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir.
'll none of it: hence! make your best of it.
KATHARINA. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
fore quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.
PETRUCHIO. Why, true; he means to make a puppet
of thee. The photographic ways to be a 104
TAILOR. She says your worship means to make
puppet of her.

PETRUCHIO. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest,

Chou thimble, soldenide to release the control 108

thou thread,

Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail! Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou! Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread! Away! thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant, Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st! I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

TAILOR. Your worship is deceiv'd: the gown is made

Just as my master had direction.

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

GRUMIO. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff. TAILOR. But how did you desire it should be made? GRUMIO. Marry, sir, with needle and thread. 121 TAILOR. But did you not request to have it cut? GRUMIO. Thou hast faced many things. TAILOR. I have. a hit was much line qui ! de 124

GRUMIO. Face not me: thou hast braved many men; brave not me: I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: ergo, thou liest.

TAILOR. Why, here is the note of the fashion to

testify.

Read it. Commonweal of the of matter var PETRUCHIO. The note lies in's throat if he say I said so. GRUMIO.

'Imprimis. A loose-bodied gown.' TAILOR.

Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown. GRUMIO. sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread. I said, a gown. PETRUCHIO. Proceed.

TAILOR. 'With a small compassed cape.'

GRUMIO. I confess the cape.

'With a trunk sleeve.' TAILOR.

GRUMIO. I confess two sleeves.

TAILOR. 'The sleeves curiously cut.' PETRUCHIO. Ay, there's the villany.

GRUMIO. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out and sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

TAILOR. This is true that I say: an I had thee in lace where thou shouldst know it. GRUMIO. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, ive me thy mete-yard, and spare not me. HORTENSIO. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall ave no odds. PETRUCHIO. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not or me. GRUMIO. You are i' the right, sir; 'tis for my istress. A diversion of additional and the 157 PETRUCHIO. Go, take it up unto thy master's use. GRUMIO. Villain, not for thy life! take up my nistress' gown for thy master's use! PETRUCHIO. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that? GRUMIO. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for. ake up my mistress' gown to his master's use! , fie, fie, fie! PETRUCHIO. [Aside.] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid. o Tailor.] Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more. HORTENSIO. [Aside to Tailor.] Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow: ake no unkindness of his hasty words. way! I say; commend me to thy master. [Exit Tailor. PETRUCHIO. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's. ven in these honest mean habiliments. ur purses shall be proud, our garments poor: or 'tis the mind that makes the body rich; nd as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds, o honour peereth in the meanest habit. hat is the jay more precious than the lark ecause his feathers are more beautiful? r is the adder better than the eel ecause his painted skin contents the eye? , no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse or this poor furniture and mean array. thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;

And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

KATHARINA. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;

And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

PETRUCHIO. It shall be seven ere I go to horse.

Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it. Sirs, let 't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

HORTENSIO. Why, so this gallant will command the sun.

Scene IV.—Padua. Before Baptista's House.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dressed like Vincentio.

TRANIO. Sir, this is the house: please it you that I call?

PEDANT. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived, Signior Baptista may remember me, Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

TRANIO. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,

With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

PEDANT. I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your boy;

'Twere good he were school'd.

Enter BIONDELLO.

TRANIO. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you:
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.
BIONDELLO. Tut! fear not me.
TRANIO. But hast thou done they errand to Bantis

TRANIO. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?
BIONDELLO. I told him that your father was at
Venice.

CENE IV] THE TAMING OF THE SHREW	161
and that you look'd for him this day in Padua. TRANIO. Thou'rt a tall fellow: hold thee the drink. Iere comes Baptista. Set your countenance, sir.	15 it to
Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.	
ignior Baptista, you are happily met. To the Pedant.] Sir, this is the gentleman I told of:	you 20
pray you, stand good father to me now,	
ive me Bianca for my patrimony.	
PEDANT. Soft, son! ir, by your leave: having come to Padua	
o gather in some debts, my son Lucentio	24
Iade me acquainted with a weighty cause	
of love between your daughter and himself:	
nd,—for the good report I hear of you,	28
nd for the love he beareth to your daughter,	
nd she to him,—to stay him not too long,	
am content, in a good father's care,	
o have him match'd; and, if you please to like o worse than I, upon some agreement	32
le shall you find ready and willing	
With one consent to have her so bestow'd;	
or curious I cannot be with you,	36
ignior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.	
BAPTISTA. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say	y:
our plainness and your shortness please me well.	
ight true it is, your son Lucentio here	40
oth love my daughter and she loveth him,	
r both dissemble deeply their affections:	
nd therefore, if you say no more than this, hat like a father you will deal with him	44
nd pass my daughter a sufficient dower,	44
he match is made, and all is done:	
our son shall have my daughter with consent.	
TRANIO. I thank you, sir. Where, then, do	you
know best to keed and the part and are	48
Ve be affied and such assurance ta'en	
s shall with either part's agreement stand?	
G G	

BAPTISTA. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, yo	1
know,	
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants.	5
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still,	
And happily we might be interrupted.	
TRANIO. Then at my lodging, an it like you:	
	5
We'll pass the business privately and well.	
Send for your daughter by your servant here; My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.	
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.	
,	6
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.	
BAPTISTA. It likes me well. Cambio, hie you home	3
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;	
	6.
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,	
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.	
LUCENTIO. I pray the gods she may with all m	3
heart!	
TRANIO. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone	
	6
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer.	
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.	
	7
[Exeunt Transo, Pedant, and Baptist.	A
BIONDELLO. Cambio!	
LUCENTIO. What sayst thou, Biondello?	
BIONDELLO. You saw my master wink and laug	
upon you?	70
LUCENTIO. Biondello, what of that?	
BIONDELLO. Faith, nothing; but he has left m	
here behind to expound the meaning or moral of h	2
signs and tokens. The define per visit an add to	(
LUCENTIO. I pray thee, moralize them.	
BIONDELLO. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talkin	٤
with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.	
LUCENTIO. And what of him?	
BIONDELLO. His daughter is to be brought by yo	٤
to the supper. LUCENTIO. And then?	
LUCENTIO. And then !	

BIONDELLO. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

LUCENTIO. And what of all this?

BIONDELLO. I cannot tell, expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum. To the church! take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses.

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say, But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day. Going. LUCENTIO. Hearest thou, Biondello?

BIONDELLO. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so, adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix.

LUCENTIO. I may, and will, if she be so contented: She will be pleas'd; then wherefore should I doubt? Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her: 107 It shall go hard if Cambio go without her.

Scene V .- A public Road.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Servants.

PETRUCHIO. Come on, i' God's name; once more toward our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

KATHARINA. The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.

PETRUCHIO. I say it is the moon that shines so bright. we style well began to be die out to be good to be 4

KATHARINA, I know it is the sun that shines so

PETRUCHIO. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself.

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,

Or ere I journey to your father's house.

Go one and fetch our horses back again.

Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!

HORTENSIO. Say as he says, or we shall never go. KATHARINA. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far. Thirt has in the last, warr, and 12 And be it moon, or sun, or what you please. An if you please to call it a rush-candle, Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me. PETRUCHIO. I say it is the moon. I know it is the moon. 16 KATHARINA. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun. PETRUCHIO. KATHARINA. Then God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun: But sun it is not when you say it is not, And the moon changes even as your mind. What you will have it nam'd, even that it is: And so, it shall be so for Katharine. HORTENSIO. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won. PETRUCHIO. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run, And not unluckily against the bias. But soft! what company is coming here? Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress. [To Vincentio.] Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away? Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too, Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman? Such war of white and red within her cheeks! What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty, As those two eves become that heavenly face? Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee. Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake. HORTENSIO. A' will make the man mad, to make a woman of him. KATHARINA. Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet. Whither away, or where is thy abode? Happy the parents of so fair a child; Happier the man, whom favourable stars Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

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PETRUCHIO. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:
his is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd,
nd not a maiden, as thou sayst he is.
KATHARINA. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
hat have been so bedazzled with the sun
hat everything I look on seemeth green:
ow I perceive thou art a reverend father; 48
ardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.
PETRUCHIO. Do, good old grandsire; and withal
make known
Thich way thou travellest: if along with us,
e shall be joyful of thy company. 52
VINCENTIO. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
hat with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,
y name is called Vincentio; my dwelling, Pisa;
nd bound I am to Padua, there to visit 56
son of mine, which long I have not seen.
son of mine, which long I have not seen. PETRUCHIO. What is his name?
VINCENTIO. Lucentio, gentle sir.
PETRUCHIO. Happily met; the happier for thy
11 0
son.
son. nd now by law, as well as reverend age, 60
son. nd now by law, as well as reverend age, may entitle thee my loving father:
son. nd now by law, as well as reverend age, may entitle thee my loving father: ne sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
son. nd now by law, as well as reverend age, may entitle thee my loving father: ne sister to my wife, this gentlewoman, hy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
son. nd now by law, as well as reverend age, may entitle thee my loving father: he sister to my wife, this gentlewoman, hy son by this hath married. Wonder not, or be not griev'd: she is of good esteem, 64
son. nd now by law, as well as reverend age, may entitle thee my loving father: ne sister to my wife, this gentlewoman, hy son by this hath married. Wonder not, or be not griev'd: she is of good esteem, er dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
son. nd now by law, as well as reverend age, may entitle thee my loving father: ne sister to my wife, this gentlewoman, ny son by this hath married. Wonder not, or be not griev'd: she is of good esteem, er dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth; eside, so qualified as may beseem
son. nd now by law, as well as reverend age, may entitle thee my loving father: he sister to my wife, this gentlewoman, hy son by this hath married. Wonder not, or be not griev'd: she is of good esteem, er dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth; eside, so qualified as may beseem he spouse of any noble gentleman.
son. nd now by law, as well as reverend age, may entitle thee my loving father: he sister to my wife, this gentlewoman, hy son by this hath married. Wonder not, or be not griev'd: she is of good esteem, er dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth; eside, so qualified as may beseem he spouse of any noble gentleman. et me embrace with old Vincentio; 68
son. Ind now by law, as well as reverend age, may entitle thee my loving father: The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman, my son by this hath married. Wonder not, for be not griev'd: she is of good esteem, for dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth; feside, so qualified as may beseem for spouse of any noble gentleman. For the embrace with old Vincentio; for downward and the spouse of the spouse
son. Ind now by law, as well as reverend age, may entitle thee my loving father: The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman, my son by this hath married. Wonder not, for be not griev'd: she is of good esteem, for dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth; feeside, so qualified as may be seem for spouse of any noble gentleman. The embrace with old Vincentio; for downdard we to see thy honest son, for will of thy arrival be full joyous.
son. Ind now by law, as well as reverend age, may entitle thee my loving father: The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman, my son by this hath married. Wonder not, for be not griev'd: she is of good esteem, for dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth; feside, so qualified as may beseem for spouse of any noble gentleman. The me embrace with old Vincentio; for downder we to see thy honest son, for will of thy arrival be full joyous. VINCENTIO. But is this true? or is it else your
son. Ind now by law, as well as reverend age, may entitle thee my loving father: The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman, my son by this hath married. Wonder not, for be not griev'd: she is of good esteem, for dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth; feside, so qualified as may beseem for spouse of any noble gentleman. For the embrace with old Vincentio; for downder we to see thy honest son, for will of thy arrival be full joyous. VINCENTIO. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
son. Ind now by law, as well as reverend age, Ind now by law, as well as reverend age, Index any entitle thee my loving father: Index is it is is entitle woman, Index or be not griev'd: she is of good esteem, Index or be not griev'd: she is of good esteem, Index or dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth; Index or dowry wealthy, and of wo
son. Ind now by law, as well as reverend age, Ind now by law, as well as reverend age, Index and pertitle thee my loving father: Index is it is is estimated. Wonder not, Index or be not griev'd: she is of good esteem, Index or be not griev'd: she is of good esteem, Index or downy wealthy, and of worthy birth; Index of any noble gentleman. Index of any noble gentleman. Index of the embrace with old Vincentio; Index of the word of the second of th
son. Ind now by law, as well as reverend age, may entitle thee my loving father: he sister to my wife, this gentlewoman, hy son by this hath married. Wonder not, or be not griev'd: she is of good esteem, er dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth; eside, so qualified as may beseem he spouse of any noble gentleman. He me embrace with old Vincentio; ho will of thy arrival be full joyous. VINCENTIO. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure, like pleasant travellers, to break a jest pon the company you overtake? HORTENSIO. I do assure thee, father, so it is.
son. Ind now by law, as well as reverend age, Ind now by law, as well as reverend age, Index and pertitle thee my loving father: Index is it is is estimated. Wonder not, Index or be not griev'd: she is of good esteem, Index or be not griev'd: she is of good esteem, Index or downy wealthy, and of worthy birth; Index of any noble gentleman. Index of any noble gentleman. Index of the embrace with old Vincentio; Index of the word of the second of th

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For our first merriment hath made thee jealous. [Exeunt all but Hortensio.

HORTENSIO. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.

Have to my widow! and if she be froward, Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

ACT V.

Scene I.—Padua. Before Lucentio's House.

Enter on one side Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca; Gremio walking on the other side.

BIONDELLO. Softly and swiftly, sir, for the priest is ready.

LUCENTIO. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us.

BIONDELLO. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master as soon as [Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello. I can.

I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Vincentio, and Attendants. PETRUCHIO. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house: A see the second of the

My father's bears more toward the market-place;

Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

VINCENTIO. You shall not choose but drink before you go. The street of the property of the second

I think I shall command your welcome here,

And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward. [Knocks. They're busy within; you were best knock GREMIO. louder.

Enter Pedant above, at a window.

What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

VINCENTIO. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

PEDANT. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

VINCENTIO. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

PEDANT. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none so long as I live.

PETRUCHIO. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua. Do you hear, sir? To leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

PEDANT. Thou liest: his father is come from Padua. and here looking out at the window.

VINCENTIO. Art thou his father?

PEDANT. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

PETRUCHIO. [To VINCENTIO.] Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

PEDANT. Lay hands on the villain: I believe, a' means to cozen somebody in this city under my counenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

BIONDELLO. I have seen them in the church together: God send 'em good shipping! But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio! now we are undone and brought to nothing.

VINCENTIO. [Seeing Biondello.] Come hither, crack-

BIONDELLO. I hope I may choose, sir. VINCENTIO. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

BIONDELLO. Forgot you! no. sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

VINCENTIO. What, you notorious villain! didst thou

never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

BIONDELLO. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir: see where he looks out of the window.

VINCENTIO. Is't so, indeed? [Beats Biondello. Biondello. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me.

PEDANT. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista! 60 [Exit from the window.

PETRUCHIO. Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [They retire.

Re-enter Pedant below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants.

TRANIO. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

VINCENTIO. What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir? O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat! O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

TRANIO. How now! what's the matter?

BAPTISTA. What, is the man lunatic?

TRANIO. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it. 76 VINCENTIO. Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-

maker in Bergamo.

BAPTISTA. You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

VINCENTIO. His name! as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

PEDANT. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

VINCENTIO. Lucentio! O! he hath murdered his master. Lay hold on him, I charge you in the duke's name. O my son, my son! tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

TRANIO. Call forth an officer.

Enter one with an Officer.

Carry this mad knave to the gaol. Father Baptista,
I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

VINCENTIO. Carry me to the gaol!

GREMIO. Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

BAPTISTA. Talk not, Signior Gremio: I say he shall
go to prison.

GREMIO. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be
cony-catched in this business: I dare swear this is the
right Vincentio.

PEDANT. Swear, if thou darest. GREMIO. Nay, I dare not swear it.

TRANIO. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

GREMIO. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

BAPTISTA. Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him!

VINCENTIO. Thus strangers may be haled and abused: O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

BIONDELLO. O! we are spoiled; and yonder he is:
deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

LUCENTIO. [Kneeling.] Pardon, sweet father.

VINCENTIO. Lives my sweetest son ? 112

[Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant run out.

BIANCA. [Kneeling.] Pardon, dear father.

BAPTISTA. How hast thou offended?

Where is Lucentio?

LUCENTIO. Here's Lucentio,

Right son to the right Vincentio;

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine, while counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

GREMIO. Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

VINCENTIO. Where is that damned villain Tranio, That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

BAPTISTA. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

BIANCA. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

LUCENTIO. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love

Made me exchange my state with Tranio,

While he did bear my countenance in the town; And happily I have arriv'd at last

Unto the wished haven of my bliss.

What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;

Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

VINCENTIO. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

BAPTISTA. [To Lucentic.] But do you hear, sir? Have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

VINCENTIO. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be revenged for this villany.

Exit. BAPTISTA. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.

LUCENTIO. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown.

GREMIO. My cake is dough; but I'll in among the rest.

Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [Exit.

PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA advance.

KATHARINA. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

PETRUCHIO. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

KATHARINA. What! in the midst of the street? PETRUCHIO. What! art thou ashamed of me?

KATHARINA. No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

PETRUCHIO. Why, then let's home again. Come, sirrah, let's away.

KATHARINA. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

PETRUCHIO. Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate:

Better once than never, for never too late. [Exeunt.

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Scene II .- A Room in Lucentio's House.

A Banquet set out. Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Widow. Tranio, Biondello, Grumio, and Others, attending.

LUCENTIO. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:

And time it is, when raging war is done, To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.

My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,

While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.

Brother Petruchio, sister Katharina,

And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow, Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:

My banquet is to close our stomachs up,

After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;

For now we sit to chat as well as eat. [They sit at table. PETRUCHIO. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat! BAPTISTA. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

PETRUCHIO. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.
HORTENSIO. For both our sakes I would that word
were true.

PETRUCHIO. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

WIDOW. Then never trust me, if I be afeard.

PETRUCHIO. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:

I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

widow. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

PETRUCHIO. Roundly replied.

Mistress, how mean you that?

widow. Thus I conceive by him.

PETRUCHIO. Conceives by me! How likes Hortensio that?

HORTENSIO. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

PETRUCHIO. Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow.

KATHARINA. 'He that is giddy thinks the world

round':

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

WIDOW. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew. Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:

And now you know my meaning. KATHARINA. A very mean meaning.

Right, I mean you. WIDOW. KATHARINA. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

To her, Kate! PETRUCHIO. To her, widow! HORTENSIO.

PETRUCHIO. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

That's my office. HORTENSIO. Spoke like an officer: ha' to thee, lad. PETRUCHIO.

[Drinks to Hortensio.

BAPTISTA. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

GREMIO. Believe me, sir, they butt together well. BIANCA. Head and butt! a hasty-witted body 40 Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

VINCENTIO. Av. mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.

PETRUCHIO. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,

Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

BIANCA. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush:

And then pursue me as you draw your bow. You are welcome all.

[Exeunt BIANCA, KATHARINA, and Widow. PETRUCHIO. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior Tranio:

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not: Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

NE II] THE TAMING OF THE SHREW 173
RANIO. O sir! Lucentio slipp'd me, like his grey-
hound,
ich runs himself, and catches for his master.
ETRUCHIO. A good swift simile, but something currish.
RANIO. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:
thought your deer does hold you at a bay. 56
APTISTA. O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.
UCENTIO. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.
ORTENSIO. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?
ETRUCHIO. A' has a little gall'd me, I confess; 60
d, as the jest did glance away from me,
s ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
PAPTISTA. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
nink thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
ETRUCHIO. Well, I say no: and therefore, for
assurance,
s each one send unto his wife;
d he whose wife is most obedient
come at first when he doth send for her,
ll win the wager which we will propose.
CORTENSIO. Content. What is the wager?
UCENTIO. Twenty crowns.
ETRUCHIO. Twenty crowns!
venture so much of my hawk or hound, 72
t twenty times so much upon my wife.
UCENTIO. A hundred then.
IORTENSIO. Content.
PETRUCHIO. A match! 'tis done.
IORTENSIO. Who shall begin?
UCENTIO. That will I.
Biondello, bid your mistress come to me. 76
IONDELLO. I go. [Exit.
APTISTA. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.
UCENTIO I'll have no halves . I'll hear it all my-

w now! what news?
IONDELLO. Sir, my mistress sends you word

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

self.

That she is busy and she cannot come.
PETRUCHIO. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?
Is that an answer? GREMIO. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.
PETRUCHIO. I hope, better.
HORTENSIO. Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my
wife
To come to me forthwith. [Exit BIONDELLO
PETRUCHIO. O ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.
HORTENSIO. I am afraid, sir, 88
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.
Re-enter BIONDELLO.
Now, where 's my wife?
BIONDELLO. She says you have some goodly jest in
hand:
She will not come: she bids you come to her.
PETRUCHIO. Worse and worse; she will not come
O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress; say,
I command her come to me. [Exit Grumio
HORTENSIO. I know her answer. 96
PETRUCHIO. What?
HORTENSIO. She will not.
PETRUCHIO. The fouler fortune mine, and there are
end.
Re-enter Katharina.
BAPTISTA. Now, by my holidame, here comes
Katharina!
KATHARINA. What is your will, sir, that you send for
me?
PETRUCHIO. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's
wife?
KATHARINA. They sit conferring by the parlour fire
PETRUCHIO. Go, fetch them hither: if they deny to
come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

Exit KATHARINA.

LUCENTIO. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder. HORTENSIO. And so it is. I wonder what it bodes. PETRUCHIO. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,

An awful rule and right supremacy;

And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy.

BAPTISTA. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio! 112

The wager thou hast won; and I will add Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;

Another dowry to another daughter,

For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

PETRUCHIO. Nay, I will win my wager better yet, And show more sign of her obedience,

Her new-built virtue and obedience.

See where she comes, and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow. Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not: Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[KATHARINA pulls off her cap and throws it down. WIDOW. Lord! let me never have a cause to sigh, Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

BIANCA. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?
LUCENTIO. I would your duty were as foolish too:

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca, 126 Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

BIANCA. The more fool you for laying on my duty. PETRUCHIO. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these

headstrong women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands. 132 WIDOW. Come, come, you're mocking: we will have no telling.

PETRUCHIO. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

WIDOW. She shall not.

PETRUCHIO. I say she shall: and first begin with her.

KATHARINA. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow. And dart not scornful glances from those eyes, To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor: It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads, 140 Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds, And in no sense is meet or amiable. A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled, Muddy, ill-eeming, thick, bereft of beauty: 144 And while it is so, no le so dry or thirsty Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it. Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper. Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee, 148 And for thy maintenance commits his body To painful labour both by sea and land, To watch the night in storms, the day in cold. Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe: 152 And craves no other tribute at thy hands But love, fair looks, and true obedience: Too little payment for so great a debt. Such duty as the subject owes the prince. 156 Even such a woman oweth to her husband: And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour, And not obedient to his honest will, What is she but a foul contending rebel. 160 And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?— I am asham'd that women are so simple To offer war where they should kneel for peace, Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway, 164 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey. Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth, Unapt to toil and trouble in the world, But that our soft conditions and our hearts 168 Should well agree with our external parts? Come, come, you froward and unable worms! My mind hath been as big as one of yours, My heart as great, my reason haply more, 172 To bandy word for word and frown for frown; But now I see our lances are but straws. Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare.

That seeming to be most which we indeed least are. Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot, And place your hands below your husband's foot: In token of which duty, if he please,

My hand is ready; may it do him ease. 180 PETRUCHIO. Why, there's a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

LUCENTIO. Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha't.

'Tis a good hearing when children are VINCENTIO. toward.

LUCENTIO. But a harsh hearing when women are froward. 184

PETRUCHIO. Come, Kate, we'll to bed.

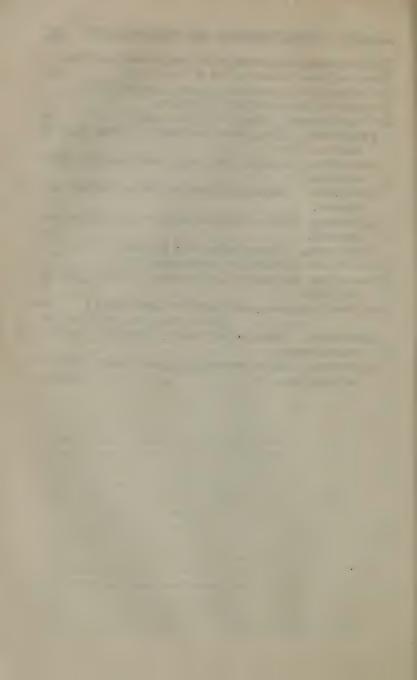
We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager, [To Lucentio.] though you hit the white:

And, being a winner, God give you good night! [Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina.

Now, go thy ways; thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.

LUCENTIO. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so. [Exeunt.



ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

WINE TARREST AND AND

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

INTRODUCTION

In a text which leaves much to be desired for orrectness All's Well that Ends Well was printed for he first time in the Folio of 1623. The date at which he play was written cannot be ascertained; the onjectures of scholars and editors on this point show vide differences of opinion; nor is this surprising, for while portions of the comedy are written in a manner which we hardly find in Shakespeare before the proluction of Hamlet, other portions, and especially the umerous passages in rhymed verse, remind us of the arly comedies. Meres, in the series of plays which he ames in Palladis Tamia, 1598, makes mention of a love's Labour's Won. We possess no comedy bearing hat title; but may we not possess under a different ame the play indicated by Meres? Much Ado about Nothing and The Taming of the Shrew have been uggested as possible claimants for the title; but there a considerable consensus of opinion in favour of the onjecture made in 1767 by Farmer, that Meres was eferring to the present play, and that in an earlier orm it bore the double title Love's Labour's Won, or ll's Well that Ends Well. The words in the Epilogue,

All is well ended if this suit be won,

ave been held to support this conjecture. Whatever hay be the opinion of certain foreign critics, an English eader can hardly fail to notice, as long since did oleridge, two styles—an earlier and a later—in the lay. We may hold it as at the least not improbable

that a comedy as early as A Midsummer-Night's Dream, or as early as the Two Gentlemen of Verona, was rehandled and in large measure rewritten about 1601 or 1602, and that to mark the fact that it was not the identical old play known as Love's Labour's Won, the title by which it had been popularly recognized was dropped, and was replaced by All's Well that Ends Well.

As to the source of Shakespeare's plot we are in no uncertainty. The story is that which is told as the ninth novella of the third day of Boccaccio's Decameron. There can be little doubt that Shakespeare, whether he consulted the original or not, had read this in the version given by Paynter in his Palace of Pleasure. relates how Giletta, a physician's daughter of Narbon, healed the French King of his ailment, for reward whereof she demanded Beltramo Count of Rossiglione to husband; how being married against his will the Count for despite fled to Florence and loved another; how Giletta by policy found means to take the place of the maiden whom he loved, and became the mother of two sons, 'which known to her husband, he received her again, and afterwards he lived in great honour and felicity.' Giletta, though inferior in station to Beltramo, is rich; Shakespeare widens the distance between his Helena and Bertram by making Helena poor. He received from the Italian novella his central characters. the heroine, the youth whom she loves, the King of France, the widow of Florence, and her daughter Diana. The other personages, including Parolles, the Clown, the shrewd old Lord Lafeu, and the delightful Countess of Rousillon, are his additions; the comic business of the play is wholly absent from the Italian story.

It is best to admit at once that there is something which cannot entirely commend itself to our modern ideas in the tale which Shakespeare accepted from Boccaccio. There is something of infatuation, if not of fatuity, in the devotion of the heart given by such a woman as Helena to such a man, devoid of wisdom

and of self-restraint, as Bertram. To secure him, willing or unwilling, for her husband seems to imply a misconception of the essential inward laws of marriage. To obtain by a fraud—even if we allow that it is a pious fraud—the fulfilment of conditions on which he will accept her as his wife, conditions whose fulfilment he believed to be impossible, is to substitute a material and accidental union for one that is spiritual and abiding. So, at first sight, we argue. Yet Coleridge, whose judgement is always worth consideration, named Helena 'the loveliest of Shakespeare's characters'. Perhaps the very difficulty of the situation piqued Shakespeare's genius to a struggle with his obstinate material. No doubt he recognized the fact that in actual life women, and even noble women, have loved not wisely but too well. But undoubtedly he desired to render his Helena an object for our admiration. Every one in the play, except the foolish Bertram and the base Parolles, has a sense of her strength, her discretion, her charm. The old Countess, whose first thought must needs be the good of her son, justifies Helena's passion, and, knowing that Bertram is in Paris, sends her thither with 'leave and love, means and attendants'. She must be aware that no other such good fortune could befall Bertram as to be the beloved of Helena. Shakespeare found in the tale from the Decameron some hints as to the nature of the passion, so ardent and yet in a certain sense so disinterested, of the physician's daughter, who was to be healer both of the King of France and of the unformed youth with whom under her guidance all was to end well. Giletta loved Beltramo indeed more than was meet for a maiden of her age'; she loved him 'better than her own self'. 'The maiden,' says the King, 'is fair and wise and loveth you most entirely, thinking verily that you shall lead a more joyful life with her than with a lady of a greater house.' With such suggestions as these Shakespeare conceived his Helena as more desirous of giving than of getting; the love, which became imperative with her, was not prompted by a desire for her own happiness; her essential need was service. She cannot choose 'but lend and give where she is sure to lose'. To the lord who is offered for her choice, she utters the word, 'I'll never do you wrong for your own sake'; but with Bertram she will make such a venture of faith:

I dare not say I take you; but I give Me and my service, ever whilst I live, Into your guiding power.

And when the ungracious boy would reject her, she will not press her suit. She has made the trial of her fortune and failed. One brief word to the King is enough:

That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm glad: Let the rest go.

With this she ends, and it is the King, whose own honour is at stake, that insists on Bertram's marriage. When the King's resolve has been carried out, Helena is absolutely at her husband's command; his sentence against her is a decree to which she at once submits:

Poor lord! is 't I That chase thee from thy country, and expose Those tender limbs of thine to the event Of the non-sparing war?

Even the device by which she obtains the ring, and becomes the mother of Bertram's child, is still only an experiment, a venture of faith, and one which had a legal sanction. If in the end Bertram had still rejected her, Helena would surely have submitted as she had previously done. But the rash unbridled youth has had severe lessons; he has made discovery of his own error in choosing the contemptible Parolles for a friend; his heart, after her supposed loss, has turned to Helena; she does not force herself upon him, but she gladly recognizes that he now holds her dear, and even before he has heard that she was bound to him by the tie of motherhood. Her experiment has been justified by

he manifest service which has been rendered to Bertram; all is well that ends well; he is no longer he same rash, unbridled boy; the man, as the Clown once said, is now with free will at woman's command, and no hurt is done. Can we have any fears respecting

he future, after such successful trials as these?

So Shakespeare wrought upon the material given by Boccaccio, and if he had assigned some sentimental oliloquies to Helena he could have made it clear that he was pursuing her own interests only because her ominant interest was that of service and healing. But Helena, however passionate, was not sentimental, nd she preferred deeds to words. The comic business onnected with Parolles, invented by Shakespeare, is of omewhat poor quality. Parolles is seen from the first be almost too pitiful a wretch to be worth exposing; e carries his shame, although it is unseen by Bertram, bout with him. Braggart, liar, and coward, he unredeemed by any of those splendid qualities of umour which make Falstaff great, and yet critics ave foolishly compared him with that glorious monarch f the tavern. Master Lavache, the clown, shows ttle of the gracious fooling of Touchstone, or the rhimsical brilliance of Feste. But old age becomes eautiful in the Countess, whom we could ill spare com our gallery of Shakespeare's women; and Lafeu an honest old counsellor whom we love and honour ecause he loves and honours Helena, and because he an almost make Parolles feel that he is discovered to e the despicable creature that he is.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KING OF FRANCE.

DUKE OF FLORENCE.

BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.

LAFEU, an old Lord.

PAROLLES, a follower of Bertram.

Steward to the Countess of Rousillon.

LAVACHE, a Clown in her household.

A Page.

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, Mother to Bertram.

HELENA, a Gentlewoman protected by the Countess.

An Old Widow of Florence.

DIANA, Daughter to the Widow.

VIOLENTA, MARIANA, Neighbours and Friends to the Widow.

Lords, Officers, Soldiers, &c., French and Florentine. Scene.—Rousillon, Paris, Florence, Marseilles.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

ACT I.

Scene I .- Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Bertram, the Countess of Rousillon, Helena, and Lafeu, all in black.

COUNTESS. In delivering my son from me, I bury second husband.

BERTRAM. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my ather's death anew; but I must attend his majesty's ommand, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in ubjection.

LAFEU. You shall find of the king a husband, nadam; you, sir, a father. He that so generally at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue o you, whose worthiness would stir it up where it vanted rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

COUNTESS. What hope is there of his majesty's mendment?

LAFEU. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; inder whose practices he hath persecuted time with tope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

COUNTESS. This young gentlewoman had a father,—D, that 'had'! how sad a passage 'tis!—whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so ar, would have made nature immortal, and death hould have play for lack of work. Would, for the sing's sake, he were living! I think it would be the leath of the king's disease.

LAFEU. How called you the man you speak of, nadam?

COUNTESS. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

LAFEU. He was excellent indeed, madam: the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly. He was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

BERTRAM. What is it, my good lord, the king lan-

guishes of?

LAFEU. A fistula, my lord.

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BERTRAM. I heard not of it before.

LAFEU. I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

COUNTESS. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty and achieves her goodness.

LAFEU. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears, place win many in some short same! He is 49

COUNTESS. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than have it.

HELENA. I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too. and gram betries pales in well to 6 and 57

LAFEU. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

HELENA. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

BERTRAM. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

LAFEU. How understand we that?

Be thou blest, Bertram: and succeed COUNTESS. thy father

In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness

are with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,	
wrong to none: be able for thine enemy	68
ther in power than use, and keep thy friend	
nder thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,	
at never tax'd for speech. What heaven more w	;11
at thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down	1, 72
ill on thy head! Farewell, my lord;	
is an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,	
lvise him.	
LAFEU. He cannot want the best	
at shall attend his love.	76
COUNTESS. Heaven bless him! Farewell, Bertra	m.
	Exit.
BERTRAM. [To HELENA.] The best wishes that can	be
ged in your thoughts be servants to you! Be c	
table to my mother, your mistress, and make m	
her. The bad provedence dismiponing the W	- 81
LAFEU. Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold	
edit of your father. [Excunt Bertram and La	DITTE
THE ENA OI were that all I think not on	FEU.
HELENA. O! were that all. I think not on father:	шу
nd these great tears grace his remembrance more	,
an those I shed for him. What was he like?	
nave forgot him: my imagination	
rries no favour in 't but Bertram's.	88
im undone: there is no living, none,	
Bertram be away. It were all one	
nat I should love a bright particular star	
nd think to wed it, he is so above me:	92
his bright radiance and collateral light	
ust I be comforted, not in his sphere.	
ne ambition in my love thus plagues itself:	
ne hind that would be mated by the lion	96
ust die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,	
see him every hour; to sit and draw	
is arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,	
our heart's table; heart too capable	100
every line and trick of his sweet favour:	
at now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy	
ust sanctify his reliques Who comes here?	

One that goes with him; I love him for his sake; 104
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Enter PAROLLES.

PAROLLES. Save you, fair queen!
RELENA. And you, monarch!
PAROLLES. No.

HELENA. And no.

PAROLLES. Are you meditating on virginity?

HELENA. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him? 118

PAROLLES. Keep him out.

HELENA. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak. Unfold to us some war-like resistance.

PAROLLES. There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you and blow you up. 124

HELENA. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up! Is there no military policy, how

virgins might blow up men?

PAROLLES. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase, and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost. 'Tis too cold a companion: away with't!

HELENA. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore

I die a virgin.

PAROLLES. There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of

rirginity is to accuse your mothers, which is most nfallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a rirgin: virginity murders itself, and should be buried n highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites. nuch like a cheese, consumes itself to the very paring. nd so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides. rirginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it ot; you cannot choose but lose by't! Out with't! within the year it will make itself two, which is a goodly ncrease, and the principal itself not much the worse. way with't!

HELENA. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her wn liking?

PAROLLES. Let me see: marry, ill, to like him that e'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity that will lose the loss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: ff with't, while 'tis vendible; answer the time of equest. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap ut of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just ke the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not ow. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge han in your cheek: and your virginity, your old irginity, is like one of our French withered pears; looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 'tis a withered pear; was formerly better; marry, yet 'tis a withered ear. Will you anything with it? HELENA. Not my virginity yet.

here shall your master have a thousand loves,

mother, and a mistress, and a friend, phœnix, captain, and an enemy, guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,

counsellor, a traitress, and a dear; lis humble ambition, proud humility,

lis jarring concord, and his discord dulcet, Is faith, his sweet disaster; with a world f pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,

hat blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he know not what he shall. God send him well! The court's a learning-place, and he is one— PAROLLES. What one, i' faith?

HELENA. That I wish well. 'Tis pity-

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PAROLLES. What's pity?

HELENA. That wishing well had not a body in 't, Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born, Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes, Might with effects of them follow our friends, And show what we alone must think, which never Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

PAGE. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you. 192 PAROLLES. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee. I will think of thee at court.

HELENA. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

PAROLLES. Under Mars. I.

HELENA. I especially think, under Mars.

PAROLLES. Why under Mars?

HELENA. The wars have so kept you under that you must needs be born under Mars.

PAROLLES. When he was predominant.

HELENA. When he was retrograde, I think rather.

PAROLLES. Why think you so?

HELENA. You go so much backward when you fight.

PAROLLES. That's for advantage.

HELENA. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: but the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

PAROLLES. I am so full of businesses I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none.

SCENE I] ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL 193

remember thy friends. Get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so, farewell.

HELENA. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull. What power is it which mounts my love so high; That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?

The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.

The myossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose

What hath been cannot be: who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease,—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd and will not leave me.

[Exit.]

Scene II.—Paris. A Room in the King's Palace.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the KING OF FRANCE, with letters; Lords and Others attending.

KING. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears; Tave fought with equal fortune, and continue braving war.

FIRST LORD. So 'tis reported, sir.

KING. Nay, 'tis most credible: we here receive it 4 certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria, Vith caution that the Florentine will move us 'or speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend rejudicates the business, and would seem 8 to have us make denial.

FIRST LORD. His love and wisdom, pprov'd so to your majesty, may plead or amplest credence.

KING. He hath arm'd our answer, and Florence is denied before he comes: et, for our gentlemen that mean to see he Tuscan service, freely have they leave to stand on either part.

SECOND LORD. It well may serve

SH. III

A nursery to our gentry, who are sick For breathing and exploit.

KING.

What's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES. FIRST LORD. It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord, Young Bertram.

Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face; Frank nature, rather curious than in haste, Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts

Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

BERTRAM. My thanks and duty are your majesty's. KING. I would I had that corporal soundness now, As when thy father and myself in friendship First tried our soldiership! He did look far Into the service of the time and was Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long; 28 But on us both did haggish age steal on. And wore us out of act. It much repairs me To talk of your good father. In his youth He had the wit which I can well observe 32 To-day in our young lords; but they may jest Till their own scorn return to them unnoted Ere they can hide their levity in honour. So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness 36 Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were, His equal had awak'd them; and his honour, Clock to itself, knew the true minute when Exception bid him speak, and at this time His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below him He us'd as creatures of another place, And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks, Making them proud of his humility, In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man Might be a copy to these younger times, Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now But goers backward. His good remembrance, sir, BERTRAM.

Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb:

•	
CENE II] ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL 1	95
o in approof lives not his epitaph	
s in your royal speech. KING. Would I were with him! He would alwa	ys
say,— Iethinks I hear him now: his plausive words	52
le scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,	
o grow there and to bear. 'Let me not live,'— hus his good melancholy oft began,	56
n the catastrophe and heel of pastime,	3-
When it was out,—' Let me not live,' quoth he, After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff	
f younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses	6 0
Il but new things disdain; whose judgments are dere fathers of their garments; whose constancies	
xpire before their fashions.' This he wish'd: after him, do after him wish too,	64
ince I nor wax nor honey can bring home,	04
quickly were dissolved from my hive, o give some labourers room.	
The state of the s	

SECOND LORD. You are lov'd, sir; hey that least lend it you shall lack you first. 68 KING. I fill a place, I know't. How long is't, count, ince the physician at your father's died? le was much fam'd.

BERTRAM. Some six months since, my lord.

KING. If he were living, I would try him yet: 72
end me an arm: the rest have worn me out
ith several applications: nature and sickness
ebate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
Iy son's no dearer.

BERTRAM. Thank your majesty. 76 [Excunt. Flourish.

Scene III.—Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's

Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.
COUNTESS. I will now hear: what say you of this entlewoman?

Palace.

STEWARD. Madam, the care I have had to even

your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

COUNTESS. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: the complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe: 'tis my slowness that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours. 12

CLOWN. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am

a poor fellow.

COUNTESS. Well, sir.

CLOWN. No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned. But, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

COUNTESS. Wilt thou needs be a beggar? CLOWN. I do beg your good will in this case.

COUNTESS. In what case?

In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage; and I think I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue o' my body, for they say barnes are blessings.

COUNTESS. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry. CLOWN. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives.

COUNTESS. Is this all your worship's reason? CLOWN. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

COUNTESS. May the world know them?

CLOWN. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

COUNTESS. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness. CLOWN. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

COUNTESS. Such friends are thine enemies, knave. CLOWN. You're shallow, madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me which I am weary of. He that ears my land spares my team, and ives me leave to in the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's by drudge. He that comforts my wife is the cherisher f my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and lood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my esh and blood is my friend: ergo, he that kisses my rife is my friend. If men could be contented to be that they are, there were no fear in marriage; for oung Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist. owsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their eads are both one; they may joul horns together like ny deer i' the herd.

COUNTESS. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and alumnious knave?

CLOWN. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the ruth the next way:

For I the ballad will repeat, 60 Which men full true shall find; Your marriage comes by destiny, Your cuckoo sings by kind.

69

COUNTESS. Get you gone, sir: I'll talk with you ore anon. May it please you, madam, that he bid STEWARD. elen come to you: of her I am to speak. COUNTESS. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would

beak with her; Helen I mean. CLOWN. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she, Why the Grecians sacked Troy? Fond done, done fond, 72 Was this King Priam's joy? With that she sighed as she stood, With that she sighed as she stood, And gave this sentence then; 76 Among nine bad if one be good, Among nine bad if one be good, There's yet one good in ten.

COUNTESS. What! one good in ten? you corrupt ne song, sirrah.

CLOWN. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song. Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman if I were the parson. One in ten. quoth a'! An we might have a good woman born but for every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out ere a' pluck one. It will ere as an eine of the real of the 80

COUNTESS. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I

command you!

CLOWN. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done! Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither.

Well, now. STEWARD. I know, madam, you love your gentle-

woman entirely.

COUNTESS. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid, and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

STEWARD. Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears: she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates: Love no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Dian no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised, without rescue in the first assault or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in; which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal, sithence in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it. COUNTESS. You have discharged this honestly: keep

CENE III] ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL 199

t to yourself. Many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance that could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave ne: stall this in your bosom; and I thank you for our honest care. I will speak with you further anon.

[Exit Steward.

Enter HELENA.

Even so it was with me when I was young:
If ever we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn
Ooth to our rose of youth rightly belong; 128
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born:
t is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone, 132
such were our faults; or then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on 't: I observe her now.
HELENA. What is your pleasure, madam?
COUNTESS. You know, Helen,
am a mother to you.
HELENA. Mine honourable mistress.
COUNTESS. Nay, a mother:
Vhy not a mother? When I said, 'a mother,'
Iethought you saw a serpent: what 's in 'mother'
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother; 140
and put you in the catalogue of those
'hat were enwombed mine: 'tis often seen
Adoption strives with nature, and choice breeds
native slip to us from foreign seeds;
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
et I express to you a mother's care.
od's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood
o say I am thy mother? What's the matter, 148
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Vhy? that you are my daughter?
HELENA. That I am not.
COUNTESS. I say, I am your mother.
HELENA. Pardon, madam;
The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother: 153

I am from humble, he from honour'd name;	
No note upon my parents, his all noble:	
My master, my dear lord he is; and I	150
His servant live, and will his vassal die.	
He must not be my brother.	
COUNTESS. Nor I your mother?	
HELENA. You are my mother, madam: would	vou
were,—	
So that my lord your son were not my brother,—	160
Indeed my mother! or were you both our mothers,	,
I care no more for than I do for heaven,	
So I were not his sister. Can't no other,	
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?	164
COUNTESS. Yes, Helen, you might be my daugh	ter
in-law:	
God shield you mean it not! daughter and mother	•
So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again?	
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: now I see	168
The mystery of your loneliness, and find	
Your salt tears' head: now to all sense 'tis gross	
You love my son: invention is asham'd	
Against the proclamation of thy passion,	17:
To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true;	
But tell me then, 'tis so; for, look, thy cheeks	
Confess it, th' one to th' other; and thine eyes	
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours	17
That in their kind they speak it: only sin	
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,	
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so?	
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew;	180
If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee,	
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,	
To tell me truly.	
HELENA. Good madam, pardon me!	183
COUNTESS. Do you love my son?	
HELENA. Your pardon, noble mistres	ss!
COUNTESS. Love you my son?	
HELENA. Do not you love him, mada	
COUNTESS. Go not about; my love hath in 't a b	
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose	se

DENE III] ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL 201 the state of your affection, for your passions 188

ave to the full appeach'd.

HELENA.

Then, I confess,
ere on my knee, before high heaven and you,
hat before you, and next unto high heaven

hat before you, and next unto high heaven, love your son.

y friends were poor, but honest; so's my love: e not offended, for it hurts not him hat he is lov'd of me: I follow him not

y any token of presumptuous suit; or would I have him till I do deserve him;

et never know how that desert should be. know I love in vain, strive against hope; et, in this captious and intenible sieve

still pour in the waters of my love,

nd lack not to lose still. Thus, Indian-like, eligious in mine error, I adore

he sun, that looks upon his worshipper, ut knows of him no more. My dearest madam,

et not your hate encounter with my love or loving where you do: but, if yourself, hose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,

id ever in so true a flame of liking ish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian as both herself and Love; O! then, give pity her, whose state is such that cannot choose

o her, whose state is such that cannot choose at lend and give where she is sure to lose; at seeks not to find that her search implies, at, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

COUNTESS. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,

truly, go to Paris ?

HELENA. Madam, I had.

COUNTESS. Wherefore? tell true.
HELENA. I will tell truth; by grace itself I swear.
Du know my father left me some prescriptions
rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading
Id manifest experience had collected
r general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,

202 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL [ACT I, SC. III

As notes whose faculties inclusive were More than they were in note. Amongst the rest, There is a remedy, approv'd, set down To cure the desperate languishings whereof The king is render'd lost. This was your motive 228 COUNTESS. For Paris, was it? speak. My lord your son made me to think of HELENA. this: Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king, Had from the conversation of my thoughts 232 Haply been absent then. COUNTESS. But think you, Helen, If you should tender your supposed aid, He would receive it? He and his physicians Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him, 236 They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools, Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off The danger to itself? There's something in't, HELENA. 240 More than my father's skill, which was the great'st Of his profession, that his good receipt Shall for my legacy be sanctified By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour But give me leave to try success, I'd venture The well-lost life of mine on his Grace's cure, By such a day, and hour. COUNTESS. Dost thou believe't? Ay, madam, knowingly. 248 COUNTESS. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and love. Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings To those of mine in court. I'll stay at home And pray God's blessing into thy attempt. 252 Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,

What L can help thee to thou shalt not miss. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

Scene I .- Paris. A Room in the King's Palace.

Flourish. Enter the King, with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war; BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and Attendants.

KING. Farewell, young lords: these war-like principles

Do not throw from you: and you, my lords, farewell: Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain, all

The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd, And is enough for both.

FIRST LORD. 'Tis our hope, sir,

After well enter'd soldiers, to return

And find your Grace in health.

KING. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart Will not confess he owes the malady

That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords;

Whether I live or die, be you the sons

Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy— 12

Those bated that inherit but the fall

of the last monarchy—see that you come Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when

The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek, That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

SECOND LORD. Health, at your bidding, serve your

20

majesty!

KING. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them: They say, our French lack language to deny

f they demand: beware of being captives,

Before you serve.

BOTH LORDS. Our hearts receive your warnings. KING. Farewell. Come hither to me. [Exit attended. FIRST LORD. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

PAROLLES. 'Tis not his fault, the spark.

O! 'tis brave wars. SECOND LORD.

PAROLLES. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

BERTRAM. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with

'Too young', and 'the next year', and ''tis too early'.

PAROLLES. An thy mind stand to 't, boy, steal away
bravely.

29
BERTRAM. I shall stay here the forehorse to a

BERTRAM. I shall stay smock.

Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,

Till honour be bought up and no sword worn

But one to dance with! By heaven! I'll steal away.

There's henour in the theft

FIRST LORD. There's honour in the theft.

PAROLLES. Commit it, count. SECOND LORD. I am your accessary; and so farewell.

BERTRAM. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

37

FIRST LORD. Farewell, captain.

SECOND LORD. Sweet Monsieur Parolles!

PAROLLES. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals: you shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek: it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live, and observe his reports for me.

SECOND LORD. We shall, noble captain. [Excunt Lords. PAROLLES. Mars dote on you for his novices! What will ye do?

BERTRAM. Stay; the king.

Re-enter KING; PAROLLES and BERTRAM retire.

PAROLLES. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed. After them, and take a more dilated farewell.

BERTRAM. And I will do so.

CENE I] ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL 205

PAROLLES. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most inewy swordmen. [Exeunt Bertram and Parolles.

Enter LAFEU.

LAFEU. [Kneeling.] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

KING. I'll fee thee to stand up.

LAFEU. Then here's a man stands that has brought his pardon.

would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy, and that at my bidding you could so stand up.

KING. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate, and ask'd thee mercy for 't.

LAFEU. Good faith, across: but, my good lord, 'tis thus;

Vill you be cur'd of your infirmity?

KING. No.

LAFEU. O! will you eat no grapes, my royal fox? Yes, but you will my noble grapes an if 73 Iy royal fox could reach them. I have seen a medicine that's able to breathe life into a stone,

Ouicken a rock, and make you dance canary 76
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch spowerful to araise King Pepin, nay,

o give great Charlemain a pen in's hand nd write to her a love-line.

KING. What 'her' is this? 30 LAFEU. Why, Doctor She. My lord, there's one

arriv'd
f you will see her: now, by my faith and honour,
f seriously I may convey my thoughts

n this my light deliverance, I have spoke Vith one, that in her sex, her years, profession,

Visdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more han I dare blame my weakness. Will you see her, or that is her demand, and know her business?

88 hat done, laugh well at me.

KING. Now, good Lafeu, ring in the admiration, that we with thee

ay spend our wonder too, or take off thine

By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

LAFEU. Nay, I'll fit you, 92
And not be all day neither. [Exit.

KING. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA.

LAFEU. Nay, come your ways.

KING. This haste hath wings indeed.

LAFEU. Nay, come your ways; 96
This is his majesty, say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together. Fare you well. [Exit.

KING. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

HELENA. Ay, my good lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father;
In what he did profess well found.

KING.

I knew him. 104
HELENA. The rather will I spare my praises towards

him: Knowing him is enough. On's bed of death Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one, Which, as the dearest issue of his practice, 108 And of his old experience the only darling, He bade me store up as a triple eye, Safer than mine own two, more dear. I have so; And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd 112 With that malignant cause wherein the honour Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power, I come to tender it and my appliance, With all bound humbleness. We thank you, maiden; 116 KING.

But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us, and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidable estate; I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics, or to dissever so

SCENE I] ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL	207
Our great self and our credit, to esteem A senseless help when help past sense we deem. HELENA. My duty then, shall pay me for my pa	ins ·
will no more enforce mine office on you;	128
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts A modest one, to bear me back again.	
KING. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grate	ful.
Thou thought'st to help me, and such thanks I give	e
As one near death to those that wish him live; But what at full I know, thou know'st no part,	133
I knowing all my peril, thou no art. HELENA. What I can do can do no hurt to try,	136
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.	130
He that of greatest works is finisher	
Oft does them by the weakest minister:	
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown, When judges have been babes; great floods have fl	140
From simple sources; and great seas have dried When miracles have by the greatest been denied.	IO W II
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there	144
Where most it promises; and oft it hits	
Where hope is coldest and despair most fits.	
KING. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, maid.	kınd
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:	148
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.	
HELENA. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd.	
It is not so with Him that all things knows, As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows;	152
But most it is presumption in us when	152
The help of heaven we count the act of men.	
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;	
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.	156
I am not an impostor that proclaim	

My art is not past power nor you past cure. 160 KING. Art thou so confident? Within what space Hop'st thou my cure?

Myself against the level of mine aim;

But know I think, and think I know most sure,

The great'st grace lending grace, HELENA.

Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring,
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp,
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass, 168
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.
KING. Upon thy certainty and confidence
What dar'st thou venture?
HELENA. Tax of impudence, 172
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; nay worse—if worse—extended
With vilest torture let my life be ended.
KING. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth
speak,
His powerful sound within an organ weak;
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life in thee hath estimate;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
That happiness and prime can happy call: 184
Thou this to hazard needs must intimate
Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try, That ministers thine own death if I die.
Of what I make uppitied let madie
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deserv'd. Not helping, death's my fee; But, if I help, what do you promise me?
Rut, if I help, what do you promise me? KING. Make thy demand.
HELENA. But will you make it even?
KING. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.
HELENA. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly
hand
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,

My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state;
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know

Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

KING. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:
So make the choice of thy own time, for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know could not be more to trust,
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on; but rest
Unquestion'd welcome and undoubted blest.
Give me some help here, ho! If thou proceed

[Flourish. Exeunt.

Scene II.—Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

COUNTESS. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

CLOWN. I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught. I know my business is but to the court.

COUNTESS. To the court! why what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? 'But to the court!'

clown. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and indeed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court. But, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

COUNTESS. Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

CLOWN. It is like a barber's chair that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

COUNTESS. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

CLOWN. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an

attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

COUNTESS. Have you, I say, an answer of such

fitness for all questions?

CLOWN. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

COUNTESS. It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

CLOWN. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it. Here it is, and all that belongs to't: ask me if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

COUNTESS. To be young again, if we could. I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

CLOWN. O Lord, sir! there's a simple putting off.

More, more, a hundred of them.

COUNTESS. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

CLOWN. O Lord, sir! Thick, thick, spare not me. COUNTESS. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

CLOWN. O Lord, sir! Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

COUNTESS. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

CLOWN. O Lord, sir! Spare not me.

COUNTESS. Do you cry, 'O Lord, sir!' at your whipping, and 'Spare not me'? Indeed your 'O Lord, sir!' is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

CLOWN. I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my 'O Lord, sir!' I see things may serve long, but not

serve ever.

COUNTESS. I play the noble housewife with the time,

SCENE II] ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL 211

To entertain't so merrily with a fool.

CLOWN. O Lord, sir! why, there't serves well again.

COUNTESS. An end, sir: to your business. Give

Helen this,

And urge her to a present answer back:

Commend me to my kinsmen and my son.

This is not much.

CLOWN. Not much commendation to them.

COUNTESS. Not much employment for you: you understand me?

CLOWN. Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs. COUNTESS. Haste you again. [Exeunt severally.

Scene III.—Paris. A Room in the King's Palace.

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

LAFEU. They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

PAROLLES. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times. 8

BERTRAM. And so 'tis.

LAFEU. To be relinquished of the artists,—

PAROLLES. So I say.

LAFEU. Both of Galen and Paracelsus.

PAROLLES. So I say.

LAFEU. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

12

PAROLLES. Right; so I say.

LAFEU. That gave him out incurable,— 16

PAROLLES. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

LAFEU. Not to be helped,-

PAROLLES. Right; as 'twere, a man assured of a—LAFEU. Uncertain life, and sure death.

PAROLLES. Just, you say well: so would I have said.

LAFEU. I may truly say it is a novelty to the world.

PAROLLES. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—what do you call there— 25 LAFEU. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

PAROLLES. That's it I would have said; the very same.

LAFEU. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me, I speak in respect—

PAROLLES. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the—

LAFEU. Very hand of heaven-

36

PAROLLES. Ay, so I say.

LAFEU. In a most weak and debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the king, as to be generally thankful.

PAROLLES. I would have said it; you say well.

Here comes the king.

Enter KING, HELENA, and Attendants.

LAFEU. Lustig, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

PAROLLES. Mort du vinaigre! Is not this Helen?

LAFEU. 'Fore God, I think so.

KING. Go, call before me all the lords in court.

[Exit an Attendant.

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side:
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing, 56 O'er whom both sov'reign power and father's voice

SCENE III] ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL 213
I have to use: thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.
HELENA. To each of you one fair and virtuous
mistress 60
Fall, when Love please! marry, to each, but one.
LAFEU. I'd give bay Curtal, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys'
And writ as little beard.
KING. Peruse them well: 64
Not one of those but had a noble father.
HELENA. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath through me restor'd the king to health.
ALL. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.
HELENA. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest
That I protest I simply am a maid.
Please it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me, 72
'We blush, that thou shouldst choose; but, be refus'd,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;
We'll ne'er come there again.'
KING. Make choice; and see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me. 76
HELENA. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly,
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream. Sir, will you hear my suit?
FIRST LORD. And grant it.
HELENA. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.
LAFEU. I had rather be in this choice than throw
ames-ace for my life.
HELENA. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair
eves,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!
SECOND LORD. No better, if you please.
HELENA. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant! and so I take my leave. 88
LAFEU. Do all they deny her? An they were sons
of mine, I'd have them whipp'd or I would send them
to the Turk to make eunuchs of.

HELENA. [To third Lord.] Be not afraid that I your hand should take;

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake: Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed

Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

LAFEU. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got 'em.

HELENA. You are too young, too happy, and too

100

good,

To make yourself a son out of my blood.

FOURTH LORD. Fair one, I think not so.

drunk wine. But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen: I have known thee already.

HELENA. [To BERTRAM.] I dare not say I take you;

but I give

Me and my service, ever whilst I live,

Into your guiding power. This is the man.

KING. Why then, young Bertram, take her; she's thy wife.

BERTRAM. My wife, my liege! I shall beseech your highness

In such a business give me leave to use

The help of mine own eyes.

KING. Know'st thou not, Bertram,

What she has done for me?

BERTRAM. Yes, my good lord; 112 But never hope to know why I should marry her.

KING. Thou know'st she has rais'd me from my

sickly bed.

BERTRAM. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down Must answer for your raising? I know her well: 116 She had her breeding at my father's charge.

A poor physician's daughter my wife! Disdain

Rather corrupt me ever!

KING. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which

I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods, Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,

Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off	
In differences so mighty. If she be	124
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislik'st,	
A poor physician's daughter, thou dislik'st	
Of virtue for the name; but do not so:	
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,	128
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:	
Where great additions swell's, and virtue none,	
It is a dropsied honour. Good alone	
Is good without a name: vileness is so:	132
The property by what it is should go,	
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;	
In these to nature she's immediate heir,	
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn	136
Which challenges itself as honour's born,	
And is not like the sire: honours thrive	
When rather from our acts we them derive	
Than our foregoers. The mere word's a slave,	140
Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave	
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb	
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb	
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?	
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,	145
I can create the rest: virtue and she	
Is her own dower; honour and wealth from me.	
BERTRAM. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do	't.
KING. Thou wrong'st thyself if thou shouldst st	rive
to choose.	149
HELENA. That you are well restor'd, my lord,	I'm
glad:	
Let the rest go.	
KING. My honour's at the stake, which to defeat	
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,	153
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,	
That dost in vile misprision shackle up	
My love and her desert; thou canst not dream	156
We, poising us in her defective scale,	
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know	,
It is in us to plant thine honour where	
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:	160

Obey our will, which travails in thy good: Believe not thy disdain, but presently Do thine own fortunes that obedient right Which both thy duty owes and our power claims; 164 Or I will throw thee from my care for ever Into the staggers and the careless lapse Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice, Without all terms of pity. Speak; thine answer.

BERTRAM. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit My fancy to your eyes. When I consider What great creation and what dole of honour Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,

Is, as 'twere, born so.

Take her by the hand, And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise A counterpoise, if not to thy estate A balance more replete.

I take her hand. BERTRAM.

KING. Good fortune and the favour of the king 180 Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief, And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast Shall more attend upon the coming space, Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her, Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[Exeunt King, Bertram, Helena, Lords and Attendants. LAFEU. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you. PAROLLES. Your pleasure, sir? LAFEU. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

PAROLLES. Recantation! My lord! my master! LAFEU. Ay; is it not a language I speak? PAROLLES. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master!

LAFEU. Are you companion to the Count Rousillon? PAROLLES. To any count; to all counts; to what is LAFEU. To what is count's man: count's master s of another style.

PAROLLES. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, ou are too old.

LAFEU. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to

which title age cannot bring thee.

PAROLLES. What I dare too well do, I dare not do. LAFEU. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be pretty wise fellow: thou didst make tolerable vent f thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the annerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from elieving thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have ow found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not; et art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that nou'rt scarce worth.

PAROLLES. Hadst thou not the privilege of an-

quity upon thee,-

LAFEU. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest nou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on nee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee ell: thy casement I need not open, for I look through nee. Give me thy hand.

PAROLLES. My lord, you give me most egregious

dignity.

LAFEU. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy f it.

PAROLLES. I have not, my lord, deserved it. 224 LAFEU. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I ill not bate thee a scruple.

PAROLLES. Well, I shall be wiser.

LAFEU. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st ound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold ly acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, nat I may say in the default, he is a man I know. 233 PAROLLES. My lord, you do me most insupportable exation.

LAFEU. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, nd my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past;

as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me Mata Trail .. [Exit. leave.

PAROLLES. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord! Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of-I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again! 246

Re-enter LAFEU.

LAFEU. Sirrah, your lord and master's married;

there's news for you: you have a new mistress.

PAROLLES. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: he is my good lord: whom I serve above is my master.

LAFEU. Who? God?

PAROLLES. Av. sir.

LAFEU. The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee: I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee. 261

PAROLLES. This is hard and undeserved measure.

my lord.

LAFEU. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. And a difference, Any dances of history [Exit.

PAROLLES. Good, very good; it is so then: good, very good. Let it be concealed awhile.

Enter Bertram. Bertram. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

PAROLLES. What is the matter, sweet heart? Although before the solemn priest I have BERTRAM. sworn, will not bed her. The land some of a small 276 PAROLLES. What, what, sweet heart? BERTRAM. O my Parolles, they have married me! Il to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her. PAROLLES. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 280 he tread of a man's foot. To the wars! BERTRAM. There's letters from my mother: what the import is know not yet. PAROLLES. Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy! to the wars! are that good le wears his honour in a box, unseen, hat hugs his kicky-wicky here at home, pending his manly marrow in her arms, Thich should sustain the bound and high curvet f Mars's fiery steed. To other regions! rance is a stable: we that dwell in't jades: herefore, to the war! BERTRAM. It shall be so: I'll send her to my house, equaint my mother with my hate to her, nd wherefore I am fled; write to the king hat which I durst not speak: his present gift hall furnish me to those Italian fields, 296 There noble fellows strike. War is no strife o the dark house and the detested wife. PAROLLES. Will this capriccio hold in thee? art sure? BERTRAM. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me. ll send her straight away: to-morrow Il to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

PAROLLES. Why, these balls bound; there's noise

in it. 'Tis hard:

A young man married is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
The king has done you wrong: but, hush! 'tis so.

[Exeunt.

Scene IV.—Same. Another Room in the Palace.
Enter Helena and Clown.

HELENA. My mother greets me kindly: is she well? CLOWN. She is not well; but yet she has her health; she's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.

HELENA. If she be very well, what does she ail

that she's not very well?

CLOWN. Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things.

HELENA. What two things?

CLOWN. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

PAROLLES. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

HELENA. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have

mine own good fortunes.

PAROLLES. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still. O! my knave, how does my old lady?

CLOWN. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

PAROLLES. Why, I say nothing.

CLOWN. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing. To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

PAROLLES. Away! thou'rt a knave.

CLOWN. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou'rt a knave; that is, before me thou'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir.

PAROLLES. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have Let be V V grab to revenue . The march 33 ound thee. clown. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were

you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter.

PAROLLES. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed. Madam, my lord will go away to-night;

A very serious business calls on him.

The great prerogative and rite of love,

Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge,

But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;

Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,

Which they distil now in the curbed time, To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,

and pleasure drown the brim.

HELENA. What's his will else?

PAROLLES. That you will take your instant leave

o' the king,

And make this haste as your own good proceeding,

Strengthen'd with what apology you think

May make it probable need.

What more commands he? HELENA. PAROLLES. That, having this obtain'd, you pre-

sently with oppillant to be and the process

Attend his further pleasure.

HELENA. In everything I wait upon his will.

PAROLLES. I shall report it so.

I pray you. Come, sirrah. HELENA.

40

Scene V.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.

LAFEU. But I hope your lordship thinks not him soldier.

BERTRAM. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof. LAFEU. You have it from his own deliverance. BERTRAM. And by other warranted testimony.

LAFEU. Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark

or a bunting.

BERTRAM. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great

in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

LAFEU. I have then sinned against his experience and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

PAROLLES. [To Bertram.] These things shall be done, sir. LAFEU. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor? PAROLLES. Sir?

LAFEU. O! I know him well. Av, sir; he, sir, is

a good workman, a very good tailor.

BERTRAM. [Aside to PAROLLES.] Is she gone to the king? PAROLLES. She is.

BERTRAM. Will she away to-night?

PAROLLES. As you'll have her.

BERTRAM. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure, no employees the so which we want to 24

Given orders for our horses; and to-night, When I should take possession of the bride,

End ere I do begin.

LAFEU. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard and thrice beaten. God save vou, captain. we di trong to Deale To the for Att 32

BERTRAM. Is there any unkindness between my

lord and you, monsieur?

PAROLLES. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

LAFEU. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence. The land have mistaken him, my

LAFEU. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this

f me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul
f this man is his clothes. Trust him not in matter of
eavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and
now their natures. Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken
etter of you than you have or will to deserve at my
and; but we must do good against evil. [Exit.
PAROLLES. An idle lord, I swear.
BERTRAM. I think not so. 52
PAROLLES. Why, do you not know him?
BERTRAM. Yes, I do know him well; and common
speech
ives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.
ives him a worthy pass. Here comes my cros.
Enter Helena.
HELENA. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
poke with the king, and have procur'd his leave 57
or present parting; only, he desires
ome private speech with you.
BERTRAM. I shall obey his will.
ou must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
on my particular: prepar'd I was not
or such a business; therefore am I found 64
o much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you
That presently you take your way for home;
and rather muse than ask why I entreat you;
or my respects are better than they seem,
and my appointments have in them a need
reater than shows itself at the first view
o you that know them not. This to my mother.
Giving a letter.
Twill be two days ere I shall see you, so 72
leave you to your wisdom.
HELENA. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.
BERTRAM. Come, come, no more of that.
HELENA. A mile segment of the And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that 76
Wherein toward me my hemely stars have feil'd

224 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL [ACT II, SC. V

To equal my great fortune.

BERTRAM. Market Strange Let that go:

My haste is very great. Farewell: hie home.

HELENA. Pray sir, your pardon.

Well, what would you say?
HELENA. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe, 8x

Nor dare I say 'tis mine, and yet it is;

But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal

What law does vouch mine own.

BERTRAM. What would you have ?

HELENA. Something, and scarce so much: nothing, indeed.

I would not tell you what I would, my lord:—

Faith, yes;

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

BERTRAM. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

88

HELENA. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

BERTRAM. [To Parolles.] Where are my other men, monsieur? [To Helena.] Farewell. [Exit Helena.] Go thou toward home; where I will never come 92

Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum. Away! and for our flight.

PAROLLES. Bravely, coragio! [Exeunt.

ACT III.

Scene I .- Florence. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Flourish. Enter the DUKE, attended; two French Lords, and Soldiers.

DUKE. So that from point to point now have you heard

The fundamental reasons of this war,

Whose great decision hath much blood let forth, And more thirsts after.

FIRST LORD. Holy seems the quarrel Upon your Grace's part; black and fearful On the opposer.

CT III, SC. 1] ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL 225

DUKE. Therefore we marvel much our cousin
France

Would in so just a business shut his bosom

Against our borrowing prayers.

FIRST LORD. Good my lord,

The reasons of our state I cannot yield, But like a common and an outward man,

That the great figure of a council frames

By self-unable motion: therefore dare not by what I think of it, since I have found Myself in my incertain grounds to fail

As often as I guess'd.

DUKE. Be it his pleasure. 16
SECOND LORD. But I am sure the younger of our nature.

That surfeit on their ease, will day by day

Come here for physic.

DUKE. Welcome shall they be,
And all the honours that can fly from us
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell.
To-morrow to the field. [Flourish. Execut.

Scene II.—Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

COUNTESS. It hath happened all as I would have nad it, save that he comes not along with her.

CLOWN. By my troth, I take my young lord to be very melancholy man.

COUNTESS. By what observance, I pray you?

clown. Why, he will look upon his boot and sing; mend the ruff and sing; ask questions and sing; pick his teeth and sing. I know a man that had this trick of melancholy sold a goodly manor for a song.

COUNTESS. [Opening a letter.] Let me see what he writes,

and when he means to come.

clown. I have no mind to Isbel since I was at court. Our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court:

SH. III

the brains of my Cupid's knocked out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach. 16

COUNTESS. What have we here?

CLOWN. E'en that you have there. [Exit. COUNTESS. 'I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she

hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the "not" eternal. You shall hear I am run away: know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate son, BERTRAM.

28

This is not well: rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king!
To pluck his indignation on thy head
By the misprising of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire!

Re-enter Clown.

CLOWN. O madam! yonder is heavy news within between two soldiers and my young lady.

33

COUNTESS. What is the matter?

clown. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

COUNTESS. Why should he be killed?

clown. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to 't; that 's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more; for my part, I only hear your son was run away.

Enter HELENA and two Gentlemen.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Save you, good madam.

HELENA. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. Do not say so.

COUNTESS. Think upon patience. Pray you, gentlemen.

I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief, That the first face of neither, on the start, Can woman me unto 't: where is my son, I pray you?

SECOND GENTLEMAN. Madam, he 's gone to serve
the Duke of Florence:

We met him thitherward; for thence we came,

52
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,

Thither we bend again.

HELENA. Look on this letter, madam; here's my

passport.

'When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a "then" I write a "never".'

This is a dreadful sentence.

COUNTESS. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

And for the contents' sake are sorry for our pains.

COUNTESS. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer;

If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,

Chou robb'st me of a moiety: he was my son,

But I do wash his name out of my blood,

And thou art all my child. Towards Florence is he? SECOND GENTLEMAN. Ay, madam.

COUNTESS. And to be a soldier? SECOND GENTLEMAN. Such is his noble purpose; and, believe 't,

The duke will lay upon him all the honour

That good convenience claims.

COUNTESS. Return you thither?
FIRST GENTLEMAN. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed. 72

HELENA. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.'

Tis bitter.

COUNTESS. Find you that there?

HELENA. Ay, madam.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which his heart was not consenting to. 76 COUNTESS. Nothing in France until he have no wife!

There's nothing here that is too good for him

But only she; and she deserves a lord

That twenty such rude boys might tend upon, And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him the FIRST GENTLEMAN. A servant only, and a gentlem	?
Which I have sometime known.	
COUNTESS. Parolles, was it no	t?
FIRST GENTLEMAN. Ay, my good lady, he.	
COUNTESS. A very tainted fellow, and full of wick	ed -
ness.	
My son corrupts a well-derived nature	
With his inducement.	
FIRST GENTLEMAN. Indeed, good lady,	
The fellow has a deal of that too much,	88
Which holds him much to have.	
COUNTESS. Y'are welcome, gentlemen.	
I will entreat you, when you see my son,	
To tell him that his sword can never win	92
The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you	
Written to bear along.	
SECOND GENTLEMAN. We serve you, madam,	
In that and all your worthiest affairs.	
COUNTESS. Not so, but as we change our courtes	
Will you draw near? [Exeunt Countess and Gentlem	
HELENA. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing	ır
France.'	
Nothing in France until he has no wife!	
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;	100
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I	
That chase thee from thy country, and expose	
Those tender limbs of thine to the event	
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I	104
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou	1
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark	
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,	108
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,	100
Fly with false aim; move the still-piecing air, That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord!	
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;	
Whoever charges on his forward breast,	112
I am the caitiff that do hold him to't;	334
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause	
zind, mough i kin min nov, i am viic cause	

CENE II] ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL 229

His death was so effected: better 'twere met the ravin lion when he roar'd 116 Vith sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere That all the miseries which nature owes Vere mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon, Vhence honour but of danger wins a scar, as oft it loses all: I will be gone; Ty being here it is that holds thee hence: hall I stay here to do't? no, no, although 'he air of paradise did fan the house, 124 and angels offic'd all: I will be gone, hat pitiful rumour may report my flight, o consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day! or with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [Exit.

Scene III.—Florence. Before the Duke's Palace.

Flourish. Enter DUKE, BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Soldiers. Drum and Trumpets.

DUKE. The general of our horse thou art; and we, reat in our hope, lay our best love and credence pon thy promising fortune.

BERTRAM. Sir, it is

charge too heavy for my strength, but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake
to the extreme edge of hazard.

DUKE. Then go thou forth, and fortune play upon thy prosperous helm

s thy auspicious mistress!

BERTRAM. This very day,

reat Mars, I put myself into thy file:

Take me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
Lover of thy drum, hater of love.

[Exeunt.

8

Scene IV.—Rousillon. Λ Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess and Steward.

COUNTESS. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?

200 MED S WELL THAT ENDS WELL (ACT	111
Might you not know she would do as she has done, By sending me a letter? Read it again.	
STEWARD. 'I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone Ambitious love hath so in me offended	: 4
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon With sainted vow my faults to have amended.	
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war, My dearest master, your dear son, may hie:	8
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far His name with zealous fervour sanctify:	
His taken labours bid him me forgive;	12
I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,	
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:	
He is too good and fair for Death and me; Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.'	16
COUNTESS. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mild words!	est
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,	
As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her, I could have well diverted her intents,	20
Which thus she hath prevented. STEWARD. Pardon me, madam	:
If I had given you this at over-night	
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes, Pursuit would be but vain.	24
COUNTESS. What angel shall	
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,	
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear, And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath	28
Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,	
To this unworthy husband of his wife;	
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,	32
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.	
Dispatch the most convenient messenger: When haply he shall hear that she is gone,	
He will return; and hope I may that she,	36
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again, Led hither by pure love. Which of them both	
J T	

SCENE IV] ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL 231

s dearest to me I have no skill in sense
To make distinction. Provide this messenger.

My heart is heavy and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[Exeunt.

Scene V.—Without the Walls of Florence.

A tucket afar off. Enter a Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, and other Citizens.

WIDOW. Nay, come; for if they do approach the ity we shall lose all the sight.

DIANA. They say the French Count has done most appropriate service.

WIDOW. It is reported that he has taken their reatest commander, and that with his own hand he lew the duke's brother. We have lost our labour; hey are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

MARIANA. Come; let's return again, and suffice curselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take need of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

WIDOW. I have told my neighbour how you have

peen solicited by a gentleman his companion.

MARIANA. I know that knave; hang him! one carolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for he young earl. Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of ust, are not the things they go under: many a maid that been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, hat so terrible shows in the wrack of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope he need not to advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost.

DIANA. You shall not need to fear me.

WIDOW. I hope so. Look, here comes a pilgrim:

232 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL [ACT III

I know she will lie at my house; thither they send one another. I'll question her. 32

Enter HELENA in the dress of a Pilgrim.

God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound? HELENA. To Saint Jaques le Grand.

HELENA. 10 Saint Jaques le Grand.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?
WIDOW. At the Saint Francis, here beside the port.
HELENA. Is this the way?

WIDOW. Ay, marry, is 't.

. Hark you! 37

52

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They come this way. If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,

But till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd:
The rather, for I think I know your hostess

As ample as myself.

HELENA. Is it yourself?

widow. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

HELENA. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

WIDOW. You came, I think, from France?

HELENA. I did so

WIDOW. Here you shall see a countryman of yours That has done worthy service.

HELENA. His name, I pray you.
DIANA. The Count Rousillon: know you such a one?
HELENA. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of

him:

His face I know not.

DIANA. Whatsoe'er he is,

He's bravely taken here. He stole from France, As 'tis reported, for the king had married him

Against his liking. Think you it is so?

HELENA. Ay, surely, mere the truth: I know his lady.

DIANA. There is a gentleman that serves the count Reports but coarsely of her.

HELENA. What's his name?

DIANA. Monsieur Parolles.

HELENA. O! I believe with him,

CENE V] ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL 233
n argument of praise, or to the worth
of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated: all her deserving 60
s a reserved honesty, and that
have not heard examin'd.
DIANA. The state of the Alas, poor lady!
Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
of a detesting lord. The state of the grown of the state of 64
WIDOW. Ay, right; good creature, wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly. This young maid might do her
A shrewd turn if she pleas'd.
HELENA. How do you mean?
May be the amorous count solicits her 68
n the unlawful purpose.
widow. He does, indeed;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him and keeps her guard 72
In honestest defence.
MARIANA. The gods forbid else!
Enter, with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine army, BERTRAM and PAROLLES.
WIDOW. So, now they come.
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.
HELENA. Which is the Frenchman?
DIANA.
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;
would he lov'd his wife. If he were honester,
would he lov'd his wife. If he were honester, He were much goodlier; is't not a handsome gentle-
man?
HELENA. I like him well.
DIANA. 'Tis pity he is not honest. Yond's that
same knave
That leads him to these passes: were I his lady
would poison that vile rascal.
HELENA. Which is he?
DIANA. That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is he
nelancholy?

HELENA. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

PAROLLES. Lose our drum! well.

MARIANA. He's shrewdly vexed at something. Look, he has spied us.

widow. Marry, hang you!

MARIANA. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[Excunt Bertram, Parolles, Officers, and Soldiers. WIDOW. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you

Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,

Already at my house.

Please it this matron and this gentle maid
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin
Worthy the note.

BOTH. We'll take your offer kindly. [Excunt.

Scene VI.—Camp before Florence.

Enter BERTRAM and the two French Lords.

FIRST LORD. Nay, good my lord, put him to't: let him have his way.

SECOND LORD. If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

FIRST LORD. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

BERTRAM. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

FIRST LORD. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

SECOND LORD. It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business in a main danger fail you.

SCENE VI] ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL 235

BERTRAM. I would I knew in what particular action

to try him.

SECOND LORD. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

FIRST LORD. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him: such I will have whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy. We will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your ordship present at his examination: if he do not, for the promise of his life and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you and deliver all the ntelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in anything.

SECOND LORD. O'! for the love of laughter, let him letch his drum: he says he has a stratagem for 't. When your lordship sees the bottom of his success in 't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes. 40

FIRST LORD. O! for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his design: let him fetch off his

drum in any hand.

Enter PAROLLES.

BERTRAM. How now, monsieur! this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

SECOND LORD. A pox on 't! let it go: 'tis but a drum.

PAROLLES. 'But a drum!' Is 't 'but a drum'? A drum so lost! There was excellent command, to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to end our own soldiers!

SECOND LORD. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service: it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented if he had been there to command.

BERTRAM. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

PAROLLES. It might have been recovered.

BERTRAM. It might; but it is not now. 60
PAROLLES. It is to be recovered. But that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or hic jacet.

BERTRAM. Why, if you have a stomach, to't, monsieur: if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into its native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

PAROLLES. By the hand of a soldier, I will under-

take it.

BERTRAM. But you must not now slumber in it.

PAROLLES. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and by midnight look to hear further from me.

BERTRAM. May I be bold to acquaint his Grace you are gone about it?

PAROLLES. I know not what the success will be,

my lord; but the attempt I vow.

BERTRAM. I know thou'rt valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

PAROLLES. I love not many words. [Exit. FIRST LORD. No more than a fish loves water. Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do 't?

SECOND LORD. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week escape a great deal of SCENE VI] ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL 237

discoveries; but when you find him out you have him ever after.

BERTRAM. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto?

FIRST LORD. None in the world; but return with an invention and clap upon you two or three probable lies. But we have almost embossed him, you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lord-ship's respect.

SECOND LORD. We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old Lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall

see this very night.

FIRST LORD. I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.

BERTRAM. Your brother he shall go along with me. FIRST LORD. As't please your lordship: I'll leave you.

BERTRAM. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you

The lass I spoke of.

SECOND LORD. But you say she's honest.

BERTRAM. That's all the fault. I spoke with her but once.

And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind, Tokens and letters which she did re-send;

And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature; Will you go see her?

SECOND LORD. With all my heart, my lord. [Exeunt.

Scene VII.—Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter HELENA and Widow.

HELENA. If you misdoubt me that I am not she, I know not how I shall assure you further, But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

238 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL [ACT I	II
WIDOW. Though my estate be fall'n, I was well bor	n.
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;	5
And would not put my reputation now	
In any staining act.	
HELENA. Nor would I wish you.	
First, give me trust, the county is my husband,	8
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken	
Is so from word to word; and then you cannot,	
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,	
Err in bestowing it.	
widow. I should believe you:	12
For you have show'd me that which well approves	
You're great in fortune.	
HELENA. Take this purse of gold,	
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,	
Which I will over-pay and pay again	16
When I have found it. The county woos your daughte	er,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty	
Resolv'd to carry her: let her in fine consent,	
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it.	20
Now, his important blood will naught deny	
That she'll demand: a ring the county wears,	
That downward hath succeeded in his house	
From son to son, some four or five descents	24
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds	
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,	
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,	
Howe'er repented after.	
widow. Now I see	28
The bottom of your purpose.	
HELENA. You see it lawful then. It is no more,	
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,	
Desires this ring, appoints him an encounter,	32
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,	
Herself most chastely absent. After this,	
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns	
To what is past already.	
widow. I have yielded.	36

Instruct my daughter how she shall persever, That time and place with this deceit so lawful

SCENE VII] ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL 239

May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves, for he persists
As if his life lay on 't.

HELENA. Why then to-night
Let us assay our plot: which if it speed

Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed, Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed, And lawful meaning in a lawful act, Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact. But let's about it.

Exeunt.

40

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ACT IV.

Scene I .- Without the Florentine Camp.

Enter First French Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.

FIRST LORD. He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will: though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

FIRST SOLDIER. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

FIRST LORD. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

FIRST SOLDIER. No, sir, I warrant you.

FIRST LORD. But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?

FIRST SOLDIER. Even such as you speak to me.

strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now, he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

PAROLLES. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausive invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me, and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

FIRST LORD. This is the first truth that e'er thine

own tongue was guilty of.

parolles. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts and say I got them in exploit. Yet slight ones will not carry it: they will say, 'Came you off with so little?' and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mute, if you prattle me into these perils.

FIRST LORD. Is it possible he should know what

he is, and be that he is?

PAROLLES. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

FIRST LORD. We cannot afford you so.

PAROLLES. Or the baring of my beard, and to say it was in stratagem.

FIRST LORD, 'Twould not do.

PAROLLES. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

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FIRST LORD. Hardly serve.

PAROLLES. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

FIRST LORD. How deep?

PAROLLES. Thirty fathom.

FIRST LORD. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

PAROLLES. I would I had any drum of the enemy's: I would swear I recovered it. FIRST LORD. Thou shalt hear one anon. PAROLLES. A drum now of the enemy's ! [Alarum within. FIRST LORD. Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo. ALL. Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo. They seize and blindfold him. PAROLLES. O! ransom, ransom! Do not hide mine FIRST SOLDIER. Boskos thromuldo boskos. PAROLLES. I know you are the Muskos' regiment; And I shall lose my life for want of language. 72 If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch, Italian, or French, let him speak to me: will discover that which shall undo The Florentine. FIRST SOLDIER. Boskos vauvado: 76 I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue: Kerelybonto: Sir, Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards Are at thy bosom. PAROLLES. O! FIRST SOLDIER. O! pray, pray, pray. Manka revania dulche. FIRST LORD. Oscorbidulchos volivorco. FIRST SOLDIER. The general is content to spare thee vet: And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on To gather from thee: haply thou may'st inform Something to save thy life. PAROLLES. And all the secrets of our camp I'll show, Their force, their purposes; nay, I'll speak that Which you will wonder at. FIRST SOLDIER. But wilt thou faithfully? 88 PAROLLES. If I do not, damn me. FIRST SOLDIER. Acordo linta. Come on; thou art granted space.

[Exit, with PAROLLES guarded. A short alarum within.

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FIRST LORD. Go, tell the Count Rousillon, and my brother.

We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled

Till we do hear from them.

SECOND SOLDIER. Captain, I will.

FIRST LORD. A' will betray us all unto ourselves:

Inform on that.

SECOND SOLDIER. So I will, sir.

FIRST LORD. Till then, I'll keep him dark and safely lock'd. Exeunt.

Scene II.—Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

They told me that your name was Fontibell.

DIANA. No, my good lord, Diana.

Titled goddess; BERTRAM.

And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul, In your fine frame hath love no quality? If the quick fire of youth light not your mind, You are no maiden, but a monument:

When you are dead, you should be such a one As you are now, for you are cold and stern;

And now you should be as your mother was When your sweet self was got.

DIANA. She then was honest.

So should you be. BERTRAM.

DIANA. The second of the property of the No: My mother did but duty; such, my lord,

As you owe to your wife.

BERTRAM. No more o' that!

I prithee do not strive against my vows. I was compell'd to her; but I love thee

By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever Do thee all rights of service.

DIANA. Ay, so you serve us Till we serve you; but when you have our roses, You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves

And mock us with our bareness.	
BERTRAM. How have I sworn	! 20
DIANA. 'Tis not the many oaths that make the tru	ith,
But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.	
What is not holy, that we swear not by,	
But take the Highest to witness: then, pray y	ou,
tell me, and have a good mount of trivalization	24
If I should swear by God's great attributes	
lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,	
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,	
To swear by him whom I protest to love,	28
That I will work against him: therefore your oaths	5
Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd;	
At least in my opinion.	
BERTRAM. Change it, change it.	
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;	32
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts	
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,	
But give thyself unto my sick desires,	
Who then recover: say thou art mine, and ever	36
My love as it begins shall so persever.	
DIANA. I see that men make ropes in such a sca	rr
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.	
BERTRAM. I'll lend it thee, my dear; but have	
power : became the over the male of	40
To give it from me.	
DIANA. Will you not, my lord?	
BERTRAM. It is an honour 'longing to our house,	
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,	
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world	44
In me to lose.	
DIANA. Mine honour's such a ring:	
My chastity's the jewel of our house,	
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,	
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world	48
In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom	
Brings in the champion honour on my part	
Against your vain assault.	
BERTRAM. Here, take my ring:	
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,	52

And I'll be bid by thee.

DIANA. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window:

I'll order take my mother shall not hear. Now will I charge you in the band of truth,

When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,

Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me.

My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:

60

And on your finger in the night I'll put

Another ring, that what in time proceeds

May token to the future our past deeds. Adieu, till then; then, fail not. You have won

A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

BERTRAM. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing

thee. [Exit.

DIANA. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!

You may so in the end.

My mother told me just how he would woo

As if she sat in 's heart; she says all men Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me

When his wife 's dead; therefore I'll lie with him 72
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,

Marry that will, I live and die a maid: Only in this disguise I think't no sin

To cozen him that would unjustly win.

[Exit.

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Scene III.—The Florentine Camp.

Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.
FIRST LORD. You have not given him his mother's letter?

SECOND LORD. I have delivered it an hour since: there is something in 't that stings his nature, for on the reading it he changed almost into another man. 5

FIRST LORD. He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady. SECOND LORD. Especially he hath incurred the ever-

lasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his

ounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, ut you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

FIRST LORD. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

SECOND LORD. He hath perverted a young gentleroman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and his night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks imself made in the unchaste composition.

FIRST LORD. Now, God delay our rebellion! as we re ourselves, what things are we!

SECOND LORD. Merely our own traitors: and as in he common course of all treasons, we still see them eveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred nds, so he that in this action contrives against his own ability, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

FIRST LORD. Is it not most damnable in us, to be rumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then ave his company to-night?

SECOND LORD. Not till after midnight, for he is

lieted to his hour.

FIRST LORD. That approaches apace: I would ladly have him see his company anatomized, that he night take a measure of his own judgments, wherein o curiously he had set this counterfeit.

SECOND LORD. We will not meddle with him till he come, for his presence must be the whip of the other.

FIRST LORD. In the meantime what hear you of hese wars?

SECOND LORD. I hear there is an overture of peace. FIRST LORD. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded. SECOND LORD. What will Count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

FIRST LORD. I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

SECOND LORD. Let it be forbid, sir; so should I be a great deal of his act.

FIRST LORD. Sir, his wife some two months since ded from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking with

most austere sanctimony she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

SECOND LORD. How is this justified?

FIRST LORD. The stronger part of it by her own letters, which make her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place, which is the way were

SECOND LORD. Hath the count all this intelligence? FIRST LORD. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

SECOND LORD. I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this. How mightily sometimes we make us

comforts of our losses!

SECOND LORD. And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

FIRST LORD. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now! where's your master?

SERVANT. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him

letters of commendations to the king.

SECOND LORD. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend. FIRST LORD. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now.

Enter BERTRAM.

How now, my lord! is 't not after midnight? 84 BERTRAM. I have to-night dispatched sixteen busi-

CENE HI] ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL 247

esses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of access: I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu ith his nearest, buried a wife, mourned for her, writ to ny lady mother I am returning, entertained my convoy; nd between these main parcels of dispatch effected nany nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that have not ended yet. SECOND LORD. If the business be of any difficulty. nd this morning your departure hence, it requires

aste of your lordship.

BERTRAM. I mean, the business is not ended, as earing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this ialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring orth this counterfeit model: he has deceived me, like double-meaning prophesier. 100 SECOND LORD. Bring him forth. [Exeunt Soldiers.]

las sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

BERTRAM. No matter; his heels have deserved it, usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry imself? The site of my sale is it read to community store 105

FIRST LORD. I have told your lordship already, the cocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be nderstood; he weeps like a wench that had shed her ilk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan,—whom he apposes to be a friar,—from the time of his rememrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the cocks: and what think you he hath confessed?

BERTRAM. Nothing of me, has a'?

SECOND LORD. His confession is taken, and it shall e read to his face: if your lordship be in 't, as I believe ou are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers with PAROLLES.

BERTRAM. A plague upon him! muffled! he can ay nothing of me: hush! hush!

FIRST LORD. Hoodman comes! Porto tartarossa. FIRST SOLDIER. He calls for the tortures: what will ou say without 'em?

PAROLLES. I will confess what I know without contraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

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FIRST SOLDIER. Bosko chimurcho.

FIRST LORD. Boblibindo chicurmurco.

FIRST SOLDIER. You are a merciful general. Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

PAROLLES. And truly, as I hope to live.

FIRST SOLDIER. 'First, demand of him how many horse the duke is strong.' What say you to that?

PAROLLES. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live. 135

FIRST SOLDIER. Shall I set down your answer so? PAROLLES. Do: I'll take the sacrament on't, how

and which way you will.

BERTRAM. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

FIRST LORD. You are deceived, my lord: this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist,-that was his own phrase,—that had the whole theorick of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

SECOND LORD. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have everything in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

FIRST SOLDIER. Well, that's set down.

PAROLLES. Five or six thousand horse, I said,-I will say true,-or thereabouts, set down, for I'll speak truth.

FIRST LORD. He's very near the truth in this.

BERTRAM. But I con him no thanks for 't, in the nature he delivers it.

PAROLLES. Poor rogues, I pray you, say. 156 FIRST SOLDIER. Well, that's set down.

PAROLLES. I humbly thank you, sir. A truth's a truth; the rogues are marvellous poor.

FIRST SOLDIER. 'Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot.' What say you to that?

PAROLLES. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio,

hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, o many; Jaques, so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodovick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each; mine own ompany, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, pon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; alf of the which dare not shake the snow from off their assocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

BERTRAM. What shall be done to him? 172
FIRST LORD. Nothing, but let him have thanks.
Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

FIRST SOLDIER. Well, that 's set down. 'You shall lemand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the amp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the luke; what his valour, honesty, and expertness in vars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with vell-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.' What say you to this? what do you know of it? 182 PAROLLES. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the inter'gatories: demand them singly.

FIRST SOLDIER. Do you know this Captain Dumain?
PAROLLES. I know him: a' was a botcher's 'prentice
n Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the
hrieve's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could
not say him nay.

[Dumain lifts up his hand in anger.

BERTRAM. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; hough I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile hat falls.

FIRST SOLDIER. Well, is this captain in the Duke

of Florence's camp?

PAROLLES. Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.

FIRST LORD. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall lear of your lordship anon.

FIRST SOLDIER. What is his reputation with the luke?

PAROLLES. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me this other day to urn him out o' the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

FIRST SOLDIER. Marry, we'll search.

PAROLLES. In good sadness, I do not know: either it is there, or it is upon a file with the duke's other letters in my tent.

FIRST SOLDIER. Here 'tis; here 's a paper; shall I ad it to you?

read it to you?

PAROLLES. I do not know if it be it or no.

BERTRAM. Our interpreter does it well.

FIRST LORD. Excellently.

FIRST SOLDIER. 'Dian, the count's a fool, and full

of gold '—

PAROLLES. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very ruttish. I pray you, sir, put it up again.

FIRST SOLDIER. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.
PAROLLES. My meaning in 't, I protest, was very
honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young
count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is
a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

BERTRAM. Damnable both-sides rogue! 224
FIRST SOLDIER. 'When he swears oaths, bid him

drop gold and take it;

After he scores, he never pays the score:

Half won is match well made; match, and well make it;

He ne'er pays after-debts; take it before,
And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss;
For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.'

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BERTRAM. He shall be whipped through the army with this rime in 's forehead. 236

FIRST LORD. This is your devoted friend, sir; the manifold linguist and the armipotent soldier.

BERTRAM. I could endure anything before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

FIRST SOLDIER. I perceive, sir, by our general's

looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

PAROLLES. My life, sir, in any case! not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or anywhere, so I may live.

FIRST SOLDIER. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely: therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain. You have answered to his reputation with the duke and to his valour: what is his honesty? 251

PAROLLES. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus; he professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules; he will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool; drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swinedrunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has everything that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

FIRST LORD. I begin to love him for this.

BERTRAM. For this description of thine honesty?

A pox upon him for me! he is more and more a cat.

FIRST SOLDIER. What say you to his expertness in war?

PAROLLES. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

FIRST LORD. He hath out-villained villany so far,

that the rarity redeems him.

BERTRAM. A pox on him! he's a cat still. 278
FIRST SOLDIER. His qualities being at this poor price,
I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

PAROLLES. Sir, for a cardecu he will sell the feesimple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

FIRST SOLDIER. What's his brother, the other Captain

Dumain?

SECOND LORD. Why does he ask him of me?

FIRST SOLDIER. What's he?

PAROLLES. E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he out-runs any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

FIRST SOLDIER. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

PAROLLES. Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.

FIRST SOLDIER. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

PAROLLES. [Aside.] I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

must die. The general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

PAROLLES. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my

death!

FIRST SOLDIER. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends.

[Unmuffling him. So, look about you: know you any here? 317

BERTRAM. Good morrow, noble captain.

SECOND LORD. God bless you, Captain Parolles.

FIRST LORD. God save you, noble captain.

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SECOND LORD. Captain, what greeting will you to

my Lord Lafeu? I am for France.

FIRST LORD. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.

[Exeunt BERTRAM and Lords. FIRST SOLDIER. You are undone, captain; all but your scarf; that has a knot on 't yet.

PAROLLES. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?
FIRST SOLDIER. If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much hame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare ye vell, sir; I am for France too: we shall speak of you here.

PAROLLES. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were

great

Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more; 336 But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft As captain shall: simply the thing I am

Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart, Let him fear this; for it will come to pass 340

That every braggart shall be found an ass.

Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and Parolles, live Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive! There's place and means for every man alive. 'll after them.

344 [Exit.

Scene IV.—Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.

HELENA. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the Christian world

Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful, Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.

Time was I did him a desired office,

Dear almost as his life; which gratitude

Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth, And answer, thanks. I duly am inform'd

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His Grace is at Marseilles; to which place We have convenient convoy. You must know, I am supposed dead: the army breaking, My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding, 12 And by the leave of my good lord the king, We'll be before our welcome.

WIDOW. Gentle madam, You never had a servant to whose trust Your business was more welcome.

HELENA. Nor you, mistress, 16
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love. Doubt not but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive 20
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts

Defiles the pitchy night: so lust doth play With what it loathes for that which is away. But more of this hereafter. You, Diana,

Under my poor instructions yet must suffer

Something in my behalf.

DIANA.

Let death and honesty

Go with your impositions, I am yours

Upon your will to suffer.

HELENA.

Yet, I pray you:
But with the word the time will bring on summer,
When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us:
All's well that ends well: still the fine's the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [Exeunt.

Scene V.—Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace. Enter Countess, Lafeu, and Clown.

LAFEU. No, no, no; your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villanous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had

een alive at this hour, and your son here at home, nore advanced by the king than by that red-tailed umble-bee I speak of.

countess. I would I had not known him; it was he death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever lature had praise for creating. If she had partaken f my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, could not have owed her a more rooted love.

LAFEU. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such

nother herb.

CLOWN. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram f the salad, or, rather the herb of grace.

LAFEU. They are not salad-herbs, you knave; they

re nose-herbs.

CLOWN. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have ot much skill in grass.

LAFEU. Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave,

r a fool?

clown. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a nave at a man's.

LAFEU. Your distinction?

CLOWN. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do is service. 28

LAFEU. So you were a knave at his service, indeed. clown. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, o do her service.

LAFEU. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both nave and fool.

CLOWN. At your service.

LAFEU. No, no, no.

CLOWN. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve s great a prince as you are.

LAFEU. Who's that? a Frenchman?

clown. Faith, sir, a' has an English name; but is phisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

LAFEU. What prince is that?

CLOWN. The black prince, sir; alias, the prince of arkness; alias, the devil.

LAFEU. Hold thee, there's my purse. I give thee

not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of: serve him still.

clown. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in 's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

LAFEU. Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways: let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

cLown. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks, which are their own right by the law of nature.

LAFEU. A shrewd knave and an unhappy.

COUNTESS. So he is. My lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

LAFEU. I like him well; 'tis not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose. His highness hath promised me to do it; and to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

COUNTESS. With very much content, my lord; and

I wish it happily effected.

LAFEU. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty: he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

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COUNTESS. It rejoices me that I hope I shall see nim ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here o-night: I shall be seech your lordship to remain with ne till they meet together.

LAFEU. Madam, I was thinking with what manners might safely be admitted.

COUNTESS. You need but plead your honourable

Drivilege. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; out I thank my God it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

CLOWN. O madam! yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be scar under it or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet. His left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

LAFEU. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good ivery of honour; so belike is that.

CLOWN. But it is your carbonadoed face.

LAFEU. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long o talk with the young noble soldier. CLOWN. Faith, there 's a dozen of 'em, with delicate ine hats and most courteous feathers, which bow the ead and nod at every man.

ACT V.

Scene. I .- Marseilles. A Street.

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants. HELENA. But this exceeding posting, day and night, fust wear your spirits low; we cannot help it: But since you have made the days and nights as one, o wear your gentle limbs in my affairs, Be bold you do so grow in my requital s nothing can unroot you. In happy time;

SH. III

15

Enter a gentle Astringer.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear, If he would spend his power. God save you, sir.

ASTRINGER. And you.

HELENA. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

ASTRINGER. I have been sometimes there.

HELENA. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen From the report that goes upon your goodness; 13

And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,

Which lay nice manners by, I put you to

The use of your own virtues, for the which

I shall continue thankful.

ASTRINGER. What's your will?

HELENA. That it will please you To give this poor petition to the king,

And aid me with that store of power you have

To come into his presence.

ASTRINGER. The king 's not here.

HELENA. Not here, sir! ASTRINGER. Not, indeed:

He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste Than is his use.

WIDOW. Lord, how we lose our pains!
HELENA. All's well that ends well yet,

Though time seems so adverse and means unfit.

I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

ASTRINGER. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;

Whither I am going.

HELENA. I do beseech you, sir, Since you are like to see the king before me, Commend the paper to his gracious hand; Which I presume shall render you no blame But rather make you thank your pains for it. I will come after you with what good speed Our means will make us means.

ASTRINGER. This I'll do for you. HELENA. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd.

Whate'er falls more. We must to horse again:
Go, go, provide. [Excunt

CENE II] ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL 259

Scene II.—Rousillon. The inner Court of the Countess's Palace.

Enter Clown and PAROLLES.

PAROLLES. Good Monsieur Lavache, give my Lord afeu this letter. I have ere now, sir, been better nown to you, when I have held familiarity with resher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in Forune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong ispleasure.

cLown. Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but sluttish it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will enceforth eat no fish of Fortune's buttering. Prithee,

llow the wind.

PAROLLES. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, ir: I spake but by a metaphor.

clown. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will top my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee, et thee further.

PAROLLES. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper. 16 CLOWN. Foh! prithee, stand away: a paper from ortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, ere he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

lere is a purr of Fortune's, sir, or of Fortune's cat—ut not a musk-cat—that has fallen into the unclean shpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied ithal. Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may, for e looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally nave. I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort, and leave him to your lordship.

[Exit. PAROLLES. My lord, I am a man whom Fortune

PAROLLES. My lord, I am a man whom Fortune ath cruelly scratched.

LAFEU. And what would you have me to do? 'tis to late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you layed the knave with Fortune that she should scratch ou, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have naves thrive long under her? There's a cardecu for

you. Let the justices make you and Fortune friends: I am for other business.

PAROLLES. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

LAFEU. You beg a single penny more: come, you

shall ha't; save your word. PAROLLES. My name, my good lord, is Parolles. 40 LAFEU. You beg more than one word then. Cox my passion! give me your hand. How does your

drum?

PAROLLES. O, my good lord! you were the first that found me. where you have the first that found me. LAFEU. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

PAROLLES. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in

some grace, for you did bring me out.

LAFEU. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace and the other brings thee out. [Trumpets sound.] The king's coming; I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat: go to, follow.

PAROLLES. I praise God for you.

Scene III.—The Same. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.

KING. We lost a jewel of her, and our esteem Was made much poorer by it: but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home.

'Tis past, my liege; COUNTESS. And I beseech your majesty to make it Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth; When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force, O'erbears it and burns on.

My honour'd lady, KING.

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have forgiven and forgotten all, hough my revenges were high bent upon him, nd watch'd the time to shoot. This I must sav. -LAFEU. But first I beg my pardon,—the young lord old to his majesty, his mother, and his lady, offence of mighty note, but to himself he greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife Vhose beauty did astonish the survey of richest eyes, whose words all ears took captive, Vhose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve lumbly call'd mistress. Praising what is lost KING. Takes the remembrance dear. Well, call him hither; Ve are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill Il repetition. Let him not ask our pardon: he nature of his great offence is dead, nd deeper than oblivion we do bury 24 he incensing relics of it: let him approach. stranger, no offender; and inform him o 'tis our will he should. GENTLEMAN. I shall, my liege. KING. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke ? LAFEU. All that he is hath reference to your highness. KING. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me. hat set him high in fame. Enter BERTRAM. He looks well on't. LAFEU. KING. I am not a day of season, 32 or thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail n me at once; but to the brightest beams Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth;

My high-repented blames, 36

he time is fair again.

Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

BERTRAM.

All is whole: Not one word more of the consumed time. Let's take the instant by the forward top, For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees The inaudible and noiseless foot of time Steals ere we can effect them. You remember The daughter of this lord? BERTRAM. Admiringly, my liege: At first I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue, Where the impression of mine eye infixing, Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me. Which warp'd the line of every other favour; Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen; Extended or contracted all proportions To a most hideous object: thence it came That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself, Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye The dust that did offend it. Well excus'd: KING. That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away From the great compt. But love that comes too late. Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried, To the great sender turns a sour offence, Crying, 'That's good that's gone.' Our rasher faults Make trivial price of serious things we have, Not knowing them until we know their grave: Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust, Destroy our friends and after weep their dust: 64 Our own love waking cries to see what 's done, While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon. Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her. Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin: 68 The main consents are had: and here we'll stay To see our widower's second marriage-day. COUNTESS. Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless! Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse! LAFEU. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name

Must be digested, give a favour from you

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To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter, hat she may quickly come. [Bertram gives a ring. By my old beard, 76 and every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead, Vas a sweet creature; such a ring as this, he last that e'er I took her leave at court, saw upon her finger. Hers it was not. BERTRAM. 80 KING. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye, Vhile I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't. his ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen, bade her, if her fortunes ever stood 84 recessitied to help, that by this token would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her f what should stead her most? My gracious sovereign. BERTRAM. lowe'er it pleases you to take it so, he ring was never hers. COUNTESS. Son, on my life. have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it t her life's rate. I am sure I saw her wear it. LAFEU. BERTRAM. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it: n Florence was it from a casement thrown me. Vrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name If her that threw it. Noble she was, and thought stood engag'd: but when I had subscrib'd 96 o mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully could not answer in that course of honour s she had made the overture, she ceas'd, n heavy satisfaction, and would never 100 eceive the ring again. KING. Plutus himself. hat knows the tinct and multiplying medicine, lath not in nature's mystery more science han I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's, Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know hat you are well acquainted with yourself, onfess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement

You got it from her. She call'd the saints to surety. That she would never put it from her finger Unless she gave it to yourself in bed, Where you have never come, or sent it us Upon her great disaster.

BERTRAM. She never saw it. KING. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour:

And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so ;— 116 And yet I know not: thou didst hate her deadly, And she is dead; which nothing, but to close Her eves myself, could win me to believe, More than to see this ring. Take him away.

[Guards seize BERTRAM.

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall, Shall tax my fears of little vanity, Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him! We'll sift this matter further.

If you shall prove BERTRAM. This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence. Where yet she never was. [Exit guarded. KING. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Enter the gentle Astringer.

Gracious sovereign, 128 ASTRINGER. Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not: Here's a petition from a Florentine, Who hath, for four or five removes, come short To tender it herself. I undertook it, 132 Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know Is here attending: her business looks in her With an importing visage, and she told me, In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern Your highness with herself.

KING. 'Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me.

CENE III] ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL 265

ow is the Count Rousillon a widower: his vows are refeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He cole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him his country for justice. Grant it me, O king! in ou it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and poor maid is undone.

DIANA CAPILET.'

LAFEU. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and oll for this: I'll none of him.

KING. The heavens have thought well on thee,

Lafeu,

o bring forth this discovery. Seek these suitors: o speedily and bring again the count.

[Excunt the gentle Astringer, and some Attendants.

am afeard the life of Helen, lady, Vas foully snatch'd.

as foully snatch of

COUNTESS. Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter BERTRAM, guarded.

KING. I wonder, sir, sith wives are monsters to you, nd that you fly them as you swear them lordship, 156 et you desire to marry.

Re-enter the gentle Astringer, with Widow and DIANA.

What woman's that?

DIANA. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine, derived from the ancient Capilet:

ly suit, as I do understand, you know,

and therefore know how far I may be pitied.

widow. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour oth suffer under this complaint we bring,

nd both shall cease, without your remedy.

KING. Come hither, county; do you know these

women?

BERTRAM. My lord, I neither can nor will deny but that I know them: do they charge me further?

DIANA. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

BERTRAM. She's none of mine, my lord.

DIANA. If you shall marry,

You give away this hand, and that is mine; You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine; You give away myself, which is known mine; For I by vow am so embodied yours That she which marries you must marry me; Either both or none.

LAFEU. [To BERTRAM.] Your reputation comes too short for my daughter: you are no husband for her. BERTRAM. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature.

Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your highness Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour Than for to think that I would sink it here.

KING. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to

friend. Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour,

Than in my thought it lies.

Good my lord, DIANA. 184 Ask him upon his oath, if he does think

He had not my virginity.

KING. What sayst thou to her?

She's impudent, my lord; BERTRAM. And was a common gamester to the camp. DIANA. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so, He might have bought me at a common price:

Do not believe him. O! behold this ring, Whose high respect and rich validity

Did lack a parallel; yet for all that He gave it to a commoner o' the camp.

If I be one.

COUNTESS. He blushes, and 'tis it: Of six preceding ancestors, that gem 195 Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue. Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife: That ring's a thousand proofs.

Methought you said KING. You saw one here in court could witness it. DIANA. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce So bad an instrument: his name's Parolles.

LAFEU. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

CENE III] ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL 267 KING. Find him, and bring him hither. [Exit an Attendant. What of him? BERTRAM. le's quoted for a most perfidious slave, Vith all the spots of the world tax'd and debosh'd, Vhose nature sickens but to speak a truth. am I or that or this for what he'll utter, 208 hat will speak anything? KING. She hath that ring of yours. BERTRAM. I think she has: certain it is I lik'd her, and boarded her i' the wanton way of youth. he knew her distance and did angle for me, 212 ladding my eagerness with her restraint, as all impediments in fancy's course are motives of more fancy; and, in fine, 216

As all impediments in fancy's course are motives of more fancy; and, in fine, Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace, bubdued me to her rate: she got the ring, and I had that which any inferior might at market-price have bought.

DIANA. I must be patient;
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,—
Since you lack virtue I will lose a husband,—
Send for your ring; I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

BERTRAM. I have it not. 224
KING. What ring was yours, I pray you?

DIANA. Sir, much like

The same upon your finger.

KING. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

DIANA. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

KING. The story then goes false you threw it him

out of a casement.

DIANA. I have spoke the truth.

Re-enter Attendant with PAROLLES.

BERTRAM. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers. KING. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you. s this the man you speak of?

DIANA. Ay, my lord. 233
KING. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge
you.

Not fearing the displeasure of your master,—
Which, on your just proceeding I'll keep off,—
By him and by this woman here what know you?

PAROLLES. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman: tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

KING. Come, come, to the purpose: did he love

this woman?

PAROLLES. Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?
KING. How, I pray you?

PAROLLES. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

KING. How is that?

PAROLLES. He loved her, sir, and loved her not. 248 KING. As thou art a knave, and no knave.

What an equivocal companion is this!

PAROLLES. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

LAFEU. He is a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

DIANA. Do you know he promised me marriage?
PAROLLES. Faith, I know more than I'll speak. 256
KING. But wilt thou not speak all thou knowest?

PAROLLES. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her, for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me ill will to speak of: therefore I will not speak what I know.

KING. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside. This ring, you

say, was yours?

DIANA. Ay, my good lord.

TENE III] ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL 269

KING. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you? DIANA. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

KING. Who lent it you?

DIANA. It was not lent me neither.

KING. Where did you find it, then?

DIANA. The state of the state o

KING. If it were yours by none of all these ways, 276 ow could you give it him?

DIANA. I never gave it him.

LAFEU. This woman's an easy glove, my lord: she

pes off and on at pleasure.

KING. This ring was mine: I gave it his first wife. DIANA. It might be yours or hers, for aught I know. KING. Take her away; I do not like her now.

o prison with her; and away with him.

nless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring 284 hou diest within this hour.

DIANA. I'll never tell you.

KING. Take her away.

DIANA. I'll put in bail, my liege.
KING. I think thee now some common customer.

DIANA. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas yeu.

KING. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

DIANA. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty.

le knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't; ll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.

reat king, I am no strumpet, by my life; am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[Pointing to LAFEU.

KING. She does abuse our ears: to prison with her!

DIANA. Good mother, fetch my bail. [Exit Widow.]

Stay, royal sir;

he jeweller that owes the ring is sent for, nd he shall surety me. But for this lord, Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,

hough yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him: 300 le knows himself my bed he hath defil'd,

nd at that time he got his wife with child:

lead though she be, she feels her young one kick:

So there's my riddle: one that's dead is quick; 304 And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.

Is there no exorcist Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes? Is 't real that I see?

No, my good lord: HELENA. 'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see: The name and not the thing.

Both, both. O! pardon. BERTRAM. HELENA. O my good lord! when I was like this

I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring; And, look you, here's your letter; this it says: 312 'When from my finger you can get this ring, And are by me with child,' &c. This is done: Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

BERTRAM. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly, 1316
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

HELENA. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,

Deadly divorce step between me and you!

O! my dear mother; do I see you living? 320 LAFEU. Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon. [To Parolles.] Good Tom Drum, lend me a hand-

kercher: so, I thank thee. Wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee: let thy curtsies alone, they are scurvy ones. Let us from point to point this story know,

To make the even truth in pleasure flow.

[To DIANA.] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower, Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;

For I can guess that by thy honest aid Thou keptst a wife herself, thyself a maid. Of that, and all the progress, more and less, 332 Resolvedly more leisure shall express: All yet seems well: and if it end so meet. The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[Flourish. Exeunt.

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EPILOGUE.

Spoken by the KING.

he king's a beggar, now the play is done:
Il is well ended if this suit be won,
hat you express content; which we will pay,
ith strife to please you, day exceeding day:
urs be your patience then, and yours our parts,
our gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[Exeunt.



TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL

THE RESERVE OF THE PARTY OF THE

IWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL

INTRODUCTION

Twelfth-Night was printed for the first time, and with

comparatively good text, in the folio of 1623.

Among the Harleian MSS. of the British Museum is he diary of a student in the Middle Temple, whose ecords were made towards the close of Queen Elizaeth's reign. Whether this diary was first discovered o be of Shakespearean interest by Hunter or by Collier, it was certainly Hunter who identified the liarist as John Manningham. The entry which here pecially interests us is the following, dealing with February 2, 1601-2. 'At our feast,' writes Manningnam, 'we had a play called "Twelve-Night, or What you Will", much like the Commedy of Errors, or Menechmi in Plautus, but most like and neere to that n Italian called "Inganni". A good practise in it to nake the Steward believe his Lady widdowe was in love with him, by counterfeyting a letter as from his Lady n generall termes, telling him what shee liked best in nim, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparaile, etc., and then when he came to practise making him believe they tooke him to be mad.

Thus we are furnished with a downward limit of the late of composition, which at once sets aside certain conjectures of the earlier critics. The play is not mentioned by Meres in his list of 1598, and, if it had then been known, it is hardly likely that he would have emitted a comedy which has in it so many elements of copularity. An allusion (Act III, Sc. ii) to the 'new map with the augmentation of the Indies' probably

refers to a map by Emmerie Mollineux, which was published in 1599 (see New Sh. Soc. Trans., 1877-9). song of Feste, 'O mistress mine, where are you roaming?', is given in Morley's Consort Lessons, 1599, but possibly the song was an old one and reached both Shakespeare and Morley by tradition. The song 'Farewell, dear heart,' &c., of which Sir Toby and the Clown give us fragments, is found in Robert Jones's Booke of Ayres, 1601. Other pieces of supposed internal evidence have been pointed out, but little value can be attached to them. We shall probably be very near the mark if we date the play 1600-1.

Manningham compares the play to the Italian Inganni (the Deceits). There are two Italian comedies which bear this title—Gl' Inganni, by Nicolo Secco (acted 1547), and that by Curzio Gonzaga (printed 1592) in which the name 'Cesare' (compare Shakespeare's 'Cesario') is assumed by the disguised lady. The resemblance of the plots of these plays to that of Twelfth-Night is hardly enough to warrant the conjecture that Shakespeare was acquainted with either of them. A better claim may be made on behalf of Gl' Ingannati, a play acted in Siena by the Academy of the 'Intronati' in 1531. The title of the volume in which the play is printed, Il Sacrificio, refers to preliminary matter preceding Gl' Ingannati, the sacrifice of sonnets and madrigals and love-tokens on a poetic altar. One of these sacrifices is made by Messer Agnol Malevolti, a name which, it has been supposed, may have suggested that of 'Malvolio'. The play that follows, which anticipates the love-adventures of Orsino and Sebastian, Olivia and Viola, may possibly have been brought to England by an Italian troupe of actors who performed before the Queen in 1577-8; it is certainly the original, at one remove—through the French—of a Latin play, Laclia, given at Queen's College, Cambridge, in 1595 and 1598 (edited from the Lambeth MS. by Dr. Moore Smith); it also undoubtedly suggested to Bandello one of the novels in his collection. The Cambridge Latin play, possibly translated by George

Meriton and George Montaigne, follows the French version, named Les Abusez, of 1556. It is highly probable that we have come upon the track of Shakespeare's source; but it must not be overlooked that in the tale of Apolonius and Silla', given in Barnabe Riche's Farewell to Militarie Profession, 1581, there are sufficient resemblances to the love-intrigue of Twelfth-Night to justify the conjecture that from this humble source much, if not the main body, of Shakespeare's plot may have been derived. The reader who would investigate this subject for himself may be directed to Dr. Furness's

edition of Shakespeare's play.

German critics have sought for Shakespeare's central idea in Twelfth-Night; let us not try to rival them in profundity; let us rather be satisfied if we say that Shakespeare's central idea was to conjoin a loveromance with the passion of loud mirth, to charm our imagination with beauty, and at the same time to make laughter hold his sides. Is not this a sufficient ambition for one who was primarily a playwright and not a critical philosopher? Twel/th-Night, like the Italian comedy, is a drama of deceptions and of the deceived. We are cheated by our fellow-mortals, by fortune, by accident; but always the chief deceiver is ourselfour sentimentality, our vanity, our fears, our egoism. Even Viola, whose tender and loyal woman's heart goes straight to the mark, must be brought within the compass of the law, and must take Sir Andrew for a formidable fire-eater. Orsino is doubly deceived first by his own love-in-idleness, and secondly by his counterfeit page. Olivia is in love with grief and is speedily convicted of her error, whereupon she falls in love with one of her own sex, and by and by is again betrayed into her happiness. If Puck were busy squeezing the magic juice into the eyes of mortals the confusion could not be greater. And among these wanderers in the wood of error stalks the solemn figure of Malvolio, whose deception could never have proceeded from Maria's devices had it not first a source in his self-love.

Of Shakespeare's pretty disguisers in male attire, setting apart the incomparable Imogen, the prettiest is Viola. She is not, like Rosalind, 'uncommon tall,' nor, like her, uncommon brilliant of speech. To us she has the charm of for ever betraying her girlhood, though it is so effectually concealed from Olivia and the Duke:

Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound;
And all is semblative a woman's part.

Yet Viola plays her page's rôle with unfaltering courage; she bears her messages to Olivia without a moment's hostility or ill-will; she throws a veil of gaiety over her wistfulness, and knows how to be

patient and to wait.

Master Feste, the Fool, is perhaps the wisest person in the play—'for what says Quinapalus? "Better a witty fool than a foolish wit."' He sees the fooling of all the others, and himself preserves a perspicacity in his folly: 'Now, the melancholy god protect thee,' he cries to the Duke, 'and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal!' He can, like other wits, turn a sentence like a cheveril glove, but he is only the Lady Olivia's corrupter of words, not her fool: to play his part requires some wisdom. Moreover he has the gift of a 'very sweet and contagious' breath; he sings songs that are both wise and gay, and has the honour of praise in departing, when the play closes, and his voice, telling of the rain that raineth every day, is the last utterance and is heard while he alone occupies the stage.

Some critics have imagined that in Malvolio we find the satire of Shakespeare upon Puritanism. Now and again, for a moment in passing, Shakespeare can utter his comment on that form of Puritanism which would banish cakes and ale from the world or deny that ginger is hot in the mouth; but it was not his way to satirize any body of contemporary religious opinion or sentiment. Malvolio stands for something of wider range—the self-deception of self-love. He does not err in perceiving the disorder that has invaded the household of his mistress; he has a consciousness of superiority to the roistering toper and the lean-witted gentleman his companion. But Malvolio is not aware that he himself is the victim of a deeper form of intoxication, the intoxication of self-esteem; and he is made to play more fantastic tricks before high heaven than ever the drunken Sir Toby or the brainless Sir Andrew perform. The high pretensions of Malvolio's folly lend it a certain dignity, and the dignity enhances its absurdity. It is a little cruel—and the cruelty is Shakespeare's—when in the Samson-like strength of his delusion so respectable an officer is made sport for the godless Philistine crew. Sir Andrew even, who catches some faint gleams of intelligence from Sir Toby, as does Slender in the Merry Wives from Shallow, can gird at him. Could there be a greater indignity? Our comfort is that Sir Andrew is himself almost at the same moment befooled, is stripped of his valiant trappings, and exhibited in his naked cowardice. Who had so good a right to restore Malvolio to our respect as that gentlest of critics, Charles Lamb, in the well-known essay which recalls the performance of the part by Bensley? 'Malvolio,' he comments, 'is not essentially ludicrous. He becomes comic but by accident. He is cold, austere, repelling; but dignified, consistent, and, for what appears, rather of an over-stretched morality. Maria describes him as a sort of Puritan; and he might have worn his gold chain with honour in one of our old round-head families, in the service of a Lambert, or a Lady Fairfax. But his morality and his manners are misplaced in Illyria. He is opposed to the proper levities of the piece, and falls in the unequal contest. Still his pride, or his gravity, (call it which you will) is inherent, and native to the man, not mock or affected, which latter only are the fit objects to excite laughter. His quality is at the best unlovely, but neither buffoon nor contemptible. His bearing is lofty, a little above his station, but probably not much

above his deserts. We see no reason why he should not have been brave, honourable, accomplished.' And the critic, as will be remembered, proceeds delightfully with much more to the like effect. It is to be feared that Shakespeare was less indulgent than Lamb. Malvolio's pile of egoistic folly, however high it may rise, is intended to be desperately and completely overthrown. He may not himself perceive its overthrow. His last word in the play is one of fierce indignation—'I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.' The Duke, indeed, as Lamb has observed, follows his departure with the command 'Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace', but we are left to conjecture whether a peace ensued or whether Malvolio carried his wounded self-esteem into another and a soberer region where they did not dance so wildly the Illyrian bacchanals.

To Shakespeare we owe the invention of Malvolio, Maria, Feste, Fabian, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew. It is evident towards which side he leaned in order to balance the romantic interest of his original. He felt that laughter should be allied to romance. And as a fact it seems to have been the broad comic elements of the play which most impressed the spectators. In the copy of the Second Folio which belonged to King Charles I he altered the title of the play in his own handwriting to that of *Malvolio*. Why Shakespeare had named the comedy *Twelfth-Night* we cannot say with certainty. It was the idea of Hunter that the title was suggested by a phrase which occurs in a long prologue or preface prefixed to the Italian Gl' Ingannati: 'The story is new, never seen nor read, and only dipped for and taken out of their own industrious noddles as your prize-tickets are dipped for and taken out on Twelfth-Night [la notte di Beffana].' There is little point in this suggestion, but if Shakespeare's comedy was first presented on Twelfth-Night, the Italian phrase may have seemed an appropriate hint for a title. The 'What you Will' which was added seems to mean that the first title has no sign-post descriptive character, and it declares accordingly

if you are dissatisfied with my "Twelfth-Night", give he play any name you please'. Shakespeare, as Iermann Conrad has well put it, 'wished to say nerely—"Herein are to be found comicalities of all kinds, braggadocios, and chicken-hearted simpletons. oistering and revelling, ill-conditioned hypocrisy and ntolerance, false love and true love, disguises and deluions and mad pranks. What to call it, I know not. Call t'a masquerade', a 'Twelfth-Night' or 'Whatever ou Like.' To any deeper meaning which posterity night find underlying this title, he gave never a thought. Here in this drama we have on one canvas a realistic icture of the life of the Renaissance, with its splendour and its joyousness, with its weaknesses and its follies, with its life of lofty development of mind and spirit uch as hardly a second picture of that time affords. n it we find every comic element united in an artistic harmony, whereof the strength and beauty stand unparalleled; in it we find all things soever that are to be asked for in a comedy—absolutely What you will.' 1 Shakespeare had recently found that the unusual title As You Like It did not foretoken a failure. The title What you Will' was adopted by Marston for an incomparably inferior play.

¹ Translated in Furness's edition of the play.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.

SEBASTIAN, Brother to Viola.

ANTONIO, a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.

A Sea Captain, Friend to Viola.

VALENTINE, CURIO,

Gentlemen attending on the Duke.

SIR TOBY BELCH, Uncle to Olivia.

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

MALVOLIO, Steward to Olivia.

FABIAN,

FESTE, a Clown,

Servants to Olivia.

OLIVIA, a rich Countess.
VIOLA, in love with the Duke.
MARIA, Olivia's Woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants Scene.—A City in Illyria; and the Sea-coast near it.

WELFTH-NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL

ACT I.

Scene I .- A Room in the DUKE's Palace. Enter DUKE, CURIO, Lords: Musicians attending. DUKE. If music be the food of love, play on: ive me excess of it, that, surfeiting, he appetite may sicken, and so die. hat strain again! it had a dying fall: ! it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound hat breathes upon a bank of violets, tealing and giving odour. Enough! no more: is not so sweet now as it was before. 8 spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou. hat, notwithstanding thy capacity eceiveth as the sea, naught enters there, f what validity and pitch soe'er, 12 but falls into abatement and low price. even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy, hat it alone is high fantastical. CURIO. Will you go hunt, my lord? What, Curio? DUKE. CURIO. The hart. 17 DUKE. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have. ! when mine eves did see Olivia first, lethought she purg'd the air of pestilence. 'hat instant was I turn'd into a hart. and my desires, like fell and cruel hounds, er since pursue me. Enter VALENTINE.

VALENTINE. So please my lord, I might not be

admitted:

How now! what news from her?

But from her handmaid do return this answer: The element itself, till seven years' heat, Shall not behold her face at ample view; But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk, And water once a day her chamber round With eve-offending brine: all this, to season A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh And lasting in her sad remembrance. 32 DUKE. O! she that hath a heart of that fine frame To pay this debt of love but to a brother, How will she love, when the rich golden shaft: Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart, These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd Her sweet perfections with one self king. Away before me to sweet beds of flowers: Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

Exennt.

Scene II.—The Sea-coast.

Enter Viola, Captain, and Sailors.

VIOLA. What country, friends, is this?

CAPTAIN. This is Illyria, lady.

VIOLA. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you sailors?

CAPTAIN. It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.

VIOLA. O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.

CAPTAIN. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number sav'd with you
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,—
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,—
To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,

The state of the s	200
saw him hold acquaintance with the waves	
long as I could see.	,
VIOLA. For saying so there's gold	. 16
ine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,	
Thereto thy speech serves for authority,	
he like of him. Know'st thou this country?	
CAPTAIN. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred	and
born	. 20
ot three hours' travel from this very place.	
VIOLA. Who governs here?	
CAPTAIN. A noble duke, in nature as in name.	
VIOLA. What is his name?	24
CAPTAIN. Orsino.	
VIOLA. Orsino! I have heard my father name h	im:
e was a bachelor then.	
CAPTAIN. And so is now, or was so very late;	28
or but a month ago I went from hence,	
nd then 'twas fresh in murmur,—as, you know,	
hat great ones do the less will prattle of,—	
hat he did seek the love of fair Olivia.	32
VIOLA. What's she?	2
CAPTAIN. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a co	
hat died some twelvemonth since; then leaving	
the protection of his son, her brother,	
ho shortly also died: for whose dear love,	
hey say she hath abjur'd the company	,
nd sight of men.	
VIOLA. O! that I serv'd that lady,	
nd might not be deliver'd to the world,	46
ill I had made mine own occasion mellow,	
hat my estate is.	
CAPTAIN. That were hard to compass,	
ecause she will admit no kind of suit,	
,	. 44
VIOLA. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captai	n;
nd though that nature with a beauteous wall	
oth oft close in pollution, yet of thee	
will believe thou hast a mind that suits	48
ith this thy fair and outward character.	
prithee,—and I'll pay thee bounteously,—	

Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke:
Thou shalt present me as a eunuch to him:
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing
And speak to him in many sorts of music
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

CAPTAIN. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be: When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see. 61 VIOLA. I thank thee: lead me on. [Exeunt.

Scene III .- A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

SIR TOBY. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

MARIA. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great

exceptions to your ill hours.

SIR TOBY. Why, let her except before excepted. 7
MARIA. Ay, but you must confine yourself within
the modest limits of order.

SIR TOBY. Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am. These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

MARIA. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

SIR TOBY. Who? Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MARIA. Ay, he.

SIR TOBY. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria. 20 MARIA. What's that to the purpose?

SIR TOBY. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

MARIA. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these icats: he's a very fool and a prodigal. SIR TOBY. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the ol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages ord for word without book, and hath all the good fts of nature. The first first of the first and first of the first and the first of the first of

MARIA. He hath indeed, almost natural; for, bedes that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and at that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust e hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent

e would quickly have the gift of a grave.

SIR TOBY. By this hand, they are scoundrels and bstractors that say so of him. Who are they? 36 MARIA. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly

your company.

SIR TOBY. With drinking healths to my niece. I'll rink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat nd drink in Illyria. He's a coward and a coystril, at will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' e toe like a parish-top. What, wench! Castiliano algo! for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface. 44

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

SIR ANDREW. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby elch!

SIR TOBY. Sweet Sir Andrew!

SIR ANDREW. Bless you, fair shrew.

MARIA. And you too, sir.

SIR TOBY. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

SIR ANDREW. What's that?

SIR TOBY. My niece's chambermaid.

SIR ANDREW. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better equaintance.

MARIA. My name is Mary, sir.

SIR ANDREW. Good Mistress Mary Accost,— 56 SIR TOBY. You mistake, knight: 'accost' is, front er, board her, woo her, assail her.

SIR ANDREW. By my troth, I would not undertake er in this company. Is that the meaning of 'accost'? MARIA. Fare you well, gentlemen.

SIR TOBY. An thou let her part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again! 63 SIR ANDREW. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

MARIA. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

SIR ANDREW. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand. Now, sir, 'thought is free': I pray you,

bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

SIR ANDREW. Wherefore, sweetheart? what's your metaphor ? we gas the transfer side off . were needs

MARIA. It's dry, sir.

SIR ANDREW. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest? MARIA. A dry jest, sir.

SIR ANDREW. Are you full of them?

MARIA. Av, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [Exit. SIR TOBY. O knight! thou lackest a cup of canary:

when did I see thee so put down?

SIR ANDREW. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

SIR TOBY. No question.

SIR ANDREW. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY. Pourquoi, my dear knight?

SIR ANDREW. What is 'pourquoi'? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O! had I but followed the arts! SIR TOBY. Then hadst thou had an excellent head

of hair.

SIR ANDREW. Why, would that have mended my hair?

SIR TOBY. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

SIR ANDREW. But it becomes me well enough, bes't not?

SIR TOBY. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff, and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her gs, and spin it off.

SIR ANDREW. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: our niece will not be seen; or if she be, it's four to be she'll none of me. The count himself here hard by soos her.

SIR TOBY. She'll none o' the count; she'll not atch above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor it; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life 't, man.

sir andrew. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques ad revels sometimes altogether.

SIR TOBY. Art thou good at these kickchawses,

night?

SIR ANDREW. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever be, under the degree of my betters: and yet I will be compare with an old man.

SIR TOBY. What is thy excellence in a galliard, night?

SIR ANDREW. Faith, I can cut a caper.

SIR TOBY. And I can cut the mutton to 't.

SIR ANDREW. And I think I have the back-trick mply as strong as any man in Illyria.

SIR TOBY. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they ke to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why lost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come ome in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig: would not so much as make water but in a sink-acc. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide irtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a alliard.

SIR ANDREW. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent ell in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some

evels ? sн. ш

SIR TOBY. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

SIR ANDREW. Taurus! that's sides and heart.

SIR TOBY. No, sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper. Ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent!

[Exeunt.

Scene IV .- A Room in the DUKE's Palace.

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire.

VALENTINE. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger. would have to wall and the Manager and 4

VIOLA. You either fear his humour or my negligence. that you call in question the continuance of his love.

Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

VALENTINE. No, believe me. VIOLA. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.

DUKE. Who saw Cesario? ho!

VIOLA. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Stand you awhile aloof. Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul: Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her, Be not denied access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow Till thou have audience.

Sure, my noble lord, VIOLA. If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me. DUKE. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds

Rather than make unprofited return.

VIOLA. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then? DUKE. O! then unfold the passion of my love; 24 Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith: It shall become thee well to act my woes;

She will attend it better in thy youth

han in a nuncio of more grave aspect. VIOLA. I think not so, my lord.
DUKE. Dear lad, believe it; or they shall yet belie thy happy years hat say thou art a man: Diana's lip s not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe 32 s as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound; nd all is semblative a woman's part. know thy constellation is right apt or this affair. Some four or five attend him; ll, if you will; for I myself am best When least in company. Prosper well in this, nd thou shalt live as freely as thy lord. o call his fortunes thine. VIOLA. I'll do my best

Scene V.—A Room in Olivia's House.

o woo your lady: [Aside.] yet, a barful strife! Vhoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [Exeunt.

Enter Maria and Clown.

MARIA. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, r I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter way of thy excuse. My lady will hang thee for thy bsence. on the short with a command a contract of the contract of CLOWN. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged

MARIA. Make that good.

CLOWN. He shall see none to fear.

this world needs to fear no colours.

MARIA. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where hat saying was born, of 'I fear no colours.'
CLOWN. Where, good Mistress Mary?

MARIA. In the wars; and that may you be bold o say in your foolery.

CLOWN. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; nd those that are fools, let them use their talents.

MARIA. Yet you will be hanged for being so long bsent; or, to be turned away, is not that as good as hanging to you ? what small of a finish private 18

CLOWN. Many a good hanging prevents a bad

marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

MARIA. You are resolute then?

CLOWN. Not so, neither; but I am resolved on with a mile to the than there, are get 24 two points.

That if one break, the other will hold; or,

if both break, your gaskins fall.

CLOWN. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way: if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

MARIA. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were was a few to the state of the s best.

CLOWN. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? 'Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.'

Enter Olivia with Malvolio.

God bless thee, lady!

OLIVIA. Take the fool away.

CLOWN. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the

OLIVIA. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of

you: besides, you grow dishonest.

CLOWN. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself: if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that 's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

OLIVIA. Sir, I bade them take away you.

CLOWN. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady,

cullus non facit monachum; that's as much to say I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, ve me leave to prove you a fool.

OLIVIA. Can you do it?

CLOWN. Dexteriously, good madonna.

OLIVIA. Make your proof.

CLOWN. I must catechise you for it, madonna: good v mouse of virtue, answer me. OLIVIA. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll

de your proof.

CLOWN. Good madonna, why mournest thou? 68 OLIVIA. Good fool, for my brother's death.

CLOWN. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

OLIVIA. I know his soul is in heaven, fool. CLOWN. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your rother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, entlemen.

OLIVIA. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? oth he not mend?

MALVOLIO. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of eath shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ver make the better fool.

CLOWN. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for ne better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn nat I am no fox, but he will not pass his word for two

ence that you are no fool.

OLIVIA. How say you to that, Malvolio? MALVOLIO. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in ich a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other ay with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; nless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is agged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' anies.

OLIVIA. O! you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and aste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, uiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things or bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets. There is o slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

CLOWN. Now, Mercury endue thee with leasing, for

thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter Maria.

MARIA. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

OLIVIA. From the Count Orsino, is it? MARIA. I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man,

and well attended.

OLIVIA. Who of my people hold him in delay?

MARIA. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman. 108 OLIVIA. Fetch him off, I pray you: he speaks nothing but madman. Fie on him! [Exit Maria.] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [Exit Malvolio.] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

CLOWN. Thou hast spoken for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for here comes one of thy kin has

a most weak pia mater.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH.

OLIVIA. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin ? . with a surgice with the figo

SIR TOBY. A gentleman.

OLIVIA. A gentleman! what gentleman?

SIR TOBY. 'Tis a gentleman here,—a plague o' these pickle herring! How now, sot! CLOWN. Good Sir Toby.

OLIVIA. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early

by this lethargy?

SIR TOBY. Lechery! I defy lechery! There's one at the gate.

CLOWN. Ay, marry, what is he?

SIR TOBY. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it 's all one. [Exit. OLIVIA. What's a drunken man like, fool?

CLOWN. Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madan: one draught above heat makes him a fool, the cond mads him, and a third drowns him. OLIVIA. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him to' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's owned: go, look after him. CLOWN. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool all look to the madman.

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

MALVOLIO. Madam, yound young fellow swears he will eak with you. I told him you were sick: he takes h him to understand so much, and therefore comes speak with you. I told him you were asleep: he ems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therere comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, dy? he's fortified against any denial.

OLIVIA. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

MALVOLIO. Ha's been told so; and he says, he'll and at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the apporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

OLIVIA. What kind o' man is he? MALVOLIO. Why, of mankind. OLIVIA. What manner of man?

MALVOLIO. Of very ill manner: he'll speak with ou, will you or no.

OLIVIA. Of what personage and years is he?

MALVOLIO. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young nough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him standing water, between boy and man. He is very ell-favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly: one ould think his mother's milk were scarce out of him. OLIVIA. Let him approach. Call in my gentle-oman.

MALVOLIO. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.

Re-enter MARIA.

OLIVIA. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face.

We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA and Attendants.

VIOLA. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

OLIVIA. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

VIOLA. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,-I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

OLIVIA. Whence came you, sir?

I can say little more than I have studied. and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech. 185

OLIVIA. Are you a comedian?

VIOLA. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house? 180

OLIVIA. If I do not usurp myself, I am. VIOLA. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for, what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

OLIVIA. Come to what is important in 't: I forgive.

vou the praise.

Alas! I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

OLIVIA. It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

MARIA. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your

way.

VIOLA. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little nger. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. OLIVIA. Tell me your mind.
VIOLA. I am a messenger.

OLIVIA. Sure, you have some hideous matter to eliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak our office.

VIOLA. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no

verture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter. OLIVIA. Yet you began rudely. What are you? hat would you?

VIOLA. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and hat I would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your ars, divinity; to any other's, profanation. 223 OLIVIA. Give us the place alone: we will hear this ivinity. [Exit MARIA and attendants.] Now, sir; what your text?

VIOLA. Most sweet lady,—

OLIVIA. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be aid of it. Where lies your text?

VIOLA. In Orsino's bosom.

OLIVIA. In his bosom! In what chapter of his osom ?

VIOLA. To answer by the method, in the first of his eart.

OLIVIA. O! I have read it: it is heresy. Have ou no more to say?

VIOLA. Good madam, let me see your face.

OLIVIA. Have you any commission from your lord negotiate with my face? you are now out of your ext: but we will draw the curtain and show you the icture, [Unveiling.] Look you, sir, such a one I was s this present: is 't not well done?

VIOLA. Excellently done, if God did all.

OLIVIA. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and eather. For some officials for 100 at a coll ' san 245

VIOLA. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white ature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:

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Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive, If you will lead these graces to the grave

And leave the world no copy.

OLIVIA. O! sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as Item, Two lips, indifferent red; Item, Two grey eyes, with lids to them; Item, One neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

VIOLA. I see you what you are: you are too proud;

But, if you were the devil, you are fair.

My lord and master loves you: O! such love 260 Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd The nonpareil of beauty.

OLIVIA. How does he love me? VIOLA. With adorations, with fertile tears,

With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire. 264 OLIVIA. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth; In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant; 268 And, in dimension and the shape of nature A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him:

He might have took his answer long ago.

VIOLA. If I did love you in my master's flame, 272 With such a suffering, such a deadly life, In your denial I would find no sense; I would not understand it.

OLIVIA. Why, what would you?
VIOLA. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Helle ways name to the reverboarts bills

Holla your name to the reverberate hills, And make the babbling gossip of the air Cry out, 'Olivia!' O! you should not rest Between the elements of air and earth,

But you should pity me!

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OLIVIA. You might do much. What is your parentage? VIOLA. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: I am a gentleman. Get you to your lord: OLIVIA. I cannot love him. Let him send no more. 288 Unless, perchance, you come to me again, To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well: I thank you for your pains: spend this for me. VIOLA. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse: My master, not myself, lacks recompense. Love make his heart of flint that you shall love, And let your fervour, like my master's, be Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. OLIVIA. 'What is your parentage?' 'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art: Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit, Do give thee five-fold blazon. Not too fast: soft! soft!

Unless the master were the man. How now Even so quickly may one catch the plague? Methinks I feel this youth's perfections With an invisible and subtle stealth To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.

What, ho! Malvolio!

Re-enter Malvolio.

MALVOLIO. Here, madam, at your service. OLIVIA. Run after that same peevish messenger, 308 The county's man: he left this ring behind him, Would I, or not: tell him I'll none of it. Desire him not to flatter with his lord, Nor hold him up with hopes: I'm not for him. If that the youth will come this way to-morrow, I'll give him reasons for 't. Hie thee, Malvolio. MALVOLIO. Madam. I will. OLIVIA. I do I know not what, and fear to find 316 Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.

Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe: What is decreed must be, and be this so! [Exit.

ACT II.

Scene I.—The Sea-coast.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

ANTONIO. Will you stay no longer? nor will you

not that I go with you?

SEBASTIAN. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompense for your love to lay any of them on you.

ANTONIO. Let me yet know of you whither you are

bound.

SEBASTIAN. No, sooth, sir: my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore, it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour: if the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

ANTONIO. Alas the day!

24

SEBASTIAN. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her: she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more. 31

ANTONIO. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment. SEBASTIAN. O good Antonio! forgive me your trouble!

ANTONIO. If you will not murder me for my love,

let me be your servant.

SEBASTIAN. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother. that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: embet some me the will the young [Exit.

ANTONIO. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee! 1 - / hadron and show him and 1 - 44

I have many enemies in Orsino's court. Else would I very shortly see thee there; But, come what may, I do adore thee so, That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit.

Scene II.—A Street.

Enter VIOLA; MALVOLIO following.

MALVOLIO. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

VIOLA. Even now, sir: on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

MALVOLIO. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him. And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

VIOLA. She took the ring of me; I'll none of it. 12 MALVOLIO. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

VIOLA. I left no ring with her: what means this lady?

Fortune forbid my outside hath not charm'd her! She made good view of me; indeed, so much, That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue, 20

For she did speak in starts distractedly. She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion Invites me in this churlish messenger. None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none. I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis, Poor lady, she were better love a dream. Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness, Wherein the pregnant enemy does much. How easy is it for the proper-false In women's waxen hearts to set their forms! Alas! our frailty is the cause, not we! For such as we are made of, such we be. How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly; And I, poor monster, fond as much on him; And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me. What will become of this? As I am man, 36 My state is desperate for my master's love; As I am woman,—now alas the day !— What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe! O time! thou must untangle this, not I; 40 It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [Exit.

Scene III .- A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

SIR TOBY. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and diluculo surgere, thou knowest,—

SIR ANDREW. Nay, by my troth, I know not; but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

SIR TOBY. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early; so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

SIR ANDREW. Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

SIR TOBY. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

Enter Clown.

SIR ANDREW. Here comes the fool, i' faith. CLOWN. How now, my hearts! Did you never see e picture of 'we three'? SIR TOBY. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch. SIR ANDREW. By my troth, the fool has an excellent east. I had rather than forty shillings I had such eg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In oth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, en thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians ssing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, aith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it? CLOWN. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Mallio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand,

d the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses. SIR ANDREW. Excellent! Why, this is the best oling, when all is done. Now, a song.

SIR TOBY. Come on; there is sixpence for you: 's have a song. SIR ANDREW. There's a testril of me too: if one ight give a-

CLOWN. Would you have a love-song, or a song of od life?

SIR TOBY. A love-song, a love-song.

SIR ANDREW. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

own. O mistress mine! where are you roaming? O! stay and hear; your true love's coming, That can sing both high and low. Trip no further, pretty sweeting; Journeys end in lovers meeting, Every wise man's son doth know.

IR ANDREW. Excellent good, i' faith. IR TOBY. Good, good.

own. What is love? 'tis not hereafter; Present mirth hath present laughter: What 's to come is still unsure: In delay there lies no plenty; Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty. Youth's a stuff will not endure.

SIR ANDREW. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

SIR TOBY. A contagious breath. 55

SIR ANDREW. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

SIR TOBY. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that? 60

SIR ANDREW. An you love me, let's do't: I am

dog at a catch.

CLOWN. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well. ... o married outs will man me me and t tome 1 . Ister 64

SIR ANDREW. Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'

CLOWN. 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be constrain'd in 't to call thee knave, knight.

SIR ANDREW. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins, 'Hold thy peace.'

CLOWN. I shall never begin if I hold my peace. 72

SIR ANDREW. Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

[They sing a catch.

Enter MARIA.

MARIA. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

SIR TOBY. My lady's a Cataian; we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and 'Three merry men be we'. Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally, lady!

'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!'

CLOWN. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

SIR ANDREW. Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

SIR TOBY. 'O! the twelfth day of December,'— MARIA. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO.

MALVOLIO. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ve make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

SIR TOBY. We did keep time, sir, in our catches.

Sneck up!

MALVOLIO. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

SIR TOBY. 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs

be gone.'

MARIA. Nay, good Sir Toby.

CLOWN. 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

MALVOLIO. Is 't even so?

SIR TOBY. 'But I will never die.' CLOWN. Sir Toby, there you lie.

MALVOLIO. This is much credit to you.

SIR TOBY. 'Shall I bid him go?' CLOWN. 'What an if you do?'

SIR TOBY. 'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?' CLOWN. 'O! no, no, no, you dare not.'

SIR TOBY. 'Out o' time!' Sir, ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

CLOWN. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

SIR TOBY. Thou 'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your

chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

MALVOLIO. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [Exit.

MARIA. Go shake your ears.

SIR ANDREW. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

SIR TOBY. Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

MARIA. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know I can do it.

SIR TOBY. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him. The state of the state

MARIA. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

SIR ANDREW. O! if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

SIR TOBY. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

SIR ANDREW. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

MARIA. The devil a puritan that he is, or anything constantly but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself; so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

SIR TOBY. What wilt thou do? 156

MARIA. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

SIR TOBY. Excellent! I smell a device. 164

SIR ANDREW. I have 't in my nose too.

SIR TOBY. He shall think, by the letters that thou vilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is a love with him.

MARIA. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that olour.

sir andrew. And your horse now would make

MARIA. Ass, I doubt not.

SIR ANDREW. O! 'twill be admirable.

MARIA. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my hysic will work with him. I will plant you two, and et the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: bserve his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

SIR TOBY. Good night, Penthesilea.

SIR ANDREW. Before me, she 's a good wench.
SIR TOBY. She 's a beagle, true-bred, and one that
adores me: what o' that?

SIR ANDREW. I was adored once too.

SIR TOBY. Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

sir andrew. If I cannot recover your niece, I am foul way out.

SIR TOBY. Send for money, knight: if thou hast

her not i' the end, call me cut.

SIR ANDREW. If I do not, never trust me, take it now you will.

SIR TOBY. Come, come: I'll go burn some sack; tis too late to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight.

Scene IV.—A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and Others.

DUKE. Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends:

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song, That old and antique song we heard last night; Methought it did relieve my passion much, More than light airs and recollected terms Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:

Come; but one verse. CURIO. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it. profession of the same of the same of

DUKE. Who was it ?

CURIO. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the Lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house. the tribulational person 13

DUKE. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[Exit Curio. Music.

32

Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love, In the sweet pangs of it remember me; For such as I am all true lovers are: Unstaid and skittish in all motions else Save in the constant image of the creature That is belov'd. How dost thou like this tune? 20

VIOLA. It gives a very echo to the seat

Where love is thron'd.

Thou dost speak masterly. DUKE. My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eve Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves; 24 Hath it not, boy? The state of the s

A little, by your favour. VIOLA.

DUKE. What kind of woman is 't?

Of your complexion. · VIOLA.

DUKE. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

VIOLA. About your years, my lord. 28
DUKE. Too old, by heaven. Let still the woman

take An elder than herself, so wears she to him, So sways she level in her husband's heart:

For, boy, however we do praise ourselves, Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,

More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn, Than women's are.

I think it well, my lord. VIOLA.

DUKE. Then, let thy love be younger than thyself, 36 Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;

or women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

VIOLA. And so they are: alas, that they are so; 40 To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO with Clown.

DUKE. O, fellow! come, the song we had last night.

flark it, Cesario; it is old and plain;

The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,

And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,

Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,

And dallies with the innocence of love, Like the old age.

CLOWN. Are you ready, sir?

DUKE. Ay; prithee, sing.

Music

CLOWN. Come away, come away, death,

And in sad cypress let me be laid; 52 Fly away, fly away, breath;

I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,

O! prepare it. My part of death, no one so true

Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,

On my black coffin let there be strown; 60

Not a friend, not a friend greet

My poor corse, where my bones shall be thrown:

A thousand thousand sighs to save, Lay me, O! where

Sad true lover never find my grave, To weep there.

DUKE. There's for thy pains.

CLOWN. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.
DUKE. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

clown. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

DUKE. Give me now leave to leave thee.

CLOWN. Now, the melancholy god protect thee, and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal! I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be everything and their intent everywhere; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.

DUKE. Let all the rest give place.

Exeunt Curio and attendants. Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to youd same sovereign cruelty: Tell her, my love, more noble than the world, Prizes not quantity of dirty lands; The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her, Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune; But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems

That nature pranks her in attracts my soul. VIOLA. But if she cannot love you, sir?

DUKE. I cannot be so answer'd.

Sooth, but you must. 88 Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,

Hath for your love as great a pang of heart As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her; You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

DUKE. There is no woman's sides Can bide the beating of so strong a passion

As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.

Alas! their love may be call'd appetite, No motion of the liver, but the palate, That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;

But mine is all as hungry as the sea,

And can digest as much. Make no compare Between that love a woman can bear me And that I owe Olivia.

Av, but I know,-DUKE. What dost thou know?

104 Too well what love women to men may owe: In faith, they are as true of heart as we.

My father had a daughter lov'd a man,

100

92

96

s it might be, perhaps, were I a woman, should your lordship.

108

And what's her history? DUKE. VIOLA. A blank, my lord. She never told her love, ut let concealment, like a worm i' the bud, eed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought, nd with a green and yellow melancholy, he sat like Patience on a monument, miling at grief. Was not this love indeed? Ve men may say more, swear more; but indeed 116 ur shows are more than will, for still we prove

luch in our vows, but little in our love. DUKE. But died thy sister of her love, my boy? VIOLA. I am all the daughters of my father's house. nd all the brothers too; and yet I know not. ir, shall I to this lady?

DUKE. Ay, that 's the theme. o her in haste; give her this jewel; say

ly love can give no place, bide no denay.

Scene V.—Olivia's Garden.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK, and FABIAN.

SIR TOBY. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian. FABIAN. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this port, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

SIR TOBY. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the iggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable hame?

CENE IV]

FABIAN. I would exult, man: you know he brought ne out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting ere.

SIR TOBY. To anger him we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue; shall we not, Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

36

SIR TOBY. Here comes the little villain. to a series than the

Enter MARIA.

How now, my nettle of India!

MARIA. Get ye all three into the box-tree. Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half-hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there: Throws down a letter. I for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

Enter Malvolio.

MALVOLIO. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than anyone else that follows her. What should I think on 't'?

SIR TOBY. Here's an over-weening rogue!

FABIAN. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes! 33

SIR ANDREW. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

SIR TOBY. Peace! I say.

MALVOLIO. To be Count Malvolio!

SIR TOBY. Ah, rogue!

SIR ANDREW. Pistol him, pistol him.

SIR TOBY. Peace! peace!

MALVOLIO. There is example for 't: the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe. SIR ANDREW. Fie on him, Jezebel!

FABIAN. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.

MALVOLIO. Having been three months married to

her, sitting in my state,-

SIR TOBY. O! for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye! MALVOLIO. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,-

SIR TOBY. Fire and brimstone!

FABIAN. O, peace! peace!

MALVOLIO. And then to have the humour of state: and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know ny place, as I would they should do theirs, to ask or my kinsman Toby,-56

SIR TOBY. Bolts and shackles!

FABIAN. O, peace, peace! now, now.

MALVOLIO. Seven of my people, with an obedient tart, make out for him. I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my-some rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies there to me,— SIR TOBY. Shall this fellow live?

FABIAN. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace!

MALVOLIO. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,— SIR TOBY. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the

lips then?

MALVOLIO. Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech.'—

SIR TOBY. What, what?
MALVOLIO. 'You must amend your drunkenness.'

SIR TOBY. Out, scab!

FABIAN. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

MALVOLIO. 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,'—

SIR ANDREW. That 's me, I warrant you.

MALVOLIO. 'One Sir Andrew,'-SIR ANDREW. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

MALVOLIO. [Seeing the letter.] What employment have we here?

FABIAN. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

SIR TOBY. O, peace! and the spirit of humours ntimate reading aloud to him!

MALVOLIO. [Taking up the letter.] By my life, this is my ady's hand! these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's;

and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

SIR ANDREW. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why that-

MALVOLIO. [Reads.] 'To the unknown beloved, this and my good wishes': her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

FABIAN. This wins him, liver and all.

Jove knows I love: MALVOLIO. But who? Lips, do not move: No man must know.

'No man must know.' What follows? the number's altered. 'No man must know': if this should be thee, Malvolio!

SIR TOBY. Marry, hang thee, brock!

MALVOLIO. I may command where I adore; But silence, like a Lucrece knife, With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore: M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.

FABIAN. A fustian riddle!

SIR TOBY. Excellent wench, say I.

MALVOLIO. 'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.' Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see. FABIAN. What a dish o' poison has she dressed him!

SIR TOBY. And with what wing the staniel checks at it!

MALVOLIO. 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this. And the end, what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me, -Softly!-M. O. A. I. typica in familia special of in 125

SIR TOBY. O! ay, make up that: he is now at a

cold scent.

FABIAN. Sowter will cry upon 't, for all this, though be as rank as a fox. MALVOLIO. M, Malvolio; M, why, that begins my me.

FABIAN. Did not I say he would work it out? the

r is excellent at faults. MALVOLIO. M.—But then there is no consonancy in e sequel; that suffers under probation: A should llow, but O does. the ventiling in a funda a name of and

FABIAN. And O shall end, I hope.

SIR TOBY. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him

v. O!

MALVOLIO. And then I comes behind. FABIAN. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you ight see more detraction at your heels than fortunes

fore you.

MALVOLIO. M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as e former; and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow me, for every one of these letters are in my name. ft! here follows prose.

'If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am ove thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are orn great, some achieve greatness, and some have eatness thrust upon them. Thy Fates open their nds; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy mble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang guments of state; put thyself into the trick of singurity. She thus advises thee that sighs for thee. emember who commended thy yellow stockings, and shed to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, t me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and t worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She at would alter services with thee, s with thee, THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.

aylight and champian discovers not more: this is open. will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me, for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript. 177

'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.'

181

Jove, I thank thee. I will smile: I will do everything

that thou wilt have me.

FABIAN. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy. 185 SIR TOBY. I could marry this wench for this device.

SIR ANDREW. So could I too.

SIR TOBY. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

SIR ANDREW. Nor I neither.

FABIAN. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter MARIA.

SIR TOBY. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck? 192 SIR ANDREW. Or o' mine either?

SIR TOBY. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

SIR ANDREW. I' faith, or I either?

SIR TOBY. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

MARIA. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

SIR TOBY. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

MARIA. If you will, then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady; he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will

mile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her isposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, hat it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. f you will see it, follow me. SIR TOBY. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excelent devil of wit!

SIR ANDREW. I'll make one too.

ACT III.

Scene I.—Olivia's Garden.

Enter VIOLA, and Clown with a tabor.

VIOLA. Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost hou live by thy tabor?

CLOWN. No, sir, I live by the church.

VIOLA. Art thou a churchman? CLOWN. No such matter, sir: I do live by the hurch; for I do live at my house, and my house doth tand by the church. He ad the the transfer to white

VIOLA. So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, f a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by

by tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

CLOWN. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward! VIOLA. Nay, that 's certain: they that dally nicely

with words may quickly make them wanton.

clown. I would therefore my sister had had no name, sir.

VIOLA. Why, man?

CLOWN. Why, sir, her name 's a word; and to lally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed, words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.

VIOLA. Thy reason, man? CLOWN. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

VIOLA. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

CLOWN. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

VIOLA. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

CLOWN. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger. I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

VIOLA. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's. CLOWN. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress. I think I saw your wisdom there.

VIOLA. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more

with thee. Hold, there's sixpence for thee.

Gives a piece of money.

CLOWN. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

VIOLA. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

CLOWN. [Pointing to the coin.] Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

VIOLA. Yes, being kept together and put to use. CLOWN. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia,

sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

VIOLA. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begg'd. 56 CLOWN. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will conster to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin; I might say 'element', but the word is overworn. [Exit.

This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,

And to do that well craves a kind of wit:

He must observe their mood on whom he jests, 64 The quality of persons, and the time.

Not, like the haggard, check at every feather that comes before his eye. This is a practice is full of labour as a wise man's art; For folly that he wisely shows is fit; But wise men folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

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Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

SIR TOBY. Save you, gentleman, VIOLA. And you, sir.

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SIR ANDREW. Dieu vous garde, monsieur. VIOLA. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

SIR ANDREW. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours. SIR TOBY. Will you encounter the house? my nieces desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her. 77 VIOLA. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, he is the list of my voyage.

SIR TOBY. Taste your legs, sir: put them to motion. VIOLA. My legs do better understand me, sir, than understand what you mean by bidding me taste

ny legs.

SIR TOBY. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

VIOLA. I will answer you with gait and entrance.

But we are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

fost excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain dours on you!

SIR ANDREW. That youth's a rare courtier. 'Rain dours'! well.

VIOLA. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your wn most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

SIR ANDREW. 'Odours,' 'pregnant,' and 'vouchafed'. I'll get 'em all three all ready.

OLIVIA. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me o my hearing. [Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria. sive me your hand, sir.

VIOLA. My duty, madam, and most humble service. OLIVIA. What is your name?

VIOLA. Cesario is your servant's name fair princess.

OLIVIA. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment.
You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.
VIOLA. And he is yours, and his must needs be
yours: map to the seasons the little to the control of the
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.
OLIVIA. For him, I think not on him: for his
thoughts,
Would they were blanks rather than fill'd with me!
VIOLA. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.
OLIVIA. O! by your leave, I pray you,
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.
VIOLA. Dear lady,—
OLIVIA. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you
think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your
receiving was assumed that we have a 124
Though is shown a suppose not a hosem
Enough is shown; a cypress, not a bosom,
Hideth my heart. So, let me hear you speak.
VIOLA. I pity you. OLIVIA. That's a degree to love.
VIOLA. No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar proof
That some of the mitter of the a vulgar proof
That very oft we pity enemies.
OLIVIA. Why, then methinks 'tis time to smile again.
O world! how apt the poor are to be proud.
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf! [Clock strikes.]

not afraid, good youth, I will not have you: nd yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest, our wife is like to reap a proper man: nere lies your way, due west. VIOLA. Then westward-ho! ace and good disposition attend your ladyship! 140 ou'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me? OLIVIA. Stay: prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me. VIOLA. That you do think you are not what you 1 500 at 1 111 total 111. ... 144 are. OLIVIA. If I think so, I think the same of you. VIOLA. Then think you right: I am not what I am. OLIVIA. I would you were as I would have you be! VIOLA. Would it be better, madam, than I am? 148 wish it might, for now I am your fool. OLIVIA. O! what a deal of scorn looks beautiful the contempt and anger of his lip. murderous guilt shows not itself more soon 152 han love that would seem hid; love's night is noon. sario, by the roses of the spring, y maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing, ove thee so, that, maugre all thy pride, or wit nor reason can my passion hide. o not extort thy reasons from this clause, or that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause; at rather reason thus with reason fetter, ove sought is good, but giv'n unsought is better. VIOLA. By innocence I swear, and by my youth, have one heart, one bosom, and one truth, nd that no woman has; nor never none 164 all mistress be of it, save I alone. nd so adieu, good madam: never more ill I my master's tears to you deplore. OLIVIA. Yet come again, for thou perhaps mayst move

nat heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [Exeunt.

Scene II .- A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and Fabian.

SIR ANDREW. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer. SIR TOBY. Thy reason, dear venom; give thy reason.

FABIAN. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

sir andrew. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw't i' the orchard.

SIR TOBY. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell

me that.

SIR ANDREW. As plain as I see you now.

FABIAN. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

SIR ANDREW. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me? FABIAN. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

SIR TOBY. And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

SIR ANDREW. An't be any way, it must be with valour, for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

SIR TOBY. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour: challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece ll take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no e-broker in the world can more prevail in man's mendation with woman than report of valour. ABIAN. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew. 40 IR ANDREW. Will either of you bear me a challenge

nim? IR TOBY. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: hou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, hough the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let there gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with

oose-pen, no matter: about it. IR ANDREW. Where shall I find you?

IR TOBY. We'll call thee at the cubiculo: go.

[Exit SIR ANDREW.

ABIAN. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby. TR TOBY. I have been dear to him, lad, some two usand strong, or so. ABIAN. We shall have a rare letter from him; but

'll not deliver it.

IR TOBY. Never trust me, then; and by all means on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and nropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, e were opened, and you find so much blood in his r as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the tomy.

ABIAN. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his

age no great presage of cruelty.

IR TOBY. Look, where the youngest wren of nine es.

Enter MARIA.

ARIA. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh rselves into stitches, follow me. Yound gull Malvolio urned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no istian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. 's in yellow stockings.

SIR TOBY. And cross-gartered?

MARIA. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogged him like his murderer. He does obeyevery point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies. You have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile and take't for a great favour.

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SIR TOBY. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[Exeunt

SCENE III.—A Street.

Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.

SEBASTIAN. I would not by my will have troubled you;

But since you make your pleasure of your pains,

I will no further chide you.

ANTONIO. I could not stay behind you: my desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you,—though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,—
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

SEBASTIAN.

My kind Antonio,

I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

ANTONIO. To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.

SEBASTIAN. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:

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ray you, let us satisfy our eyes th the memorials and the things of fame at do renown this city.

Would vou'd pardon me: NTONIO. o not without danger walk these streets: ce, in a sea-fight 'gainst the Count his galleys, id some service; of such note indeed,

at were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd. 28 EBASTIAN. Belike you slew great number of his

people?

NTONIO. The offence is not of such a bloody nature, beit the quality of the time and quarrel ght well have given us bloody argument. 32 might have since been answer'd in repaying nat we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,

st of our city did: only myself stood out;

r which, if I be lapsed in this place,

hall pay dear.

EBASTIAN. Do not then walk too open. ANTONIO. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir; here's my purse.

the south suburbs, at the Elephant, best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet, niles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge

th viewing of the town: there shall you have me. SEBASTIAN. Why I your purse?

ANTONIO. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy u have desire to purchase; and your store, hink, is not for idle markets, sir.

SEBASTIAN. I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you an hour.

ANTONIO. To the Elephant. SEBASTIAN. I do remember.

[Exeunt.

Scene IV.—Olivia's Garden.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

OLIVIA. I have sent after him: he says he'll come; ow shall I feast him? what bestow of him? r youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd. I speak too loud. Where is Malvolio? he is sad, and civil, And suits well for a servant with my fortunes: Where is Malvolio?

MARIA. He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is sure possess'd, madam.

OLIVIA. Why, what's the matter? does he rave? MARIA. No, madam; he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you if he come, for sure the man is tainted in 's wits.

OLIVIA. Go call him hither. [Exit MARIA.

I am as mad as he.

If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio!

MALYOLIO. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

OLIVIA. Smil'st thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

MALVOLIO. Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, 'Please one and please all.'

OLIVIA. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the

matter with thee?

MALVOLIO. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

OLIVIA. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio? 32 MALVOLIO. To bed! ay, sweetheart; and I'll come to thee.

OLIVIA. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

MARIA. How do you, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO. At your request? Yes; nightingales answer daws.

MARIA. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

MALVOLIO. 'Be not afraid of greatness': 'Twas ell writ.

OLIVIA. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio? 44 MALVOLIO. 'Some are born great,'—

OLIVIA. Ha!

MALVOLIO. 'Some achieve greatness,'-

OLIVIA. What sayst thou? MALVOLIO. 'And some have greatness thrust upon nem.'

OLIVIA. Heaven restore thee!

MALVOLIO. 'Remember who commended thy yellow ockings,'— OLIVIA. Thy yellow stockings!

MALVOLIO. 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.' OLIVIA. Cross-gartered! MALVOLIO. 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest be so,'—

OLIVIA. Am I made?

MALVOLIO. 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.' OLIVIA. Why, this is very midsummer madness. 61

Enter Servant.

SERVANT. Madam, the young gentleman of the ount Orsino's is returned. I could hardly entreat him ack: he attends your ladyship's pleasure. OLIVIA. I'll come to him. [Exit Servant.] Good Iaria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin oby? Let some of my people have a special care of im: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my owry. [Exeunt Olivia and Maria. MALVOLIO. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? o worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This oncurs directly with the letter: she sends him on urpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she cites me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble ough,' says she; 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly ith servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of ate; put thyself into the trick of singularity'; and onsequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad

ce, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit

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of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to'; fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, everything adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance-What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter Maria, with SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.

SIR TOBY. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possess'd him, yet I'll speak to him.

FABIAN. Here he is, here he is. How is 't with you,

sir? how is't with you, man?

MALVOLIO. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private; go off.

MARIA. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

MALVOLIO. Ah, ha? does she so?

SIR TOBY. Go to, go to: peace! peace! we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

MALVOLIO. Do you know what you say?

MARIA. La you! an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart. Pray God, he be not bewitched!

FABIAN. Carry his water to the wise-woman. MARIA. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

MALVOLIO. How now, mistress! MARIA. O Lord!

SIR TOBY. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

FABIAN. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: e fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

SIR TOBY. Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost ou, chuck?

MALVOLIO. Sir!

SIR TOBY. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! s not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: ng him, foul collier! MARIA. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby,

t him to pray.

MALVOLIO. My prayers, minx!

MARIA. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of dliness.

MALVOLIO. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle allow things: I am not of your element. You shall ow more hereafter.

SIR TOBY. Is 't possible? 133 FABIAN. If this were played upon a stage now.

could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

SIR TOBY. His very genius hath taken the infection the device, man. MARIA. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take

, and taint.

FABIAN. Why, we shall make him mad indeed. 140 MARIA. The house will be the quieter.

SIR TOBY. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, d bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's d: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his nance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, ompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will ng the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder madmen. But see, but see.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

FABIAN. More matter for a May morning. SIR ANDREW. Here's the challenge; read it: I rrant there's vinegar and pepper in't. FABIAN. Is 't so saucy?

SIR ANDREW. Ay, is 't, I warrant him: do but read.

SIR TOBY. Give me. 'Youth, whatsoever thou art. thou art but a scurvy fellow.'

FABIAN. Good, and valiant.

SIR TOBY. 'Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason

FABIAN. A good note, that keeps you from the blow of the law.

SIR TOBY. 'Thou comest to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.' 164 FABIAN. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense-

less.

SIR TOBY. 'I will waylay thee going home; where, if it be thy chance to kill me,'-

FABIAN. Good.

SIR TOBY. 'Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.' FABIAN. Still you keep o' the windy side of the

law: good.

SIR TOBY. 'Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better; and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,

ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I'll give 't m.

MARIA. You may have very fit occasion for 't: he

is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by

and by depart.

SIR TOBY. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-baily: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

SIR ANDREW. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Exit. SIR TOBY. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment etween his lord and my niece confirms no less: thereore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed o terror in the youth: he will find it comes from clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by vord of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report f valour; and drive the gentleman,—as I know his outh will aptly receive it,—into a most hideous opinion f his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so right them both that they will kill one another by the ook, like cockatrices. ---) and all like and beginned and 203

FABIAN. Here he comes with your niece: give them ray till he take leave, and presently after him.

SIR TOBY. I will meditate the while upon some orrid message for a challenge.

[Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA.

OLIVIA. I have said too much unto a heart of stone. and laid mine honour too unchary out: there's something in me that reproves my fault, But such a headstrong potent fault it is hat it but mocks reproof.

VIOLA. With the same haviour that your passion bears

loes on my master's griefs.

OLIVIA. Here; wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture:

Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you; 216

and I beseech you come again to-morrow. What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,

That honour sav'd may upon asking give?

VIOLA. Nothing but this; your true love for my Committee and the same age 220 master.

OLIVIA. How with mine honour may I give him that Which I have given to you?

VIOLA. A will acquit you.

OLIVIA. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:

fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [Exit. 10-1 17 .

Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.

SIR TOBY. Gentleman, God save thee.

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VIOLA. And you, sir.

SIR TOBY. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end. Dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

VIOLA. You mistake, sir: I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man. 235

SIR TOBY. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

VIOLA. I pray you, sir, what is he?

SIR TOBY. He is knight dubbed with unhatched rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three, and his incensement at this moment is so implacable that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word: give't or take't.

VIOLA. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady: I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour; belike this is a man of that quirk.

SIR TOBY. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you. 260

VIOLA. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight

hat my offence to him is: it is something of my egligence, nothing of my purpose. SIR TOBY. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you y this gentleman till my return. VIOLA. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter? FABIAN. I know the knight is incensed against you, ven to a mortal arbitrement, but nothing of the reumstance more. A series with the site with the 270 VIOLA. I beseech you, what manner of man is he? FABIAN. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read m by his form, as you are like to find him in the roof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, oody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have und in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards m? I will make your peace with him if I can. 277 VIOLA. I shall be much bound to you for 't: I am ne that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight; care not who knows so much of my mettle. [Exeunt.

Re-enter SIR TOBY, with SIR ANDREW.

SIR TOBY. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have ot seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, abbard and all, and he gives me the stuck-in with ich a mortal motion that it is inevitable; and on ne answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the cound they step on. They say he has been fencer to e Sophy. SIR ANDREW. Pox on 't, I'll not meddle with him.

SIR TOBY. Ay, but he will not now be pacified:

abian can scarce hold him yonder.

SIR ANDREW. Plague on 't; and I thought he had een valiant and so cunning in fence I'd have seen m damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him t the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey apilet.

SIR TOBY. I'll make the motion. Stand here; make good show on 't: this shall end without the perdition souls.-[Aside.] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well

I ride you.

Re-enter Fabian and Viola.

[To Fabian.] I have his horse to take up the quarrel. I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

FABIAN. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

SIR TOBY. There's no remedy, sir: he will fight with you for his oath's sake. Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw for the supportance of his vow: he protests he will not hurt you.

VIOLA. [Aside.] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

FABIAN. Give ground, if you see him furious.

SIR TOBY. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy: the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

SIR ANDREW. Pray God, he keep his oath! [Draws. VIOLA. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [Draws.

Enter Antonio.

ANTONIO. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman 321

Have done offence, I take the fault on me:

If you offend him, I for him defy you. [Drawing. SIR TOBY. You, sir! why, what are you? 324

ANTONIO. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do

Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

SIR TOBY. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

FABIAN. O, good sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

SIR TOBY. I'll be with you anon.

VIOLA. [To SIR ANDREW.] Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

SIR ANDREW. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I romised you, I'll be as good as my word. He will ear you easily and reins well.

Enter two Officers.

FIRST OFFICER. This is the man; do thy office. SECOND OFFICER. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit f Count Orsino.

ANTONIO. You do mistake me, sir.

FIRST OFFICER. No, sir, no jot: I know your favour well,

hough now you have no sea-cap on your head. ake him away: he knows I know him well.

ANTONIO. I must obey. - [To Viola.] This comes with seeking you:

ut there 's no remedy: I shall answer it.

Vhat will you do, now my necessity

Takes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me

luch more for what I cannot do for you

Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd: 348 But be of comfort.

SECOND OFFICER. Come, sir, away.
ANTONIO. I must entreat of you some of that money.

VIOLA. What money, sir?

for the fair kindness you have show'd me here, and part, being prompted by your present trouble, Out of my lean and low ability

'll lend you something: my having is not much: 'll make division of my present with you. 356

Hold, there is half my coffer.

Will you deny me now? ANTONIO.

s't possible that my deserts to you

Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,

est that it make me so unsound a man As to upbraid you with those kindnesses

That I have done for you.

I know of none: VIOLA.

Nor know I you by voice or any feature. hate ingratitude more in a man

Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,

364

360

Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption Inhabits our frail blood.

O heavens themselves! ANTONIO. SECOND OFFICER. Come, sir: I pray you, go. ANTONIO. Let me speak a little. This youth that

you see here

I snatch'd one-half out of the jaws of death, Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,

And to his image, which methought did promise

Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

FIRST OFFICER. What's that to us? The time goes

by: away!

ANTONIO. But O! how vile an idol proves this god. Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame. In nature there's no blemish but the mind;

None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:

Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil

Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

FIRST OFFICER. The man grows mad: away with him! Come, come, sir.

Lead me on. [Exeunt Officers with Antonio. ANTONIO. VIOLA. Methinks his words do from such passion fly, That he believes himself; so do not I.

Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,

That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

SIR TOBY. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage

VIOLA. He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know Yet living in my glass; even such and so

In favour was my brother; and he went

Still in this fashion, colour, ornament, For him I imitate. O! if it prove,

Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love! [Exit. SIR TOBY. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare. His dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

FABIAN. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

SIR ANDREW. 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat' im.

SIR TOBY. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw hy sword. 405

SIR ANDREW. An I do not,—
FABIAN. Come, let's see the event. [Exit.

SIR TOBY. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing ret.

ACT IV.

Scene I.—The Street adjoining Olivia's House.

Enter SEBASTIAN and Clown.

clown. Will you make me believe that I am not ent for you?

SEBASTIAN. Go to, go to; thou art a foolish fellow: et me be clear of thee.

CLOWN. Well held out, i' faith! No. I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady to bid you ome speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing hat is so is so.

SEBASTIAN. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else:

Thou know'st not me.

CLOWN. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent ny folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, vill prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy trangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

SEBASTIAN. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me: There's money for thee: if you tarry longer

shall give worse payment.

CLOWN. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves good report after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter SIR ANDREW.

SIR ANDREW. Now, sir, have I met you again? here's for you. [Striking SEBASTIAN.

SEBASTIAN. Why, there 's for thee, and there, and there, and there! [Beating SIR ANDREW. Are all the people mad?

Enter SIR TOBY and FABIAN.

SIR TOBY. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

CLOWN. This will I tell my lady straight. not be in some of your coats for twopence.

SIR TOBY. [Holding SEBASTIAN.] Come on, sir: hold. 32 SIR ANDREW. Nay, let him alone; I'll go another way to work with him: I'll have an action of battery against him if there be any law in Illyria. Though I struck him first, yet it 's no matter for that.

SEBASTIAN. Let go thy hand.

SIR TOBY. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed: come on.

SEBASTIAN. I will be free from thee. [Disengaging himself. 1 What wouldst thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

SIR TOBY. What, what! Nay then, I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. 44

Enter OLIVIA.

OLIVIA. Hold, Toby! on thy life I charge thee, hold!

SIR TOBY. Madam!

OLIVIA. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch! Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves. Where manners ne'er were preach'd. Out of my sight! Be not offended, dear Cesario. Rudesby, be gone!

> [Exeunt SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN. I prithee, gentle friend,

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway 52 In this uncivil and unjust extent Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,

And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby

56

layst smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go: Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me, He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

SEBASTIAN. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?

Dr I am mad, or else this is a dream: Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep; If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

OLIVIA. Nay; come, I prithee. Would thou'dst be rul'd by me!

SEBASTIAN. Madam, I will.

OLIVIA. O! say so, and so be!

Scene II.—A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Maria and Clown; Malvolio in a dark chamber adjoining.

MARIA. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

CLOWN. Well, I'll put it on and I will dissemble myself in 't: and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

SIR TOBY. God bless thee, Master parson. CLOWN. Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That, that s, is ; so I, being Master parson, am Master parson; for, what is 'that', but 'that', and 'is', but 'is'? 17 SIR TOBY. To him, Sir Topas.

clown. What ho! I say. Peace in this prison! SIR TOBY. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

MALVOLIO. [Within.] Who calls there?

CLOWN. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

MALVOLIO. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas,

go to my lady.

CLOWN. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies? 28

SIR TOBY. Well said, Master Parson.

MALVOLIO. [Within.] Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness. 32

CLOWN. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Sayst thou that house is dark?

MALVOLIO. As hell, Sir Topas.

clown. Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clerestories toward the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

MALVOLIO. I am not mad, Sir Topas. I say to you,

this house is dark.

CLOWN. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled

than the Egyptians in their fog.

MALVOLIO. I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.

CLOWN. What is the opinion of Pythagoras con-

cerning wild fowl?

MALVOLIO. That the soul of our grandam might happily inhabit a bird.

CLOWN. What thinkest thou of his opinion? 56 MALVOLIO. I think nobly of the soul, and no way

approve his opinion.

clown. Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock,

64

est thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

MALVOLIO. Sir Topas! Sir Topas! sir toby. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

CLOWN. Nay, I am for all waters.

MARIA. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

SIR TOBY. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. [Exeunt SIR TOBY and MARIA.

Hey Robin, jolly Robin, CLOWN. Tell me how thy lady does.

MALVOLIO. Fool!

CLOWN. 'My lady is unkind, perdy!'

MALVOLIO. Fool!

CLOWN. 'Alas, why is she so?'

MALVOLIO. Fool, I say!

CLOWN. 'She loves another.'

Who calls, ha?

MALVOLIO. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper. As I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't. 88

CLOWN. Master Malvolio! MALVOLIO. Ay, good fool.

CLOWN. Alas, sir, how fell you beside your five wits? MALVOLIO. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art. 93 CLOWN. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if

you be no better in your wits than a fool.

MALVOLIO. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses! and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

CLOWN. Advise you what you say: the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore!

endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibblebabble.

MALVOLIO. Sir Topas!

CLOWN. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.— Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

MALVOLIO. Fool, fool, fool, I say!

CLOWN. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

MALVOLIO. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria. ... in fact the first the factor

CLOWN. Well-a-day, that you were, sir!
MALVOLIO. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

CLOWN. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

MALVOLIO. Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true. CLOWN. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

MALVOLIO. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

CLOWN.

I am gone, sir, And anon, sir, I'll be with you again In a trice. Like to the old Vice, Your need to sustain: Who with dagger of lath, In his rage and his wrath, Cries, Ah, ah! to the devil: Like a mad lad. Pare thy nails, dad; Adieu, goodman drivel.

(Exit.

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Scene III.—OLIVIA'S Garden.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

SEBASTIAN. This is the air; that is the glorious sun; This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't; And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus, Yet 'tis not madness. Where 's Antonio then? 4 I could not find him at the Elephant; Yet there he was, and there I found this credit, That he did range the town to seek me out. His counsel now might do me golden service; For though my soul disputes well with my sense That this may be some error, but no madness, Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune So far exceed all instance, all discourse, 12 That I am ready to distrust mine eyes, And wrangle with my reason that persuades me To any other trust but that I am mad Or else the lady 's mad: yet, if 'twere so, 16 She could not sway her house, command her followers, Take and give back affairs and their dispatch With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing As I perceive she does. There's something in't 20 That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and a Priest.

OLIVIA. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well.

Now go with me and with this holy man Into the chantry by; there, before him, 24 And underneath that consecrated roof, Plight me the full assurance of your faith; That my most jealous and too doubtful soul May live at peace. He shall conceal it 28 Whiles you are willing it shall come to note, What time we will our celebration keep According to my birth. What do you say? SEBASTIAN. I'll follow this good man, and go with

you; 32 And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

OLIVIA. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine

That they may fairly note this act of mine! [Exeunt

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Street before OLIVIA'S House.

Enter Clown and FABIAN.

FABIAN. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

CLOWN. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

FABIAN. Anything.

CLOWN. Do not desire to see this letter.

FABIAN. This is, to give a dog, and, in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and Attendants.

DUKE. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends? CLOWN. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

DUKE. I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?

CLOWN. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.

DUKE. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends. CLOWN. No. sir, the worse.

DUKE. How can that be?

clown. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.

DUKE. Why, this is excellent.

CLOWN. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

DUKE. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's old. CLOWN. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, would you could make it another. DUKE. O, you give me ill counsel. CLOWN. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this nce, and let your flesh and blood obey it. DUKE. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a ouble-dealer: there's another. CLOWN. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and ne old saying is, 'the third pays for all': the triplex, r, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint ennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three. 40 DUKE. You can fool no more money out of me at his throw: if you will let your lady know I am here speak with her, and bring her along with you, it ay awake my bounty further. CLOWN. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I ome again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to nink that my desire of having is the sin of covetousess; but as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, will awake it anon. VIOLA. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me. Enter ANTONIO and Officers. DUKE. That face of his I do remember well; et when I saw it last, it was besmear'd s black as Vulcan in the smoke of war. bawbling vessel was he captain of, or shallow draught and hulk unprizable; With which such scathful grapple did he make With the most noble bottom of our fleet, hat very envy and the tongue of loss ried fame and honour on him. What's the matter? FIRST OFFICER. Orsino, this is that Antonio hat took the Phenix and her fraught from Candy; and this is he that did the Tiger board,

When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.

n private brabble did we apprehend him.

Iere in the streets, desperate of shame and state, 64

VIOLA. He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side; But in conclusion put strange speech upon me: I know not what 'twas but distraction. 68 DUKE. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief! What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear, Hast made thine enemies? Orsino, noble sir. ANTONIO. 72 Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me: Antonio never yet was thief or pirate, Though I confess, on base and ground enough, Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither: 76 That most ingrateful boy there by your side, From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth Did I redeem; a wrack past hope he was: His life I gave him, and did thereto add 80 My love, without retention or restraint. All his in dedication: for his sake Did I expose myself, pure for his love, Into the danger of this adverse town: 84 Drew to defend him when he was beset: Where being apprehended, his false cunning, Not meaning to partake with me in danger, Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance, 88 And grew a twenty years removed thing While one would wink, denied me mine own purse, Which I had recommended to his use Not half an hour before. How can this be? VIOLA. When came he to this town? DUKE. ANTONIO. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,— No interim, not a minute's vacancy,— Both day and night did we keep company. 96

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.

DUKE. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth!

But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness: Three months this youth hath tended upon me;

But more of that anon. Take him aside. 100 OLIVIA. What would my lord, but that he may not have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable? Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

VIOLA. Madam!

DUKE. Gracious Olivia.-

OLIVIA. What do you say, Cesario? Good, my lord,—

VIOLA. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me. OLIVIA. It it be aught to the old tune, my lord,

It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.

DUKE. Still so cruel?

OLIVIA. Still so constant, lord.

To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

OLIVIA. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

DUKE. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it, Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,

Kill what I love? a savage jealousy

That sometimes savours nobly. But hear me this: 120

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith, And that I partly know the instrument

That screws me from my true place in your favour, Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant still;

But this your minion, whom I know you love,

And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,

Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,

Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.

Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief;

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,

To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [Going.

VIOLA. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly, 132 To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

[Following.

After him I love VIOLA. More than I love these eyes, more than my life, More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife. 136 If I do feign, you witnesses above Punish my life for tainting of my love! OLIVIA. Ah me, detested! how am I beguil'd! Who does beguile you? who does do you VIOLA. wrong? OLIVIA. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long? Call forth the holy father. [Exit an Attendant. [To Viola.] Come away. DUKE. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay. OLIVIA. Husband? DUKE. Ay, husband: can he that deny? OLIVIA. Her husband, sirrah? DUKE. No, my lord, not I. VIOLA. OLIVIA. Alas! it is the baseness of thy fear That makes thee strangle thy propriety. Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up; Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O, welcome, father! Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence, Here to unfold,—though lately we intended 152 To keep in darkness what occasion now Reveals before 'tis ripe,—what thou dost know Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me. PRIEST. A contract of eternal bond of love. 156 Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands, Attested by the holy close of lips, Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings; And all the ceremony of this compact 160 Seal'd in my function, by my testimony: Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave I have travell'd but two hours. DUKE. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?

Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow

That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow? Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet 168 Where thou and I henceforth may never meet. VIOLA. My lord, I do protest.
OLIVIA. O! do not swear:

Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK, with his head broken.

SIR ANDREW. For the love of God, a surgeon! send one presently to Sir Toby. 173

OLIVIA. What's the matter?

SIR ANDREW. He has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For the ove of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound were at home.

OLIVIA. Who has done this, Sir Andrew? 179 SIR ANDREW. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: ve took him for a coward, but he's the very devil ncardinate.

DUKE. My gentleman, Cesario? SIR ANDREW. Od's lifelings! here he is. You broke ny head for nothing! and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

VIOLA. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt

you:

You drew your sword upon me without cause; 188

But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

SIR ANDREW. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody excomb. Here comes Sir Toby halting;

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, drunk, led by the Clown. you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink ne would have tickled you othergates than he did.

DUKE. How now, gentleman! how is't with you? SIR TOBY. That's all one: he has hurt me, and there's the end on't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, ot?

CLOWN. O! he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone: his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

SIR TOBY. Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measures

pavin. I hate a drunken rogue.

OLIVIA. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them? SIR ANDREW. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll

be dressed together.

SIR TOBY. Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull! 208 OLIVIA. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to. [Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew

Enter SEBASTIAN.

SEBASTIAN. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman: But, had it been the brother of my blood, I must have done no less with wit and safety. You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that I do perceive it hath offended you:

Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows

We made each other but so late ago. DUKE. One face, one voice, one habit, and two

persons: A natural perspective, that is, and is not!

SEBASTIAN. Antonio! O my dear Antonio! How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me Since I have lost thee!

ANTONIO. Sebastian are you?

Fear'st thou that, Antonio? SEBASTIAN. ANTONIO. How have you made division of yourself? An apple cleft in two is not more twin Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

OLIVIA. Most wonderful!

SEBASTIAN. Do I stand there? I never had a brother:

Nor can there be that deity in my nature, Of here and every where. I had a sister,

Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd. Of charity, what kin are you to me?

What countryman? what name? what parentage? VIOLA. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father:

1 01 11	
uch a Sebastian was my brother too,	
o went he suited to his watery tomb.	230
f spirits can assume both form and suit	
You come to fright us.	
SEBASTIAN. A spirit I am indeed;	. ′
But am in that dimension grossly clad	
Which from the womb I did participate.	240
Vere you a woman as the rest goes even,	
should my tears let fall upon your cheek,	
and say, 'Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!'	
VIOLA. My father had a mole upon his brow.	244
SEBASTIAN. And so had mine.	
VIOLA. And died that day when Viola from her bi	rth
Iad number'd thirteen years.	
SEBASTIAN. O! that record is lively in my soul.	248
Ie finished indeed his mortal act	
that day that made my sister thirteen years.	
VIOLA. If nothing lets to make us happy both	
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,	25
Do not embrace me till each circumstance	
of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump	
That I am Viola: which to confirm,	
'll bring you to a captain in this town,	25
Vhere lie my maiden weeds: by whose gentle help	
was preserv'd to serve this noble count.	
All the occurrence of my fortune since	
Hath been between this lady and this lord.	26
SEBASTIAN. [To OLIVIA.] So comes it, lady, you h	ave
been mistook:	
But nature to her bias drew in that.	
You would have been contracted to a maid;	
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,	26
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.	
DUKE. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood	
f this be so, as yet the glass seems true,	
Try	26
To VIOLA.] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand tin	ies
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.	
VIOLA. And all those sayings will I over-swear,	
And all those swearings keep as true in soul	27

As doth that orbed continent the fire That severs day from night.

DUKE. Give me thy hand;

And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

VIOLA. The captain that did bring me first on shore Hath my maid's garments: he upon some action 277 Is now in durance at Malvolio's suit,

A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

OLIVIA. He shall enlarge him. Fetch Malvolio hither.

And yet, alas, now I remember me,

They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own

From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.

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Re-enter Clown with a letter, and FABIAN.

How does he, sirrah?

clown. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end as well as a man in his case may do. He has here writ a letter to you: I should have given it to you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

OLIVIA. Open it, and read it.

CLOWN. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman.

'By the Lord, madam,'-

OLIVIA. How now! art thou mad?

clown. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow vox.

OLIVIA. Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

CLOWN. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

OLIVIA. [To r'ABIAN.] Read it you, sirrah.

FABIAN. 'By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but

336

do myself much right, or you much shame. Think f me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought f, and speak out of my injury. THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.

OLIVIA. Did he write this?

CLOWN. Ay, madam.

DUKE. This savours not much of distraction. OLIVIA. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. [Exit FABIAN.

ly lord, so please you, these things further thought on,

o think me as well a sister as a wife,

ne day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please you, ere at my house and at my proper cost.

DUKE. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your

offer.

o Viola.] Your master quits you; and, for your service done him,

o much against the mettle of your sex, 324 o far beneath your soft and tender breeding;

nd since you call'd me master for so long, lere is my hand: you shall from this time be

our master's mistress. OLIVIA.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

A sister! you are she.

DUKE. Is this the madman?

Ay, my lord, this same. OLIVIA.

low now, Malvolio!

Madam, you have done me wrong, MALVOLIO. lotorious wrong.

Have I. Malvolio? no. OLIVIA.

Lady, you have. Pray you peruse that MALVOLIO. letter. 332

You must not now deny it is your hand: Vrite from it, if you can, in hand or phrase,

or say 'tis not your seal nor your invention:

You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,

and tell me, in the modesty of honour,

Why you have given me such clear lights of favour, Sade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,

SH. III

To put on yellow stockings, and to frown 340 Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people; And, acting this in an obedient hope, Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd, Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest, 344 And made the most notorious geck and gull That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why. OLIVIA. Alas! Malvolio, this is not my writing, Though, I confess, much like the character: 348 But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand: And now I do bethink me, it was she First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling, And in such forms which here were presuppos'd Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content: This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee; But when we know the grounds and authors of it, Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge Of thine own cause.

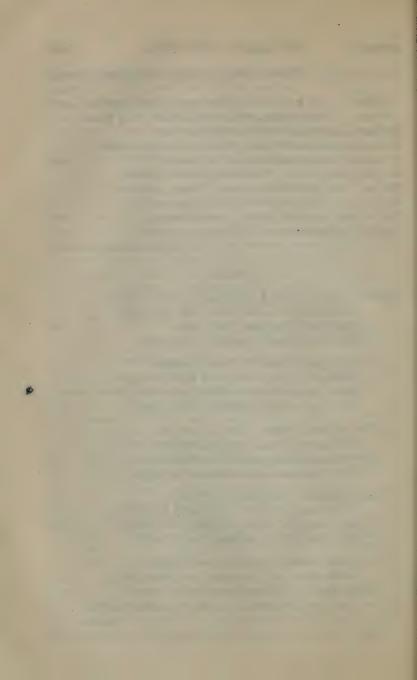
Good madam, hear me speak, FABIAN. And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come Taint the condition of this present hour, Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not, 360 Most freely I confess, myself and Toby Set this device against Malvolio here, Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts We had conceiv'd against him. Maria writ 364 The letter at Sir Toby's great importance; In recompense whereof he hath married her. How with a sportful malice it was follow'd, May rather pluck on laughter than revenge. 368 If that the injuries be justly weigh'd That have on both sides past.

OLIVIA. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee! CLOWN. Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.' I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that 's all one. 'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad': But do you remember? 'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagged': and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

ENE I]

[Exit.

MALVOLIO. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of y	70u.
a lud	Exit.
onivia. He hath been most notoriously abus'd	
DUKE. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace	;
e hath not told us of the captain yet:	
hen that is known and golden time convents,	
solemn combination shall be made	384
our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,	
e will not part from hence. Cesario, come;	
er so you shall be, while you are a man;	-00
at when in other habits you are seen,	388
sino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.	
[Exeunt all except Cle	own.
SONG.	
own. When that I was and a little tiny boy,	
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;	
A foolish thing was but a toy,	392
For the rain it raineth every day.	
But when I came to man's estate,	
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;	
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gat	.ea
For the rain it raineth every day.	397
	397
But when I came, alas! to wive,	
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;	
By swaggering could I never thrive,	400
For the rain it raineth every day.	
But when I came unto my beds,	
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;	
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,	404
For the rain it raineth every day.	
A great while ago the world begun,	
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;	***
But that 's all one, our play is done,	408
And we'll strive to please you every day.	







THE WINTER'S TALE

INTRODUCTION

THE editors of the first Folio, 1623, desirous to give rominence to plays which had not previously been ublished, placed *The Tempest* first and *The Winter's Tale* last of the comedies. Neither had appeared a quarto edition. The present play is printed in the

olio with unusual accuracy.

Although thus far apart in the Folio, The Tempest nd The Winter's Tale belong to the same period—the ast—of Shakespeare's dramatic career. Both exhibit he special temper of that period: both are romantic omedies, in which, as it were, after a day of storm, there s light at eventide, a mellow and clear illumination, vithout excess of heat. To the same season in the rowth of Shakespeare's mind and art belongs Cymeline, which closes the Folio. The free and yet subtly onceived verse is substantially one and the same in hese plays. Unaided by external evidence we could pronounce that The Winter's Tale was written not far rom the year 1610. There is a large consensus among ritics in placing it in the year 1611, when on May 15 he astrologer Dr. Simon Forman witnessed a perormance of this drama at the Globe theatre; the record s found in his Booke of Plaies, a manuscript preserved n the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. The description f the play given by Forman is detailed and leaves to possibility of doubt that he writes of Shakespeare's omedy; possibly had it not in May 1611 been a new play, the writer would have dismissed it more sumnarily. Jonson, in Bartholomew Fair, 1614, may allude o it when he refers to 'those who beget Tales, Tempests, nd suchlike drolleries'. In 1623 Sir Henry Herbert,

Master of the Revels, writes of it in his office-book as 'an olde playe called Winters Tale, formerly allowed of by Sir George Bucke'. In August 1610 Bucke got full possession of the office of the Master of the Revels, of which he had obtained a reversionary grant in 1603. He had occasionally granted licences for plays before 1610; but a presumption arises from Sir Henry Herbert's words that *The Winter's Tale* came before him when it was his special business to carry out the duties of this office. External and internal evidence are here in entire agreement; with no hesitation we may accept the general opinion, and date the comedy 1611.

The source is a prose tale by Shakespeare's early contemporary, who had described him as 'an upstart crow beautified with our feathers'-the dramatist Robert Greene. This tale, Pandosto: The Triumph of Time, first published in 1588, was republished in 1607 and 1609; it may be that Shakespeare first saw it in the edition of 1609. In As You Like It he had honoured Lodge's romance of Rosalynde; now, and in like manner, he was about to confer immortality on Greene's romance, which but for The Winter's Tale would be remembered only by a few specialist students of Elizabethan literature. It has been suggested that something of historical fact may lie at the back of Greene's romance, in a Polish story of the fourteenth century concerning a certain Semovit or Ziemowit, Prince of Moravia, but we cannot suppose that Shakespeare had ever heard of the jealous Prince, his wife Ludomila, and his cup-bearer Dobek. Probably, however, as M. Jusserand urges, he was acquainted with the eighth book of the famous Amadis of Gaul, in which the Princess Silvia, born in prison, and conveyed away with precious jewels, which aid in her identification, is wooed as a shepherdess by a prince disguised as a shepherd, whose name is Florizel. For the statue-scene, in which the lost Hermione reappears, parallels, more or less remote, have been pointed out in a play of Lope de Vega, in Lyly's The Woman in the Moone, and in the old play The History of the Tryall of Chivalry, printed in

305; but Shakespeare's manner of treatment is tirely original, and we need not suppose that he is debted to any earlier statue-scene as a source. The ear who devours Antigonus seems to have wandered to our play from Edward Ford's romance of Parismus. In many respects Shakespeare follows closely the andosto (afterwards known as Dorastus and Fawnia) Greene. Of course the heavily trailing narrative gathered up, is made succinct, and the languid, ecorative style is rendered dramatic. But throughout ne first three acts the incidents of the romance and of ne play are substantially the same. The dénouement The Winter's Tale entirely differs from that of andosto. In Greene the injured queen Bellaria, on earing of her son's loss, dies; her husband, not ecognizing Fawnia as his daughter, is seized with passion for her, but at last discovers his error, is overhelmed by remorse for his crimes, and perishes by his wn hand. Shakespeare could not allow his romantic rama to have a tragic close. He secludes Hermione or sixteen years, and finally restores to her the epentant husband whom she has silently forgiven, nd the long-lost daughter. He creates the characters f Antigonus and Paulina—a true woman in loyalty her mistress and in remorseless truth-speaking to he King—and substitutes for minor personages of reene his young shepherd clown and the delightful ogue Autolycus. The sea-bordered Bohemia and the icilia of Greene form the scenes of the incidents of our lay; but the personages who in the tale are Sicilian ecome Bohemian in the drama, and vice versa. Why uch a change was made we cannot say; Sicily with its astoral associations would have agreed well with the cene of rustic merry-making in which Perdita plays er part. Shakespeare names the characters—with the ne exception of Mopsa—anew; he probably did not vish to obtrude the fact that he was following so losely the steps of Greene, and in the case of 'Fawnia', who becomes 'Perdita', he desired a name that vas significant. For some of the names-Leontes.

Antigonus, Cleomenes—he obviously resorted to his well-read volume, North's translation of Plutarch's Lives.

The treatment of time is at the opposite extreme to that of The Tempest, which perhaps lies next to The Winter's Tale in the chronological order of Shakespeare's plays. In The Tempest the action is comprised within three hours. Here it includes an interval between Acts III and IV which extends the duration of the entire action over sixteen years. But the number of days actually presented, setting aside the intervals,of which there are several, to allow of a visit to the oracle at Delphos and voyages between Sicilia and Bohemia—is made out by Mr. Daniel to be only eight. The lines spoken by Time as chorus at the opening of the fourth Act might naturally have been suggested by the title of Greene's romance, Pandosto: The Triumph of Time; but some critics, on the ground of the poverty of style, have suggested that these lines were an insertion of the players. In his latest dramas there are passages in which Shakespeare, it must be admitted, is not always seen at his best.

For a title the poet happily adopted a phrase that was in common use. It is found, for example, in *Dido*, Queen of Carthage, a play by Marlowe and Nash:

Who would not undergoe all kind of toyle, To be well stor'd with such a winter's tale.

Perhaps the title is alluded to in the first scene of Act II in the words of Mamillius: 'A sad tale's best for winter'; and here we have indeed sadness enough,

though the tale closes with joy.

The jealousy of Leontes as exhibited by Shakespeare is a sudden and furious explosion; in Greene's treatment it has more of an air of verisimilitude, for the Bellaria of his romance, though as chaste as Hermione, had been less discreet in her bearing. The instant transformation of the King, from a man apparently gracious and generous of nature to a tyrant devoid of reason and brutal in utterance and in act, may to

certain extent be accounted for by the exigencies of drama which hurries to its height; yet some readers ill feel that the apology is not a complete justification. is as if Shakespeare had dashed in the lurid colours a thunderstorm from his palette in order that the eauty and harmony of the last two acts of the play ight stand out in relief from so terrible a background. erhaps he had seen or known something which made m regard the passion of jealousy as mad, savage, nd essentially gross. But at best we seem to be fering excuses for the manner in which he has dealt ith his theme, and to excuse a poet is in truth to cuse him. It is certain that Shakespeare designed strong contrast between the furious King and his ctim—the noble Hermione, a sufferer as dignified as ueen Katherine in Henry VIII, and perhaps more posssed by a divine intelligence of sympathy which makes er suffer even for the wrong-doer. Evil now seemed to hakespeare so darkly evil because he saw so gratefully ne clear light and sacred radiance of goodness. 'The naracter of Hermione,' wrote Mrs. Jameson, 'exhibits hat is never found in the other sex, but rarely in our wn-yet sometimes: -dignity without pride, love ithout passion, and tenderness without weakness. . . . her settled mind the sources of pain or pleasure, ve or resentment, are like the springs that feed ountain lakes, impenetrable, unfathomable, and inchaustible.' When she stands vindicated, and her aughter is restored to her, Hermione has no thought her own happiness; she bows over Perdita with prayer that all blessings of the gods may be granted her child. Her husband she embraces, but can ter no word; the spring of personal joy has been oken in her heart; and did she not long before say e final word of justice for such an occasion as this?—

How will this grieve you When you shall come to clearer knowledge that You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord, You scarce can right me throughly then to say You did mistake.

How great a part has been provided for the actress those who read the records of the performances of Mrs. Siddons and Miss Helen Faucit in the character of Hermione are aware. 'The heart of every one who saw her,' says the poet Campbell of Mrs. Siddons, 'when she burst from the semblance of sculpture into motion. and embraced her daughter, Perdita, must throb and glow at the recollection.' 'It was the most entrancing thing we ever remember to have seen,' wrote a critic of Helen Faucit in the statue-scene, '-actually suspending the blood, and taking the breath away. It was something supernatural almost; and till the descent was fully accomplished, and the stone turned to palpable woman again, something of a fine fear sat on us. Of recent Hermiones perhaps the most admirable was Mary Anderson (Mme. de Navarro), but her rendering of Perdita won even higher admiration than that of the Queen.

As Hermione belongs to the group of the great sufferers, the wronged ones of Shakespeare's latest plays-a group which includes Queen Katherine and Prospero—who transcend their own injuries and bow in tender protectiveness over the joys of the young and inexperienced, so Perdita is one of the exquisite group of maidens and youths in which we find also the Marina of Pericles, Miranda, and the gallant sons of Cymbeline. The shepherdess 'queen of curds and cream' lies almost as close to nature as the child of the enchanted island; she has lived with her innocent creatures of the pasture-land and her flowers, and then love comes upon her with its new, miraculous joy and its hopes and fears. She needs the arms and the heart of a mother, and Shakespeare, who, in these elder days of his, cannot make the young too happy, grants her at once Florizel and the lost Hermione.

In his most genial mood the dramatist created his Autolycus. The name he found, as that of a light-fingered fellow, in his favourite book, Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*—'such a fellow as in theft and filching had no peere.' One critic, indeed,

spresses a serious hope that the delightful rogue ill, as he puts it, 'turn over a new leaf,' and become reformed character. Let us forbear to be so worthy oralists as to share this hope. Autolycus, as the me critic more happily has said, is a true artist; s songs are as free as those of the lark or the linnet: nd when he deftly fingers 'the white sheet bleaching h the hedge' he is still an artist. What Charles Lamb, his essay on The Artificial Comedy of the Last Century, rote—and untruly—of the morals of Restoration ays may justly be applied to this prince of pedlars and of knaves. When we encounter him we are in ohemia—not England—and our joy in seeing how mbly he overleaps the laws of property there will ever make us 'convey' a sheet or filch a purse. he god Mercury was our pedlar's only begetter; if e had a mind to be honest, Fortune would not suffer im, so highly favoured is he for the sake of his gaiety nd his songs. Nature herself, indeed, is the mother of naves; a magpie is as incurable a thief as Autolycus nd has not half as blithe a voice. And Emerson's octrine that the criminals of the world have been tilized by some 'Over-soul' to be the world's benectors is confirmed by our pedlar's example, for is he ot needed to aid in the closing discovery of Perdita's arentage, to make Hermione blessed, and to rejoice the eart of Florizel?

In 1756 Garrick's version of the play—reduced (and et with sundry additions of his own) from five acts to bree—appeared and was received with applause. It in truth only a 'Florizel and Perdita'. The earlier vents of Shakespeare's play are related retrospectively y Camillo. We need not delay to consider the

lolence it does to Shakespeare's design.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

LEONTES, King of Sicilia.

Mamillius, young Prince of Sicilia.

CAMILLO,

ANTIGONUS.

Lords of Sicilia.

CLEOMENES. DION.

POLIXENES, King of Bohemia.

FLORIZEL, his Son.

ARCHIDAMUS, a Lord of Bohemia.

A Mariner.

A Gaoler.

An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.

Clown, his Son.

Servant to the old Shepherd.

AUTOLYCUS, a Rogue.

HERMIONE, Queen to Leontes.

PERDITA, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.

PAULINA, Wife to Antigonus.

EMILIA, a Lady, Other Ladies,

attending the Queen.

MOPSA,

Shepherdesses DORCAS.

Sicilian Lords and Ladies, Attendants, Guards, Satyrs, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, &c.

Time, as Chorus.

Scene.—Sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.

THE WINTER'S TALE

ACT I.

Scene I.—Sicilia. An Antechamber in Leontes' Palace.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

ARCHIDAMUS. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit

ohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are w on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference twixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia. CAMILLO. I think, this coming summer, the King Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which justly owes him. Wherein our ARCHIDAMUS. entertainment ame us we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed,— CAMILLO. Beseech you,-ARCHIDAMUS. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my nowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so re—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy inks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, ay, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us. CAMILLO. You pay a great deal too dear for what 's ven freely. ARCHIDAMUS. Believe me, I speak as my underanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to terance. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to CAMILLO. ohemia. They were trained together in their childoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an fection which cannot choose but branch now. Since eir more mature dignities and royal necessities made paration of their society, their encounters, though et personal, have been royally attorneyed with inter-

ange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they

have seemed to be together, though absent, shook hands, as over a vast, and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

ARCHIDAMUS. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

CAMILLO. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him. It is a gallant child; one that indeed physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh; they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

ARCHIDAMUS. Would they else be content to die? CAMILLO. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

ARCHIDAMUS. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

Scene II .- The Same. A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Hermione, Mamillius, Camillo, and Attendants.

POLIXENES. Nine changes of the watery star have been

The shepherd's note since we have left our throne Without a burden: time as long again Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks; And yet we should for perpetuity Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,

Yet standing in rich place, I multiply With one 'We thank you' many thousands moe That go before it.

Stay your thanks awhile, LEONTES.

And pay them when you part.

Sir, that's to-morrow. POLIXENES.

I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance Or breed upon our absence; that may blow 12 No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,

40

THE WINTER'S TALE CENE II] This is put forth too truly!' Besides, I have stay'd to tire your royalty. We are tougher, brother, LEONTES. han you can put us to't. No longer stay. POLIXENES. LEONTES. One seven-night longer. POLIXENES. Very sooth, to-morrow. LEONTES. We'll part the time between 's then; and in that 'll no gainsaying. POLIXENES. Press me not, beseech you, so. here is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world.

o soon as yours could win me: so it should now,

Vere there necessity in your request, although Twere needful I denied it. My affairs

Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder 24 Vere in your love a whip to me; my stay

To you a charge and trouble: to save both,

Tarewell, our brother.

Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.
HERMIONE. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir, Charge him too coldly: tell him, you are sure all in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction he by-gone day proclaim'd: say this to him, Ie's beat from his best ward.

HERMIONE. To tell he longs to see his son were Well said, Hermione. strong:

But let him say so then, and let him go; But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,

Ve'll thwack him hence with distaffs. To Polixenes.] Yet of your royal presence I'll ad-

venture the borrow of a week. When at Bohemia You take my lord, I'll give him my commission o let him there a month behind the gest refix'd for's parting: yet, good deed, Leontes, I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind What lady she her lord. You'll stay? No, madam. 44 POLIXENES. Nay, but you will? HERMIONE. POLIXENES. I may not, verily. Verily! HERMIONE. You put me off with limber vows; but I, Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths. Should yet say, 'Sir, no going.' Verily, You shall not go: a lady's 'verily''s As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet? Force me to keep you as a prisoner, 52 Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you? My prisoner, or my guest? by your dread 'verily', One of them you shall be. Your guest, then, madam: POLIXENES. To be your prisoner should import offending; Which is for me less easy to commit Than you to punish. HERMIONE. Not your gaoler then, But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you 60 Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys: You were pretty lordings then. We were, fair queen, POLIXENES. Two lads that thought there was no more behind But such a day to-morrow as to-day, 64 And to be boy eternal. HERMIONE. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two? POLIXENES. We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun. And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd Was innocence for innocence; we knew not The doctrine of ill-doing, no nor dream'd That any did. Had we pursu'd that life, And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven Boldly, 'not guilty'; the imposition clear'd

prairie gets meme

done than whips

ereditary ours.

HERMIONE. By this we gather

ou have tripp'd since.

O! my most sacred lady, POLIXENES. 76

emptations have since then been born to's; for

n those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl; our precious self had then not cross'd the eyes

f my young playfellow.

HERMIONE. Grace to boot! 80

f this make no conclusion, lest you say our queen and I are devils; yet go on:

he offences we have made you do we'll answer; you first sinn'd with us, and that with us

ou did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not

ith any but with us.

LEONTES. Is he won yet?

HERMIONE. He'll stay, my lord.

At my request he would not. LEONTES. fermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st

o better purpose.

HERMIONE. Never?

Never, but once. LEONTES.

HERMIONE. What! have I twice said well? when

was 't before ?

prithee tell me; cram's with praise, and make's s fat as tame things: one good deed, dying tongueless, laughters a thousand waiting upon that.

ur praises are our wages: you may ride's 7 ith one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere

7ith spur we heat an acre. But to the goal: y last good deed was to entreat his stay:

hat was my first? it has an elder sister,

r I mistake you: O! would her name were Grace.

ut once before I spoke to the purpose: when? 100

ay, let me have 't; I long.

Why, that was when LEONTES. hree crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,

re I could make thee open thy white hand

nd clap thyself my love: then didst thou utter, am yours for ever.'

136

'Tis grace indeed. Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice: The one for ever earn'd a royal husband, The other for some while a friend.

[Giving her hand to Polixenes.

LEONTES. [Aside.] Too hot, too hot! To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods. I have tremor cordis on me: my heart dances; But not for joy; not joy. This entertainment May a free face put on, derive a liberty From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom, And well become the agent: 't may I grant: But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers, 116 As now they are, and making practis'd smiles, As in a looking-glass; and then to sigh, as 'twere The mort o' the deer; O! that is entertainment My bosom likes not, nor my brows. Mamillius. Art thou my boy?

MAMILLIUS. Ay, my good lord.

LEONTES. Why, that's my bawcock. What! hast smutch'd thy nose?

They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain, We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain: 124 And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf, Are all call'd neat. Still virginalling Upon his palm! How now, you wanton calf! Art thou my calf?

Yes, if you will, my lord. MAMILLIUS. 128 LEONTES. Thou want'st a rough pash and the shoots that I have.

To be full like me: yet they say we are Almost as like as eggs; women say so, That will say anything: but were they false As o'er-dy'd blacks, as wind, as waters, false As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes No bourn 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true To say this boy were like me. Come, sir page, Look on me with your welkin eye: sweet villain! Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam?—may't be?—

ffection! thy intention stabs the centre: hou dost make possible things not so held, ommunicat'st with dreams; —how can this be?— Vith what's unreal thou co-active art, and fellow'st nothing: then, 'tis very credent hou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost, and that beyond commission, and I find it, and that to the infection of my brains and hardening of my brows. POLIXENES. What means Sicilia? HERMIONE. He something seems unsettled. POLIXENES. How, my lord! 148 What cheer? how is 't with you, best brother? HERMIONE. as if you held a brow of much distraction: Are you mov'd, my lord? LEONTES. No, in good earnest. How sometimes nature will betray its folly, 152 ts tenderness, and make itself a pastime To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil I wenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd, n my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzled, Lest it should bite its master, and so prove, As ornaments oft do, too dangerous: How like, methought, I then was to this kernel, This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend, Will you take eggs for money? No, my lord, I'll fight. MAMILLIUS. You will? why, happy man be his dole! LEONTES. My brother, Are you so fond of your young prince as we 164 Do seem to be of ours? POLIXENES. If at home, sir, He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter, Now my sworn friend and then mine enemy; My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all: 168 He makes a July's day short as December,

And with his varying childness cures in me Thoughts that would thick my blood.

LEONTES. So stands this squire
Offic'd with me. We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welçome:
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:
Next to thyself and my young rover, he 's
Apparent to my heart.

If you would sook us.

HERMIONE. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden: shall 's attend you there?
LEONTES. To your own bents dispose you: you'll
be found.

Be you beneath the sky.—[Aside.] I am angling now, 180 Though you perceive me not how I give line. Go to, go to!

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband!

[Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, and Attendants. Gone already!

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one!
Go play, boy, play; thy mother plays, and I
Play too, but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knell. Go play, boy, play. There have
been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluic'd in 's absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there is none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike

201
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south: be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly: know 't;

204
It will let in and out the enemy

ith bag and baggage. Many a thousand on 's ave the disease, and feel 't not. How now, boy!

MAMILLIUS. I am like you, they say.

LEONTES. Why, that 's some comfort.

hat! Camillo there?

CAMILLO. Ay, my good lord.

LEONTES. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man. [Exit Mamillius.

amillo, this great sir will yet stay longer. 212
CAMILLO. You had much ado to make his anchor

hold:

hen you cast out, it still came home.

LEONTES. Didst note it? CAMILLO. He would not stay at your petitions;

made

is business more material.

LEONTES. Didst perceive it? 216
side.] They're here with me already, whispering,
rounding

Sicilia is a so-forth.' 'Tis far gone,

When I shall gust it last. How came 't, Camillo,

hat he did stay?

CAMILLO. At the good queen's entreaty. 220 LEONTES. At the queen's, be 't: 'good' should be

pertinent;

out so it is, it is not. Was this taken
by any understanding pate but thine?
or thy conceit is soaking; will draw in
lore than the common blocks: not noted, is 't,
but of the finer natures? by some severals
of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes

erchance are to this business purblind? say. 228
CAMILLO. Business, my lord! I think most under-

stand Sohemia stays here longer.

LEONTES. Ha!

CAMILLO. Stays here longer.

LEONTES. Ay, but why?

CAMILLO. To satisfy your highness and the entreaties 232

LEONTES.

Of our most gracious mistress. LEONTES. Satisfy! The entreaties of your mistress! satisfy! Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo, With all the nearest things to my heart, as well 236 My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like, thou Hast cleans'd my bosom: I from thee departed Thy penitent reform'd; but we have been Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd 240 In that which seems so. Be it forbid, my lord! CAMILLO. LEONTES. To bide upon 't, thou art not honest; or, If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward, Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining 244 From course requir'd; or else thou must be counted A servant grafted in my serious trust, And therein negligent; or else a fool That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn, And tak'st it all for jest. My gracious lord, CAMILLO. 249 I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful; In every one of these no man is free, But that his negligence, his folly, fear, Among the infinite doings of the world, Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord, If ever I were wilful-negligent, It was my folly; if industriously 256 I play'd the fool, it was my negligence, Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful To do a thing, where I the issue doubted, Whereof the execution did cry out Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord, Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty Is never free of: but, beseech your Grace, Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass By its own visage; if I then deny it, 'Tis none of mine. Ha' not you seen, Camillo,—

But that's past doubt; you have, or your eye-glass

anst with thine eyes at once see good and evil, aclining to them both: were my wife's liver

Infected as her life, she would not live The running of one glass.

CAMILLO. Who does infect her?
LEONTES. Why, he that wears her like her medal,
hanging

About his neck, Bohemia: who, if I

Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship, who mayst see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled,—mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

CAMILLO. Sir, my lord, I could do this, and that with no rash potion, But with a lingering dram that should not work Maliciously like poison: but I cannot Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress, So sovereignly being honourable.

I have lov'd thee .-

LEONTES. Make that thy question, and go rot!

Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled, 325

To appoint myself in this vexation; sully

The purity and whiteness of my sheets,

Which to preserve is sleep; which being spotted 328

Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?

Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,

Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,

Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this? 332

Could man so blench?

CAMILLO. I must believe you, sir:
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't;
Provided that when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

POLIXENES.

Thou dost advise me LEONTES. ven so as I mine own course have set down: 'll give no blemish to her honour, none. CAMILLO. My lord, to then; and with a countenance as clear s friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia, 344 and with your queen. I am his cup-bearer; f from me he have wholesome beverage, ccount me not your servant. LEONTES. This is all: o't, and thou hast the one half of my heart; o't not, thou split'st thine own. CAMILLO. I'll do't, my lord. LEONTES. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me. CAMILLO. O miserable lady! But, for me, What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do't s the obedience to a master: one

Who, in rebellion with himself will have All that are his so too. To do this deed Promotion follows. If I could find example Of thousands that had struck anointed kings, And flourish'd after, I'd not do't; but since Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one,

Let villany itself forswear 't. I must Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now! Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter Polixenes.

This is strange: methinks

My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?— Good day, Camillo. Hail, most royal sir! CAMILLO. POLIXENES. What is the news i' the court? CAMILLO. None rare, my lord. POLIXENES. The king hath on him such a countenance

As he had lost some province and a region

Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment, when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.

CAMILLO. I dare not know, my lord.

POLIXENES. How! dare not! do not! Do you

ROLIXENES. How! dare not! do not! Do you know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say you dare not. Good Camillo.

380

And cannot say you dare not. Good Camillo, Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I must be A party in this alteration, finding

Myself thus alter'd with 't.

CAMILLO. There is a sickness 384
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease, and it is caught

Of you that yet are well.

Make me not sighted like the basilisk:

I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—

As you are certainly a gentleman, thereto Clerk-like experienc'd, which no less adorns

Our gentry than our parents' noble names,

In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,

If you know aught which does behove my knowledge Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not

396

In ignorant concealment.

CAMILLO. I may not answer.

POLIXENES. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!

I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo;

I conjure thee, by all the parts of man

Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least

Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare

What incidency thou dost guess of harm

Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;

Which way to be prevented if to be;

Entril Tim William D Times	901
not, how best to bear it.	
CAMILLO. Sir, I will tell you;	
nce I am charg'd in honour and by him	
nat I think honourable. Therefore mark my cour	sel.
hich must be even as swiftly follow'd as	409
mean to utter it, or both yourself and me	409
y 'lost', and so good night!	
POLIXENES. On, good Camillo.	
CAMILLO. I am appointed him to murder you.	ATO
POLIXENES. By whom, Camillo?	412
CAMILLO. By whom, Camillo : By the king.	
POLIXENES. For wh	at 2
CAMILLO. He thinks, nay, with all confidence	ho
swears,	116
s he had seen't or been an instrument	
vice you to't, that you have touch'd his queen	
orbiddenly.	
POLIXENES. O, then my best blood turn	417
o an infected jelly, and my name	4-/
e yok'd with his that did betray the Best!	
irn then my freshest reputation to	420
savour, that may strike the dullest nostril	4-0
here I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,	
ay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection	
nat e'er was heard or read!	
CAMILLO. Swear his thought ov	er
y each particular star in heaven and	425
y all their influences, you may as well	4-3
orbid the sea for to obey the moon	
s or by oath remove or counsel shake	428
ne fabric of his folly, whose foundation	
pil'd upon his faith, and will continue	
ne standing of his body.	
POLIXENES. How should this grow	?
CAMILLO. I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer	
	433
therefore you dare trust my honesty,	
hat lies enclosed in this trunk which you	

Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night! Your followers I will whisper to the business, And will by twos and threes at several posterns.

Clear them o' the city. For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth, which, if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer

444
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.

I do believe thee: POLIXENES. I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand: Be pilot to me and thy places shall Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready and 448 My people did expect my hence departure Two days ago. This jealousy Is for a precious creature: as she's rare 452 Must it be great, and, as his person's mighty Must it be violent, and, as he does conceive He is dishonour'd by a man which ever Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me: Good expedition be my friend, and comfort The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo; I will respect thee as a father if Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid.

CAMILLO. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns: please your highness 464
To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away! [Exeunt.

ACT II.

Scene I.—Sicilia. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, and Ladies.

HERMIONE. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,

'Tis past enduring.

FIRST LADY. Come, my gracious lord,

Shall I be your playfellow?

MAMILLIUS. No, I'll none of you.

FIRST LADY. Why, my sweet lord?

MAMILLIUS. You'll kiss me hard and speak to me as if were a baby still. I love you better. SECOND LADY. And why so, my lord? Not for because MAMILLIUS. our brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say, 8 come some women best, so that there be not o much hair there, but in a semicircle, r a half-moon made with a pen. SECOND LADY. Who taught you this? MAMILLIUS. I learn'd it out of women's faces. Pray now, hat colour are your eyebrows? FIRST LADY. Blue, my lord. MAMILLIUS. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose hat has been blue, but not her eyebrows. SECOND LADY. Hark ye; he queen your mother rounds apace: we shall 16 resent our services to a fine new prince ne of these days; and then you'd wanton with us, we would have you. FIRST LADY. She is spread of late nto a goodly bulk: good time encounter her! 20 HERMIONE. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come sir, now am for you again: pray you, sit by us, nd tell's a tale. MAMILLIUS. Merry or sad shall't be? HERMIONE. As merry as you will. MAMILLIUS. A sad tale's best for winter. 24 have one of sprites and goblins. Let's have that, good sir. HERMIONE. ome on, sit down: come on, and do your best o fright me with your sprites; you're powerful at it. MAMILLIUS. There was a man,— HERMIONE. Nay, come, sit down; then on. MAMILLIUS. Dwelt by a churchyard. I will tell it

softly;

Yond crickets shall not hear it.

HERMIONE. Come on then,
And give 't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and Others. LEONTES. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him? FIRST LORD. Behind the tuft of pines I met them: never Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them Even to their ships. LEONTES. How blest am I In my just censure, in my true opinion! 36 Alack, for lesser knowledge! How accurs'd In being so blest! There may be in the cup A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart, And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge 40 Is not infected; but if one present The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides, With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider. Camillo was his help in this, his pandar: 45 There is a plot against my life, my crown; All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him: 48 He has discover'd my design, and I Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick For them to play at will. How came the posterns So easily open? By his great authority; FIRST LORD. Which often hath no less prevail'd than so On your command. I know't too well. LEONTES. [To Hermione.] Give me the boy: I am glad you did not nurse him: Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you Have too much blood in him. HERMIONE. What is this? sport?

LEONTES. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come

about her:

ay with him ![Exit Mamillius, attended.] and let l	ner
sport herself	
h that she 's big with; for 'tis Polixenes	60
made thee swell thus.	
ERMIONE. But I'd say he had not	,
l I'll be sworn you would believe my saying,	
ve'er you lean to the nayward.	
EONTES. You, my lords,	
k on her, mark her well; be but about	64
say, 'she is a goodly lady,' and	
justice of your hearts will thereto add	
is pity she's not honest, honourable':	
ise her but for this her without-door form,—	68
ich on my faith deserves high speech,—and straig	ght
shrug, the hum or ha, these petty brands	
t calumny doth use,—O, I am out!—	
t mercy does, for calumny will sear	72
tue itself: these shrugs, these hums and ha's,	
en vou have said 'she's goodly', come between	
you can say 'she's honest'. But be't known,	111
m him that has most cause to grieve it should b	e,
's an adulteress.	111
ERMIONE. Should a villain say so,	77
most replenish'd villain in the world,	
were as much more villain: you, my lord,	
but mistake.	
EONTES. You have mistook, my lady,	80
xenes for Leontes. O thou thing!	
ich I'll not call a creature of thy place,	
t barbarism, making me the precedent,	
uld a like language use to all degrees,	84
I mannerly distinguishment leave out	
wixt the prince and beggar: I have said	
's an adulteress; I have said with whom:	
re, she's a traitor, and Camillo is	88
ederary with her, and one that knows	
at she should shame to know herself	
with her most vile principal, that she's	
ed-swerver, even as bad as those	92
at vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy	
н. ш	

To this their late escape.

No, by my life, HERMIONE. Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you When you shall come to clearer knowledge that You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord, You scarce can right me throughly then to say You did mistake.

No: if I mistake LEONTES. In those foundations which I build upon, The centre is not big enough to bear A schoolboy's top. Away with her to prison! He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty

But that he speaks.

There's some ill planet reigns: 104 HERMIONE. I must be patient till the heavens look With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords, I am not prone to weeping, as our sex Commonly are; the want of which vain dew IC8 Perchance shall dry your pities; but I have That honourable grief lodg'd here which burns Worse than tears drown. Beseech you all, my lords, With thoughts so qualified as your charities Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so The king's will be perform'd!

LEONTES. [To the Guards.] Shall I be heard? HERMIONE. Who is't that goes with me? Beseech

your highness,

My women may be with me; for you see My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools; There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress

Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears As I come out: this action I now go on Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord: I never wish'd to see you sorry; now

I trust I shall. My women, come; you have leave. LEONTES. Go, do our bidding: hence!

[Exeunt Queen guarded, and Ladies. FIRST LORD. Beseech your highness call the queen again.

NEI

NTIGONUS. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice ve violence: in the which three great ones suffer, urself, your queen, your son. IRST LORD. For her, my lord, 128 are my life lay down, and will do't, sir, ase you to accept it,—that the queen is spotless he eyes of heaven and to you: I mean, this which you accuse her. NTIGONUS. If it prove 's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where dge my wife; I'll go in couples with her; in when I feel and see her no further trust her; every inch of woman in the world, every dram of woman's flesh is false, he be. EONTES. Hold your peaces! Good my lord,— IRST LORD. NTIGONUS. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves. are abus'd, and by some putter-on at will be damn'd for 't; would I knew the villain, ould land-damn him. Be she honour-flaw'd,ave three daughters; the eldest is eleven, e second and the third, nine and some five; his prove true, they'll pay for 't: by mine honour, geld them all; fourteen they shall not see, bring false generations: they are co-heirs; d I had rather glib myself than they ould not produce fair issue. EONTES. Cease! no more. a smell this business with a sense as cold is a dead man's nose; but I do see't and feel't, you feel doing thus, and see withal e instruments that feel. NTIGONUS. If it be so, need no grave to bury honesty: ere's not a grain of it the face to sweeten the whole dungy earth. What! lack I credit? EONTES.

FIRST LORD. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,

Upon this ground; and more it would content me To have her honour true than your suspicion,

Be blam'd for 't how you might.

Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this; which if you,—or stupefied
Or seeming so in skill,—cannot or will not
Relish as truth like us, inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.

ANTIGONUS. And I wish, my liege,

You had only in your silent judgment tried it, Without more overture.

Either thou art most ignorant by age,

Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,

Added to their familiarity,

Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture, That lack'd sight only, naught for approbation

But only seeing, all other circumstances

Made up to the deed, doth push on this proceeding:

Yet, for a greater confirmation,—

For in an act of this importance 'twere

Most piteous to be wild,—I have dispatch'd in post To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,

Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know

Of stuff'd sufficiency. Now, from the oracle They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,

Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

FIRST LORD. Well done, my lord.

Than what I know, yet shall the oracle 189

Give rest to the minds of others, such as he Whose ignorant credulity will not

Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good

d one whom much I honour. PAULINA. nduct me to the queen. GAOLER. I may not, madam: to the contrary 8 ave express commandment. PAULINA. lock up honesty and honour from e access of gentle visitors! Is't lawful, pray you, see her women? any of them? Emilia? GAOLER. So please you, madam, put apart these your attendants, I all bring Emilia forth.

thdraw yourselves. [Exeunt Attendants. AOLER. And, madam, nust be present at your conference. PAULINA. Well, be 't so, prithee. [Exit Gaoler. re's such ado to make no stain a stain, passes colouring.

I pray now, call her.

PAULINA.

Develop Coal a seith France	
Re-enter Gaoler, with EMILIA.	
	20
How fares our gracious lady?	
EMILIA. As well as one so great and so forlorn	
May hold together. On her frights and griefs,—	
Which never tender lady hath borne greater,—	24
She is something before her time deliver'd.	
PAULINA. A boy?	
EMILIA. A daughter; and a goodly ba	be,
Lusty and like to live: the queen receives	
Much comfort in 't; says, 'My poor prisoner,	28
I am innocent as you.'	
PAULINA. I dare be sworn:	
These dangerous unsafe lunes i' the king, beshrew the	m!
He must be told on't, and he shall: the office	
Becomes a woman best; I'll take 't upon me.	32
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,	
And never to my red-look'd anger be	
The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,	
Commend my best obedience to the queen:	36
If she dares trust me with her little babe,	
I'll show it to the king and undertake to be	
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know	
How he may soften at the sight of the child:	40
The silence often of pure innocence	
Persuades when speaking fails.	
EMILIA. Most worthy mada	m,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident	
That your free undertaking cannot miss	44
A thriving issue: there is no lady living	
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyshi	р
To visit the next room, I'll presently	•
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer,	48
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,	
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,	
Lest she should be denied.	
PAULINA. Tell her, Emilia,	
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from 't	52
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted	

hall do good. EMILIA. Now be you blest for it! to the queen. Please you, come something nearer. GAOLER. Madam, if 't please the queen to send the babe. babe, know not what I shall incur to pass it, aving no warrant. PAULINA. You need not fear it, sir: e child was prisoner to the womb, and is law and process of great nature thence eed and enfranchis'd; not a party to e anger of the king, nor guilty of, any be, the trespass of the queen. GAOLER. I do believe it.

PAULINA. Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I

ill stand betwixt you and danger.

Scene III.—The Same. A Room in the Palace. Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and other Attendants. LEONTES. Nor night, nor day, no rest; it is but weakness bear the matter thus: mere weakness. If e cause were not in being,—part o' the cause, e the adultress; for the harlot king quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank nd level of my brain, plot-proof; but she ean hook to me: say, that she were gone, ven to the fire, a moiety of my rest ght come to me again. Who's there? FIRST ATTENDANT. [Advancing.] My lord? LEONTES. How does the boy? FIRST ATTENDANT. He took good rest to-night; is hop'd his sickness is discharg'd. LEONTES. To see his nobleness! nceiving the dishonour of his mother, 13 e straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply, sten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself, rew off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep, 16

nd downright languish'd. Leave me solely: go,

44

See how he fares. [Exit Attendant.]—Fie, fie! no thought of him;

The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them, nor
Shall she within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

FIRST LORD. You must not enter.

PAULINA. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas, Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul, More free than he is jealous.

ANTIGONUS. That's enough.
SECOND ATTENDANT. Madam, he hath not slept tonight; commanded

None should come at him.

PAULINA. Not so hot, good sir; I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you, That creep like shadows by him and do sigh At each his needless heavings, such as you Nourish the cause of his awaking: I 36 Do come with words as med'cinal as true, Honest as either, to purge him of that humour That presses him from sleep.

LEONTES. What noise there, ho?
PAULINA. No noise, my lord; but needful conference
About some gossips for your highness.

Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me:
I knew she would.

ANTIGONUS. I told her so, my lord, On your displeasure's peril, and on mine, She should not visit you. ENE III What! canst not rule her? LEONTES. PAULINA. From all dishonesty he can: in this, nless he take the course that you have done, ommit me for committing honour, trust it, e shall not rule me. ANTIGONUS. La you now! you hear; hen she will take the rein I let her run; ut she'll not stumble. PAULINA. Good my liege, I come, nd I beseech you, hear me, who professes yself your loyal servant, your physician, our most obedient counsellor, yet that dares ess appear so in comforting your evils han such as most seem yours: I say, I come rom your good queen. Good queen! LEONTES. PAULINA. Good queen, my lord, good queen; I say, good queen; nd would by combat make her good, so were I 60 man, the worst about you. LEONTES. Force her hence. PAULINA. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes irst hand me: on mine own accord I'll off; ut first I'll do my errand. The good queen, 64 or she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter: ere 'tis; commends it to your blessing. [Laying down the Child.

Out! LEONTES. mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door: most intelligencing bawd! PAULINA. Not so;

am as ignorant in that as you so entitling me, and no less honest han you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant, s this world goes, to pass for honest.

LEONTES. Traitors! 72 'ill you not push her out? Give her the bastard. o Antigonus.] Thou dotard! thou art woman-tir'd, unroosted

y thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard;

Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone. PAULINA. For ever Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou Tak'st up the princess by that forced baseness Which he has put upon 't! He dreads his wife. LEONTES. PAULINA. So I would you did; then, 'twere past all doubt. You'd call your children yours. A nest of traitors! LEONTES. ANTIGONUS. I am none, by this good light. PAULINA. A TOTAL AND THE Nor I nor any But one that's here, and that's himself: for he The sacred honour of himself, his queen's. His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander, Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will For, as the case now stands, it is a curse He cannot be compell'd to 't,—once remove 88 The root of his opinion, which is rotten As ever oak or stone was sound. LEONTES. ... A callat Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband And now baits me! This brat is none of mine; It is the issue of Polixenes: Hence with it; and, together with the dam Commit them to the fire! It is yours; And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge, 'So like you, 'tis the worse.' Behold, my lords, Although the print be little, the whole matter And copy of the father; eye, nose, lip, The trick of 's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley, 100 The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek, his smiles, The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger: And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it So like to him that got it, if thou hast The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours No yellow in't; lest she suspect, as he does,

Her children not her husband's.

LEONTES. A gross hag!	
nd, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,	108
at wilt not stay her tongue.	
ANTIGONUS. Hang all the husb	ands
at cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself	
ardly one subject.	114
LEONTES. Once more, take her hence.	
PAULINA. A most unworthy and unnatural lord	112
n do no more.	
LEONTES. I'll ha' thee burn'd.	
PAULINA: 1996 to the first that the I care not:	
is a heretic that makes the fire,	
ot she which burns in 't. I'll not call you tyran	it;
at this most cruel usage of your queen,—	116
ot able to produce more accusation	
an your own weak-hing'd fancy,—something say	ours
tyranny, and will ignoble make you,	
ea, scandalous to the world.	
LEONTES. On your allegiance,	120
at of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,	
here were her life? she durst not call me so	
she did know me one. Away with her!	
PAULINA. I pray you do not push me; I'll be	gone.
ook to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove her	send
better guiding spirit! What need these hands	
ou, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,	
and the die states goods, the other or journ	128
o, so: farewell; we are gone.	[Exit.
LEONTES. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to	unis.
y child! away with't!—even thou, that hast heart so tender o'er it, take it hence	7.00
nd see it instantly consum'd with fire:	132
ven thou and none but thou. Take it up straig	ht.
ithin this hour bring me word 'tis done,—	
nd by good testimony,—or I'll seize thy life,	136
ith what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse	130
nd wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;	
he bastard brains with these my proper hands	
nall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire:	140
and a displayed to the site in a	220

For thou sett'st on thy wife.

ANTIGONUS. I did not, sir: These lords, my noble fellows, if they please, Can clear me in 't.

FIRST LORD. We can, my royal liege, He is not guilty of her coming hither.

LEONTES. You are liars all.

FIRST LORD. Beseech your highness, give us better credit:

We have always truly serv'd you, and beseech you So to esteem of us; and on our knees we beg, As recompense of our dear services

Past and to come, that you do change this purpose,

Which being so horrible, so bloody, must

Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel.

LEONTES. I am a feather for each wind that blows.

Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:

It shall not neither.—[To Anticonus.] You, sir, come you hither;

You that have been so tenderly officious With Lady Margery, your midwife there,

To save this bastard's life,—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as thy beard's grey,—what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

ANTIGONUS. Any thing, my lord,

That my ability may undergo,

And nobleness impose: at least, thus much:
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

LEONTES. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword

Thou wilt perform my bidding.

ANTIGONUS. I will, my lord. 168
LEONTES. Mark and perform it,—seest thou!—for
the fail

Of any point in't shall not only be

Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife, Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,

As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry

his female bastard hence; and that thou bear it o some remote and desart place quite out f our dominions; and that there thou leave it, Vithout more mercy, to its own protection, 176 and favour of the climate. As by strange fortune t came to us, I do in justice charge thee, n thy soul's peril and thy body's torture, 180 hat thou commend it strangely to some place, Vhere chance may nurse or end it. Take it up. ANTIGONUS. I swear to do this, though a present death Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe: 184 ome powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say, Casting their savageness aside have done like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous n more than this deed doth require! And blessing Against this cruelty fight on thy side,

nother's issue.

LEONTES.

Enter a Servant.

Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [Exit with the Child.

No: I'll not rear

SERVANT. Please your highness, posts From those you sent to the oracle are come In hour since: Cleomenes and Dion, Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed, Hasting to the court. FIRST LORD. So please you, sir, their speed Iath been beyond account.

Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'tis good speed; foretells Twenty-three days 107 The great Apollo suddenly will have The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords; 200

Summon a session, that we may arraign Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have ight and open trial. While she lives

My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me. and think upon my bidding.

ACT III.

Scene I.-A Sea-port in Sicilia.

Enter CLEOMENES and DION.

CLEOMENES. The climate's delicate, the air most sweet,

Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing

The common praise it bears.

For most it caught me, the celestial habits,—
Methinks I so should term them,—and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!

CLEOMENES. But of all, the burst And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle, Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,

That I was nothing.

Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so!—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,

I little like.

DION. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business: when the oracle,
Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go:—fresh horses!
And gracious be the issue!

[Exeunt.

SCENE II .- Sicilia. A Court of Justice.

LEONTES, Lords, and Officers.

LEONTES. This sessions, to our great grief we pronounce,

Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the party tried

he daughter of a king, our wife, and one f us too much belov'd. Let us be clear'd 4 f being tyrannous, since we so openly roceed in justice, which shall have due course, ven to the guilt or the purgation. roduce the prisoner.

8 OFFICER. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen ppear in person here in court. Silence!

Enter HERMIONE guarded: PAULINA and Ladies attending. LEONTES. Read the indictment. OFFICER. 'Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of igh treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, King of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take way the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal susband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances eartly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith nd allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid hem, for their better safety, to fly away by night.' 20 HERMIONE. Since what I am to say must be but that Which contradicts my accusation, and The testimony on my part no other But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me 'o say 'Not guilty': mine integrity 25 Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it, Be so receiv'd. But thus: if powers divine Behold our human actions, as they do, doubt not then but innocence shall make alse accusation blush, and tyranny remble at patience. You, my lord, best know,— Who least will seem to do so,—my past life Iath been as continent, as chaste, as true, as I am now unhappy; which is more 'han history can pattern, though devis'd and play'd to take spectators. For behold me, 36 fellow of the royal bed, which owe moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter, the mother to a hopeful prince, here standing o prate and talk for life and honour 'fore 40

Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour, 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,	
And only that I stand for. I appeal	44
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes	
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,	
How merited to be so; since he came,	
With what encounter so uncurrent I	48
Have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jot beyond	
The bound of honour, or in act or will	
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts	
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin	52
Cry fie upon my grave!	3-
LEONTES. I ne'er heard yet	
That any of these bolder vices wanted	
Less impudence to gainsay what they did	
Than to perform it first.	
HERMIONE. That 's true enough;	56
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.	3
LEONTES. You will not own it.	
HERMIONE. More than mistress	of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not	
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,—	60
With whom I am accus'd,—I do confess	
I lov'd him as in honour he requir'd,	
With such a kind of love as might become	
A lady like me; with a love even such,	64
So and no other, as yourself commanded:	
Which not to have done I think had been in me	
Both disobedience and ingratitude	
To you and toward your friend, whose love had spol	ce.
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely	69
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,	
I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd	
For me to try how: all I know of it	72
Is that Camillo was an honest man;	
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,	
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.	
LEONTES. You knew of his departure, as you know	w
What you have underta'en to do in's absence	-

HERMIONE. Sir,	
ou speak a language that I understand not:	
y life stands in the level of your dreams,	80
Thich I'll lay down.	
LEONTES. Your actions are my dreams:	
ou had a bastard by Polixenes,	
nd I but dream'd it. As you were past all shame,	
hose of your fact are so,—so past all truth:	84
Thich to deny concerns more than avails; for as	
hy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,	
o father owning it,—which is, indeed,	
ore criminal in thee than it,—so thou	88
nalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage	
ook for no less than death.	
HERMIONE. Sir, spare your threats	:
ne bug which you would fright me with I seek.	
o me can life be no commodity:	92
ne crown and comfort of my life, your favour,	
do give lost; for I do feel it gone,	
at know not how it went. My second joy,	
nd first-fruits of my body, from his presence	96
am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,	
arr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,	
ne innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,	
12 7 4 4 1 1 10	00
oclaim'd a strumpet: with immodest hatred	
ne child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs	
women of all fashion: lastly, hurried	
ere to this place, i' the open air, before	04
have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,	
ell me what blessings I have here alive,	
nat I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.	
	80
prize it not a straw:—but for mine honour,	
hich I would free, if I shall be condemn'd	
pon surmises, all proofs sleeping else	
John John John John John John John John	12
is rigour and not law. Your honours all,	
do refer me to the oracle:	
nollo ha my judge !	

This your request FIRST LORD. Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth, And in Apollo's name, his oracle. [Exeunt certain Officers. HERMIONE. The Emperor of Russia was my father: O! that he were alive, and here beholding His daughter's trial; that he did but see The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.

OFFICER. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice.

That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd Of great Apollo's priest, and that since then You have not dar'd to break the holy seal, Nor read the secrets in 't.

CLEOMENES.

DION. All this we swear.

LEONTES. Break up the seals, and read.

OFFICER. 'Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir if that which is lost be not found!'

LORDS. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

HERMIONE.

Hast thou read truth? LEONTES.

Ay, my lord; even so OFFICER. As it is here set down.

LEONTES. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:

The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant.

My lord the king, the king! SERVANT.

What is the business? LEONTES.

SERVANT. O sir! I shall be hated to report it: 141 The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear Of the queen's speed, is gone.

LEONTES. How! gone!

SERVANT. I made ! Selfate to III Is dead	
LEONTES. Apollo's angry; and the heavens t	hem-
selves	144
o strike at my injustice. [Hermione st	woons.
How now, there!	
PAULINA. This news is mortal to the queen:-	-look
down,	
nd see what death is doing.	
LEONTES. Take her hence:	
Ier heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover:	148
have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:	
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her	
some remedies for life.—	
[Exeunt Paulina, and Ladies, with Her.	MIONE.
Apollo, pardon	
Iy great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!	152
'Il reconcile me to Polixenes,	
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,	
Vhom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;	
or, being transported by my jealousies	156
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose	
Camillo for the minister to poison	
Ty friend Polixenes: which had been done,	160
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied	
My swift command; though I with death and wi- Reward did threaten and encourage him,	LII
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane	
and fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest	164
Inclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,	104
Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard	1
of all incertainties himself commended,	•
No richer than his honour: how he glisters	168
Thorough my rust! and how his piety	-30
Does my deeds make the blacker!	
and the state of t	

Re-enter PAULINA.

Woe the while! PAULINA. O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it, Break too!

FIRST LORD. What fit is this, good lady?

PAULINA. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me? What wheels? racks? fires? What flaving? or what boiling In leads, or oils? what old or newer torture Must I receive, whose every word deserves 176 To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny, Together working with thy jealousies, Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle For girls of nine, O! think what they have done, And then run mad indeed, stark mad; for all Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it. That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing; That did but show thee of a fool, inconstant 184 And damnable ingrateful; nor was 't much Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour To have him kill a king; poor trespasses, More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon 188 The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter To be or none or little; though a devil Would have shed water out of fire ere done 't: Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death 192 Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts,-Thoughts high for one so tender,—cleft the heart That could conceive a gross and foolish sire Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no. 106 Laid to thy answer: but the last,—O lords! When I have said, cry, 'woe!'—the queen, the queen, The sweetest, dearest creature 's dead, and vengeance for 't Not dropp'd down yet. FIRST LORD. The higher powers forbid! PAULINA. I say she's dead; I'll swear't: if word nor oath Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye, Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you As I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant! Do not repent these things, for they are heavier Than all thy woes can stir; therefore betake thee

nothing but despair. A thousand knees	208
n thousand years together, naked, fasting,	
oon a barren mountain, and still winter	
storm perpetual, could not move the gods	
look that way thou wert.	
LEONTES. Go on, go on;	212
ou canst not speak too much: I have deserv'd	
tongues to talk their bitterest.	
FIRST LORD. Say no more:	
we'er the business goes, you have made fault	
the boldness of your speech.	
PAULINA. I am sorry for 't:	216
faults I make, when I shall come to know them	
o repent. Alas! I have show'd too much	
e rashness of a woman: he is touch'd	
the noble heart. What 's gone and what 's past h	elp
ould be past grief: do not receive affliction	221
my petition; I beseech you, rather	
t me be punish'd, that have minded you	
what you should forget. Now, good my liege,	224
, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:	
e love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again !—	
speak of her no more, nor of your children;	
not remember you of my own lord,	228
ho is lost too: take your patience to you,	
d I'll say nothing.	
LEONTES. Thou didst speak but well,	
hen most the truth, which I receive much better	
an to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me	232
the dead bodies of my queen and son:	
e grave shall be for both: upon them shall	
e causes of their death appear, unto	
r shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit	236
e chapel where they lie, and tears shed there	
all be my recreation: so long as nature	
ill bear up with this exercise, so long	
laily vow to use it. Come and lead me	240
to these corrows	nnt.

Scene III.—Bohemia. A desert Country near the Sea.

Enter Antigonus, with the Child; and a Mariner.

ANTIGONUS. Thou art perfect, then, our ship hath touch'd upon

The desarts of Bohemia?

MARINER. Ay, my lord; and fear We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly And threaten present blusters. In my conscience, The heavens with that we have in hand are angry, And frown upon's.

ANTIGONUS. Their sacred wills be done! Go, get

aboard;

Look to thy bark: I'll not be long before

I call upon thee.

MARINER. Make your best haste, and go not Too far i' the land: 'tis like to be loud weather; Besides, this place is famous for the creatures Of prey that keep upon 't.

ANTIGONUS. Go thou away:

I'll follow instantly.

MARINER. I am glad at heart

To be so rid of the business.

of the business. [Exit. Come, poor babe:

ANTIGONUS. Come, poor babe:

I have heard, but not believ'd, the spirits o' the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes

24

And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon Did this break from her: 'Good Antigonus, Since fate, against thy better disposition,

Hath made thy person for the thrower-out Of my poor babe, according to thine oath.

aces remote enough are in Bohemia, here weep and leave it crying; and, for the babe counted lost for ever, Perdita, prithee, call 't: for this ungentle business, it on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see ny wife Paulina more': and so, with shrieks, he melted into air. Affrighted much, did in time collect myself, and thought his was so and no slumber. Dreams are toys: et for this once, yea, superstitiously, will be squar'd by this. I do believe ermione hath suffer'd death; and that pollo would, this being indeed the issue f King Polixenes, it should here be laid, ither for life or death, upon the earth f its right father. Blossom, speed thee well! [Laying down Child. here lie; and there thy character: there these; [Laving down a bundle. Thich may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty, nd still rest thine. The storm begins: poor wretch! hat for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd 49 o loss and what may follow. Weep I cannot, ut my heart bleeds, and most accurs'd am I o be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell! he day frowns more and more: thou art like to have lullaby too rough. I never saw he heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!

Enter a Shepherd.

ell may I get aboard! This is the chase: 56 am gone for ever. [Exit, pursued by a bear.

SHEPHERD. I would there were no age between xteen and three-and-twenty, or that youth would eep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between it getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, ealing, fighting. Hark you now! Would any but ese boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty ant this weather? They have scared away two of my est sheep; which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master: if anywhere I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [Taking up the Child.] Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty barne! A boy or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one; sure some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work; they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity; yet I'll tarry till my son come; he hollaed but even now. Whoa, ho, hoa!

Enter Clown.

CLOWN. Hilloa, loa!

SHEPHERD. What! art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither.

What ailest thou, man?

clown. I have seen two such sights by sea and by land! but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

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SHEPHERD. Why, boy, how is it?

clown. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point. O! the most piteous cry of the poor souls; sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land-service: to see how the bear tore out his shoulderbone; how he cried to me for help and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship: to see how the sea flap-dragoned it: but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them; and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

SHEPHERD. Name of mercy! when was this, boy? CLOWN. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman: he's at it now.

SHEPHERD. Would I had been by, to have helped e old man! CLOWN. I would you had been by the ship's side, have helped her: there your charity would have cked footing. SHEPHERD. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but ok thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou mettest ith things dying, I with things new born. Here's sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's nild! Look thee here: take up, take up, boy; open't. o, let's see: it was told me, I should be rich by the iries: this is some changeling.—Open 't. What's ithin, boy? CLOWN. You're a made old man: if the sins of

our youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold!

ll gold!

SHEPHERD. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove o: up with 't, keep it close: home, home, the next ray. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires othing but secrecy. Let my sheep go. Come, good oy, the next way home.

CLOWN. Go you the next way with your findings. 'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and ow much he hath eaten: they are never curst but then they are hungry. If there be any of him left, 'll bury it.

SHEPHERD. That's a good deed. If thou mayst iscern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch ne to the sight of him. 132

CLOWN. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put

im i' the ground.

SHEPHERD. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good eeds on 't.

ACT IV.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

TIME. I, that please some, try all, both joy and terror

of good and bad, that make and unfold error,

Now take upon me, in the name of Time, To use my wings. Impute it not a crime To me or my swift passage, that I slide O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried Of that wide gap; since it is in my power To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass The same I am, ere ancient'st order was Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to The times that brought them in: so shall I do To the freshest things now reigning, and make stale The glistering of this present, as my tale Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing, I turn my glass and give my scene such growing 16 As you had slept between. Leontes leaving,— The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving, That he shuts up himself,—imagine me, Gentle spectators, that I now may be 20 In fair Bohemia; and remember well, I mention'd a son o' the king's, which Florizel I now name to you; and with speed so pace To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace 24 Equal with wondering: what of her ensues I list not prophesy; but let Time's news Be known when 'tis brought forth. A shepherd's daughter, And what to her adheres, which follows after, Is th' argument of Time. Of this allow, If ever you have spent time worse ere now: If never, yet that Time himself doth say He wishes earnestly you never may. [Exit.

Scene I.—Bohemia. A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.

Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

POLIXENES. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee anything; a death to grant this.

CAMILLO. It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though I have for the most part been aired abroad,

desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent ing, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling prows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, hich is another spur to my departure.

POLIXENES. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not ut the rest of thy services by leaving me now. The eed I have of thee thine own goodness hath made: etter not to have had thee than thus to want thee. hou, having made me businesses which none without hee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to xecute them thyself or take away with thee the very ervices thou hast done; which if I have not enough onsidered,—as too much I cannot,—to be more hankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit herein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, icilia, prithee speak no more, whose very naming unishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as hou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when awest thou the Prince Florizel, my son? Kings are o less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than hey are in losing them when they have approved their irtues.

CAMILLO. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown; but I have missingly noted he is of late much retired rom court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises han formerly he hath appeared.

POLIXENES. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my ervice which look upon his removedness; from whom have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, hat from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

CAMILLO. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who

nath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her s extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

POLIXENES. That's likewise part of my intelligence; but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

CAMILLO. I willingly obey your command.
POLIXENES. My best Camillo!—We must disguise
ourselves.

[Exeunt.

Scene II.—The Same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy, over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel, and in my time wore three-pile; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?

The pale moon shines by night;

And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin bowget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to esser linen. My father named me Autolycus; who being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway: beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize!

Enter Clown.

CLOWN. Let me see: Every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

AUTOLYCUS. [Aside.] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

clown. I cannot do't without compters. Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice, what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers, three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases: but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron, to colour the warden pies; mace, dates,—none; that's out of my note:—nutmegs seven; a race or two of ginger,—but that I may beg;—four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

AUTOLYCUS. O! that ever I was born!

[Grovelling on the ground.

CLOWN. I' the name of me!—

AUTOLYCUS. O! help me, help me! pluck but off
these rags, and then death, death!

CLOWN. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

AUTOLYCUS. O, sir! the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

CLOWN. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may

come to a great matter.

AUTOLYCUS. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

CLOWN. What, by a horseman or a footman? AUTOLYCUS. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

CLOWN. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he hath left with thee: if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

[Helping him up.

AUTOLYCUS. O! good sir, tenderly, O!

CLOWN. Alas, poor soul!

AUTOLYCUS. O! good sir; softly, good sir! I fear,

sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

CLOWN. How now! canst stand?

AUTOLYCUS. Softly, dear sir; [Picks his pocket.] good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

CLOWN. Dost lack any money? I have a little

money for thee.

AUTOLYCUS. No, good sweet sir: no, I beseech you, sir. I have a kinsman not past three-quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going: I shall there have money, or anything I want: offer me no money, I pray you! that kills my heart.

CLOWN. What manner of fellow was he that robbed

you?

AUTOLYCUS. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince. I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

CLOWN. His vices, you would say: there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide.

AUTOLYCUS. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within

a mile where my land and living lies; and having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in cogue: some call him Autolycus.

CLOWN. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig:

ne haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

AUTOLYCUS. Very true, sir; he, sir, he: that's the cogue that put me into this apparel.

CLOWN. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: f you had but looked big and spit at him, he'd have run. AUTOLYCUS. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way, and that he knew, warrant him.

CLOWN. How do you now? AUTOLYCUS. Sweet sir, much better than I was: I can stand and walk. I will even take my leave of you,

and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

CLOWN. Shall I bring thee on the way?

AUTOLYCUS. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir. 116 CLOWN. Then fare thee well: I must go buy spices

or our sheep-shearing.

AUTOLYCUS. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[Exit Clown.] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue.

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way, And merrily hent the stile-a: A merry heart goes all the day, Your sad tires in a mile-a.

[Exit.

Scene III.—The Same. A Lawn before the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

FLORIZEL. These your unusual weeds to each part of you

Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora

Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing

Is as a meeting of the petty gods, And you the queen on 't.

To chide at your extremes it not becomes me:
O! pardon, that I name them. Your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired,—swoon, I think,
To show myself a glass.

FLORIZEL. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across

Thy father's ground.

To me the difference forges dread; your greatness Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble To think, your father, by some accident, Should pass this way as you did. O, the Fates! 20 How would he look, to see his work, so noble, Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold The sternness of his presence?

Apprehend FLORIZEL. Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves, Humbling their deities to love, have taken The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune 28 A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god, Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain, As I seem now. Their transformations Were never for a piece of beauty rarer, 32 Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts Burn hotter than my faith. O! but, sir, PERDITA.

Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power of the king. One of these two must be necessities,

hich then will speak, that you must change this purpose, I my life.

FLORIZEL. Thou dearest Perdita, 40 th these forc'd thoughts, I prithee, darken not e mirth o' the feast: or I'll be thine, my fair, not my father's; for I cannot be ne own, nor anything to any, if 44

e not thine: to this I am most constant, ough destiny say no. Be merry, gentle; angle such thoughts as these with any thing at you behold the while. Your guests are coming: t up your countenance, as it were the day

celebration of that nuptial which

two have sworn shall come.

PERDITA. O lady Fortune.

and you auspicious!

FLORIZEL. See, your guests approach: 52 dress yourself to entertain them sprightly, d let's be red with mirth.

Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO disguised: Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, and Others.

SHEPHERD. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd. upon

is day she was both pantler, butler, cook; th dame and servant; welcom'd all, serv'd all, ould sing her song and dance her turn; now here, upper end o' the table, now i' the middle; his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire 60

th labour and the thing she took to quench it, e would to each one sip. You are retir'd, if you were a feasted one and not e hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid 64

ese unknown friends to's welcome; for it is way to make us better friends, more known. me, quench your blushes and present yourself at which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on, 68

d bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing, your good flock shall prosper.

SH. III P

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[To Polixenes.] Sir, welcome: PERDITA. It is my father's will I should take on me The hostess-ship o' the day: -[To CAMILLO.] You're welcome, sir. Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs, For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep Seeming and savour all the winter long: Grace and remembrance be to you both, And welcome to our shearing! Shepherdess,-POLIXENES. A fair one are you,—well you fit our ages With flowers of winter. Sir, the year growing ancient, PERDITA. Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the season Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyvors, Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind Our rustic garden's barren, and I care not 84 To get slips of them. Wherefore, gentle maiden, POLIXENES. Do you neglect them? For I have heard it said PERDITA. There is an art which in their piedness shares With great creating nature. POLIXENES. Say there be; 88 Yet nature is made better by no mean But nature makes that mean: so, over that art, Which you say adds to nature, is an art That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry 92 A gentler scion to the wildest stock, And make conceive a bark of baser kind By bud of nobler race: this is an art Which does mend nature, change it rather, but 96 The art itself is nature. So it is. POLIXENES. Then make your garden rich in gilly-

The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;

And do not call them bastards.

more than, were I painted, I would wish nis youth should say, 'twere well, and only therefore esire to breed by me. Here's flowers for you; ot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram; 104 ne marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun, nd with him rises weeping: these are flowers middle summer, and I think they are given men of middle age. You're very welcome. CAMILLO. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock, nd only live by gazing. PERDITA. ou'd be so lean, that blasts of January ould blow you through and through. Now, my fair'st friend, 112 would I had some flowers o' the spring that might come your time of day; and yours, and yours, at wear upon your virgin branches yet our maidenheads growing: O Proserpina! r the flowers now that frighted thou let'st fall om Dis's waggon! daffodils, at come before the swallow dares, and take e winds of March with beauty; violets dim, it sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes Cytherea's breath; pale prime-roses, at die unmarried, ere they can behold ight Phœbus in his strength, a malady est incident to maids; bold oxlips and e crown imperial; lilies of all kinds, e flower-de-luce being one. O! these I lack make you garlands of, and my sweet friend, strew him o'er and o'er! FLORIZEL. What! like a corse? PERDITA. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on; ot like a corse; or if,—not to be buried, at quick and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers: ethinks I play as I have seen them do Whitsun pastorals: sure this robe of mine es change my disposition. FLORIZEL. What you do

Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet, 13	6
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,	
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;	
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,	
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you 14	0
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do	
Nothing but that; move still, still so,	
And own no other function: each your doing,	
So singular in each particular,	4
Crowns what you are doing in the present deed,	
That all your acts are queens.	
PERDITA. O Doricles!	
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,	
And the true blood which fairly peeps through it, 14	8
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,	
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,	
You woo'd me the false way.	
FLORIZEL. I think you have	
As little skill to fear as I have purpose 15	2
To put you to't. But, come; our dance, I pray.	
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair	
That never mean to part.	
PERDITA. I'll swear for 'em.	
POLIXENES. This is the prettiest low-born lass tha	t
ever particle to the state of t	
Ran on the green-sord: nothing she does or seems	
But smacks of something greater than herself;	
Too noble for this place.	
CAMILLO. He tells her something 15	9
That makes her blood look out. Good sooth, she is	
The queen of curds and cream.	
CLOWN. Come on, strike up.	
DORCAS. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry	,
garlic,	
To mend her kissing with.	
MOPSA. Now, in good time!	
CLOWN. Not a word, a word: we stand upon ou	r
manners. The state of the season of the state of the stat	4
Come, strike up.	

[Music. Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

POLIXENES. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
hich dances with your daughter?
SHEPHERD. They call him Doricles, and boasts himself
have a worthy feeding; but I have it pon his own report and I believe it:
e looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter:
think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
pon the water as he'll stand and read
s'twere my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,

think there is not half a kiss to choose

ho loves another best.

POLIXENES. She dances featly. 176
SHEPHERD. So she does any thing, though I report it
not should be silent. If young Doricles
be light upon her, she shall bring him that
hich he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT. O master! if you did but hear the pedlar

the door, you would never dance again after a tabor d pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you. He ngs several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he ters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's ears ew to his tunes. CLOWN. He could never come better: he shall come : I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful atter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed d sung lamentably. SERVANT. He hath songs for man or woman, of all es; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without wdry, which is strange; with such delicate burthens dildos and fadings, 'jump her and thump her'; d where some stretch-mouthed rascal would, as it ere, mean mischief and break a foul gap into the atter, he makes the maid to answer, 'Whoop, do me harm, good man'; puts him off, slights him with Whoop, do me no harm, good man'.

POLIXENES. This is a brave fellow.

CLOWN. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares? 203 He hath ribands of all the colours i' the SERVANT. rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns: why, he sings 'em over, as they were gods or goddesses. You would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on't.

CLOWN. Prithee, bring him in, and let him approach singing.

Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous PERDITA. words in's tunes. [Exit Servant.

CLOWN. You have of these pedlars, that have more in them than you'd think, sister.

PERDITA. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

Lawn as white as driven snow: Cyprus black as e'er was crow; Gloves as sweet as damask roses: Masks for faces and for noses: Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber, Perfume for a lady's chamber: Golden quoifs and stomachers, For my lads to give their dears; Pins and poking-sticks of steel; What maids lack from head to heel: Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy; Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry: Come buy.

CLOWN. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and

MOPSA. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

DORCAS. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

MOPSA. He hath paid you all he promised you: may he has paid you more, which will shame you to give m again. CLOWN. Is there no manners left among maids? ll they wear their plackets where they should bear eir faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are ing to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets, t you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? is well they are whispering: clamour your tongues. d not a word more. a series and MOPSA. I have done. Come, you promised me tawdry lace and a pair of sweet gloves. CLOWN. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by e way, and lost all my money? AUTOLYCUS. And indeed, sir, there are cozeners road; therefore it behoves men to be wary. CLOWN. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing AUTOLYCUS. I hope so, sir; for I have about me any parcels of charge. CLOWN. What hast here? ballads? MOPSA. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in int, a-life, for then we are sure they are true. AUTOLYCUS. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty moneygs at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders' ads and toads carbonadoed. 265 MOPSA. Is it true, think you? AUTOLYCUS. Very true, and but a month old. DORCAS. Bless me from marrying a usurer! 268 AUTOLYCUS. Here's the midwife's name to't, one stress Taleporter, and five or six honest wives' that ere present. Why should I carry lies abroad? MOPSA. Pray you now, buy it. CLOWN. Come on, lay it by: and let's first see be ballads; we'll buy the other things anon. AUTOLYCUS. Here's another ballad of a fish that peared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourscore

April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung is ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman and was turned into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her. The ballad is very pitiful and as true. 281

DORCAS. Is it true too, think you?

AUTOLYCUS. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

CLOWN. Lay it by too: another.

AUTOLYCUS. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

MOPSA. Let's have some merry ones.

AUTOLYCUS. Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man': there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

MOPSA. We can both sing it: if thou'lt bear a part

thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

DORCAS. We had the tune on't a month ago.

AUTOLYCUS. I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my occupation: have at it with you. 297

Get you hence, for I must go, AUTOLYCUS. Where it fits not you to know. Whither? DORCAS. 300 O! whither? MOPSA. Whither? DORCAS. It becomes thy oath full well, MOPSA. Thou to me thy secrets tell. 304 Me too: let me go thither. DORCAS. Or thou go'st to the grange or mill. MOPSA. If to either, thou dost ill. DORCAS. Neither. AUTOLYCUS. 308 What, neither? DORCAS. Neither. AUTOLYCUS. Thou hast sworn my love to be. DORCAS. Thou hast sworn it more to me: MOPSA. Then whither go'st? say whither?

CLOWN. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: come, bring away thy pack after

e. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let's we the first choice. Follow me, girls.

[Exit with Dorcas and Morsa,

AUTOLYCUS. And you shall pay well for 'em.

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedlar;

Money's a meddler, 327
That doth utter all men's ware-a. [Exit.

Re-enter Servant.

SERVANT. Master, there is three carters, three epherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that we made themselves all men of hair; they call them-lives Saltiers; and they have a dance which the enches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they e not in 't; but they themselves are o' the mind,—if be not too rough for some that know little but bowlg,—it will please plentifully.

336 SHEPHERD. Away! we'll none on 't: here has been o much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we eary you.

POLIXENES. You weary those that refresh us: pray, t's see these four threes of herdsmen.

SERVANT. One three of them, by their own report, hath danced before the king; and not the worst the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the uier.

SHEPHERD. Leave your prating: since these good en are pleased let them come in: but quickly now.

SERVANT. Why, they stay at door, sir. [Exit.

Re-enter Servant, with twelve Rustics habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then excunt.

POLIXENES. [To Shepherd.] O, father! you'll know more of that hereafter.

349

360

[To CAMILLO.] Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them.

He's simple and tells much. [To FLORIZEL.] How now, fair shepherd!

Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love as you do, I was wont

To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedlar's silken treasury and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse and call this

Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited For a reply, at least if you make a care

Of happy holding her.

FLORIZEL.

Old sir, I know

She prizes not such trifles as these are.

The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd 364

Up in my heart, which I have given already,

But not deliver'd. O! hear me breathe my life

Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,

Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,

As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,

Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow

That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

POLIXENES. What follows this?

How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! I have put you out:
But to your protestation: let me hear
What you profess.

FLORIZEL. Do, and be witness to 't. POLIXENES. And this my neighbour too?

Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all;
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love: for her employ them all;
Commend them and condemn them to her service 384

ENE III

POLIXENES.

ou offer him, if this be so, a wrong mething unfilial. Reason my son

to their own perdition. Fairly offer'd. POLIXENES. CAMILLO. This shows a sound affection. But, my daughter, SHEPHERD. y you the like to him? PERDITA. I cannot speak well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better: the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out 388 e purity of his. SHEPHERD. Take hands: a bargain: d, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't: rive my daughter to him, and will make 392 er portion equal his. FLORIZEL. O! that must be the virtue of your daughter: one being dead, shall have more than you can dream of yet; lough then for your wonder. But, come on; ntract us 'fore these witnesses. Come, your hand: SHEPHERD. d, daughter, yours. POLIXENES. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you. eve you a father? FLORIZEL. I have; but what of him? POLIXENES. Knows he of this? He neither does nor shall. FLORIZEL. POLIXENES. Methinks a father at the nuptial of his son, a guest at best becomes the table. Pray you, once more, not your father grown incapable 404 reasonable affairs? is he not stupid ith age and altering rheums? can he speak? hear? now man from man? dispute his own estate? es he not bed-rid? and again does nothing it what he did being childish? FLORIZEL. No, good sir: e has his health and ampler strength indeed an most have of his age.

By my white beard,

Should choose himself a wife, but as good reason
The father,—all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity,—should hold some counsel
In such a business.

416

FLORIZEL. I yield all this;
But for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

POLIXENES. Let him know 't. 420

FLORIZEL. He shall not.

POLIXENES. Prithee, let him.

FLORIZEL. No, he must not.

SHEPHERD. Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve

At knowing of thy choice.

FLORIZEL. Come, come, he must not.

Mark our contract.

POLIXENES. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[Discovering himself.

Whom son I dare not call: thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd: thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor,
I am sorry that by hanging thee I can
428
But shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with,—

SHEPHERD.

POLIXENES. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers, and made

More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy, If I may ever know thou dost but sigh That thou no more shalt see this knack,—as never I mean thou shalt,—we'll bar thee from succession; Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin, 437 Far than Deucalion off: mark thou my words: Follow us to the court. Thou, churl, for this time, Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee 440 From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment,—Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too, That makes himself, but for our honour therein,

ENE III]	THE WINTER	S TALE	.429
ese rural l	nee,—if ever hence atches to his entra	ance open,	444
	body more with th		
	a death as cruel fo	or thee	1870 11
	ender to 't.	la anna danna d	[Exit.
PERDITA.		here undone!	448
	ich afeard; for on		
	to speak and tell h		
	e sun that shines us s visage from our o		450
	ke. Will't please		9 452
	nat would come of		
	state take care: t		
ing now a	wake, I'll queen it	no inch forthor	456
t milk my	ewes and weep.	no men farmer,	450
CAMILLO.		Why, how now,	father !
eak, ere th		willy, now now,	iaunei:
SHEPHERD.		ot speak, nor thi	nk
	know that which I		ш,
	done a man of fou		460
at though	t to fill his grave i	n quiet vea	400
die upon	the bed my father	er died	
lie close h	by his honest bones	s: but now	
me hangm	an must put on my	shroud and lav	me 464
	iest shovels in dust		
	t this was the prin		
ture	villa was the print	oc, wile would	
	ith with him. Un	done! undone	!
I might di	e within this hour,	I have liv'd	468
die when	I desire.		Exit.
	Why lo		
m but sor	ry, not afeard; de	lav'd.	
t nothing	alter'd. What I v	vas, Í am:	
	ng on for plucking		wing
leash unv			
CAMILLO.		is my lord,	473
	our father's temper		
will allow	no speech, which	I do guess	
u do not	ourpose to him; a	nd as hardly	476
	re vour sight as ve		

504

508

Then, till the fury of his highness settle, Come not before him.

FLORIZEL. I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo?

CAMILLO. Even he, my lord.

PERDITA. How often have I told you 'twould be thus!

How often said my dignity would last

But till 'twere known!

The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks:
From my succession wipe me, father; I
Am heir to my affection.

CAMILLO. Be advis'd. 488 FLORIZEL. I am; and by my fancy: if my reason

Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,

Do bid it welcome.

CAMILLO. This is desperate, sir. 492
FLORIZEL. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow,
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd, for all the sun sees or
The close earth wombs or the profound sea hides
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd. Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend, 500
When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,—cast your good counsels

Upon his passion: let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know
And so deliver, I am put to sea

With her whom here I cannot hold on shore; And most opportune to our need, I have

A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd For this design. What course I mean to hold Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor

Concern me the reporting.

CENE III]	THE WINTER'S TALE	431
CAMILLO.	O my lord!	
	spirit were easier for advice,	512
	for your need.	
FLORIZEL.		side.
o Camillo.] I	'll hear you by and by.	
CAMILLO.	He's irremova	ble,
	flight. Now were I happy if	
is going I o	could frame to serve my turn,	516
	om danger, do him love and honour,	
	sight again of dear Sicilia	
	happy king, my master, whom	
so much th	Now, good Camillo,	F20
	ght with curious business that	520
leave out c		
	Sir, I think	
	ard of my poor services, i' the love	
	borne your father?	
FLORIZEL.	Very nobly	524
ave you de	serv'd: it is my father's music	
o speak you	ar deeds, not little of his care	
o have ther	n recompens'd as thought on.	
CAMILLO.	Well, my l	ord,
you may p	blease to think I love the king	528
	him what 's nearest to him, which is	
	s self, embrace but my direction,	
	ponderous and settled project	
	teration, on mine honour	532
	where you shall have such receiving	
	me your highness; where you may nistress,—from the whom, I see,	
here's no d	isjunction to be made, but by,	536
	forfend! your ruin,—marry her;	230
	best endeavours in your absence	
	enting father strive to qualify,	
	m up to liking.	
FLORIZEL.	How, Camillo,	540
	nost a miracle, be done?	
hat I may	call thee something more than man,	
nd after the	at trust to thee.	

Have you thought on CAMILLO. A place whereto you'll go? Not any vet: FLORIZEL. But as the unthought-on accident is guilty To what we wildly do, so we profess Ourselves to be the slaves of chance and flies Of every wind that blows. Then list to me: CAMILLO. This follows; if you will not change your purpose But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia, And there present yourself and your fair princess,-For so, I see, she must be,—'fore Leontes; 552 She shall be habited as it becomes The partner of your bed. Methinks I see Leontes opening his free arms and weeping His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, forgiveness 556 As 'twere i' the father's person; kisses the hands Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him 'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness: the one He chides to hell, and bids the other grow Faster than thought or time. Worthy Camillo. FLORIZEL. What colour for my visitation shall I Hold up before him? Sent by the king your father CAMILLO. To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir, The manner of your bearing towards him, with What you as from your father shall deliver, Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down: The which shall point you forth at every sitting What you must say; that he shall not perceive But that you have your father's bosom there And speak his very heart. I am bound to you. FLORIZEL. There is some sap in this. A course more promising 572 Than a wild dedication of yourselves To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most certain To miseries enough: no hope to help you, But as you shake off one to take another: 576

othing so certain as your anchors, who their best office, if they can but stay you here you'll be loath to be. Besides, you know rosperity's the very bond of love, 580 hose fresh complexion and whose heart together filiction alters.

PERDITA. One of these is true:

think affliction may subdue the cheek, at not take in the mind.

CAMILLO. Yea, say you so? 584 there shall not at your father's house these seven years be born another such.

FLORIZEL. My good Camillo, he is as forward of her breeding as he is i' the rear o' her birth.

CAMILLO. I cannot say 'tis pity he lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress 589 to most that teach.

PERDITA. Your pardon, sir; for this

'll blush you thanks.

FLORIZEL. My prettiest Perdita!
Sut O! the thorns we stand upon. Camillo,
reserver of my father, now of me,
the med'cine of our house, how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
for shall appear in Sicilia.

camillo. My lord, 556 lear none of this: I think you know my fortunes to all lie there: it shall be so my care to have you royally appointed as if

The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir, 600 hat you may know you shall not want, one word.

[They talk aside.

Enter Autolycus.

AUTOLYCUS. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and rust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! have sold all my trumpery: not a counterfeit stone, ot a riband, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, allad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, be keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should

buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown,-who wants but something to be a reasonable man,-grew so in love with the wenches' song that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it; so that, in this time of lethargy I picked and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.

Camillo. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

FLORIZEL. And those that you'll procure from King Leontes—628

CAMILLO. Shall satisfy your father.

PERDITA. Happy be you!

All that you speak shows fair.

CAMILLO. [Seeing Autolycus.] Whom have we here?

We'll make an instrument of this: omit

Nothing may give us aid. 632

AUTOLYCUS. [Aside.] If they have overheard me now,

why, hanging.

CAMILLO. How now, good fellow! Why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

637

AUTOLYCUS. I am a poor fellow, sir.

CAMILLO. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee; yet, for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange; therefore, discase thee instantly,—thou must think, there's a necessity in't,—

nd change garments with this gentleman: though the ennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, here's some boot. AUTOLYCUS. I am a poor fellow, sir.—[Aside.] I now ye well enough. CAMILLO. Nay, prithee, dispatch: the gentleman is alf flayed already. AUTOLYCUS. Are you in earnest, sir? [Aside.] I smell he trick on 't. FLORIZEL. Dispatch, I prithee. AUTOLYCUS. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I canot with conscience take it. CAMILLO. Unbuckle, unbuckle.— [FLORIZEL and AUTOLYCUS exchange garments. Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy Come home to ye!—you must retire yourself 656 nto some covert: take your sweetheart's hat And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face; Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken 660 The truth of your own seeming; that you may,-For I do fear eyes over you,—to shipboard det undescried. PERDITA. I see the play so lies That I must bear a part. No remedy. CAMILLO. 664 Have you done there? Should I now meet my father FLORIZEL. He would not call me son. Nay, you shall have no hat. CAMILLO. [Giving it to PERDITA. come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend. AUTOLYCUS. FLORIZEL. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot! Pray you, a word. [They converse apart. CAMILLO. [Aside.] What I do next shall be to tell the king of this escape, and whither they are bound; Vherein my hope is I shall so prevail 672

To force him after: in whose company shall review Sicilia, for whose sight

I have a woman's longing.

FLORIZEL. Fortune speed us!

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

CAMILLO. The swifter speed the better.

[Excunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.

AUTOLYCUS. I understand the business: I hear it. To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse: a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! what a boot is here with this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do anything extempore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it, and therein am I constant to my profession. Aside, aside: here is more matter for a hot brain. Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Re-enter Clown and Shepherd.

clown. See, see, what a man you are now! There is no other way but to tell the king she's a changeling and none of your flesh and blood.

SHEPHERD. Nay, but hear me. CLOWN. Nay, but hear me. SHEPHERD. Go to, then.

CLOWN. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her: this being done, let the law go whistle: I warrant you.

SHEPHERD. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

CLOWN. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off

you could have been to him, and then your blood had been the dearer by I know not how much an ounce.

AUTOLYCUS. [Aside.] Very wisely, puppies!
SHEPHERD. Well, let us to the king: there is that n this fardel will make him scratch his beard. 716 AUTOLYCUS. [Aside.] I know not what impediment his complaint may be to the flight of my master.

CLOWN. Pray heartily he be at palace.

AUTOLYCUS. [Aside.] Though I am not naturally nonest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket ap my pedlar's excrement. [Takes off his false beard.] How now, rustics! whither are you bound? SHEPHERD. To the palace, an it like your worship.

AUTOLYCUS. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and anything that is fitting to be known, discover.

CLOWN. We are but plain fellows, sir.

AUTOLYCUS. A lie: you are rough and hairy. Let ne have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

CLOWN. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

SHEPHERD. Are you a courtier, an 't like you, sir? AUTOLYCUS. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toaze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, capa-pe, and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to pen thy affair.

SHEPHERD. My business, sir, is to the king. AUTOLYCUS. What advocate hast thou to him? SHEPHERD. I know not, an 't like you.

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CLOWN. Advocate 's the court-word for a pheasant: say you have none.

SHEPHERD. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock

nor hen.

AUTOLYCUS. How bless'd are we that are not simple men!

Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I'll not disdain.

CLOWN. This cannot be but a great courtier.

SHEPHERD. His garments are rich, but he wears

them not handsomely.

CLOWN. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on 's teeth.

AUTOLYCUS. The fardel there? what 's i' the fardel?

Wherefore that box?

SHEPHERD. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour if I may come to the speech of him.

AUTOLYCUS. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

SHEPHERD. Why, sir?

AUTOLYCUS. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: for, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

SHEPHERD. So 'tis said, sir, about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

AUTOLYCUS. If that shepherd be not now in handfast, let him fly: the curses he shall have, the torture he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

CLOWN. Think you so, sir?

AUTOLYCUS. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that death

too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a neep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too

sv.

CLOWN. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you ear, an't like you, sir? AUTOLYCUS. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; en 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of wasp's nest; then stand till he be three quarters nd a dram dead; then recovered again with aquaitæ or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, nd in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall e be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a outhward eye upon him, where he is to behold him ith flies blown to death. But what talk we of these aitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, neir offences being so capital? Tell me,—for you eem to be honest plain men,—what you have to the ing: being something gently considered, I'll bring ou where he is aboard, tender your persons to his resence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in

CLOWN. He seems to be of great authority: close ith him, give him gold; and though authority be stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with old. Show the inside of your purse to the outside of is hand, and no more ado. Remember, 'stoned,' and flaved alive '!

nan besides the king to effect your suits, here is a man

SHEPHERD. An't please you, sir, to undertake the usiness for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make as much more and leave this young man in pawn ll I bring it you.

AUTOLYCUS. After I have done what I promised?

SHEPHERD. Ay, sir.

nall do it.

AUTOLYCUS. Well, give me the moiety. Are you party in this business?

CLOWN. In some sort, sir: but though my case be pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

AUTOLYCUS. O! that's the case of the shepherd's on: hang him, he'll be made an example.

CLOWN. Comfort, good comfort! we must to the king and show our strange sights: he must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

AUTOLYCUS. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge and follow you.

CLOWN. We are blessed in this man, as I may say,

even blessed.

SHEPHERD. Let's before as he bids us. He was provided to do us good. [Excunt Shepherd and Clown.

AUTOLYCUS. If I had a mind to be honest I see Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion, gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title and what shame else belongs to 't. To him will I present them: there may be matter in it.

ACT V.

Scene I.—Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of Leontes. Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and Others. CLEOMENES. Sir, you have done enough, and have

perform'd

A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down More penitence than done trespass. At the last, Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil; With them forgive yourself.

Whilst I remember LEONTES. Her and her virtues, I cannot forget My blemishes in them, and so still think of

32

The wrong I did myself; which was so much, That heirless it hath made my kingdom, and Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man Bred his hopes out of.

PAULINA. True, too true, If one by one you wedded all the world, True, too true, my lord; 12 Or from the all that are took something good, To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd Would be unparallel'd.

LEONTES.

I think so. Kill'd! She I kill'd! I did so; but thou strik'st me Sorely to say I did: it is as bitter Upon thy tongue as in my thought. Now, good now Say so but seldom.

Not at all, good lady: CLEOMENES. You might have spoken a thousand things that would Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd

Your kindness better.

PAULINA. You are one of those Would have him wed again.

You pity not the state, nor the remembrance If you would not so, 24 Of his most sovereign name; consider little What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue, May drop upon his kingdom and devour 28

Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy Than to rejoice the former queen is well? What holier than for royalty's repair,

For present comfort, and for future good, To bless the bed of majesty again

With a sweet fellow to 't?

PAULINA. There is none worthy, Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes; 36 For has not the divine Apollo said, Is't not the tenour of his oracle, That King Leontes shall not have an heir Till his lost child be found? which that it shall,

Is all as monstrous to our human reason

As my Antigonus to break his grave

And come again to me; who, on my life, Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel My lord should to the heavens be contrary, Oppose against their wills.—[To Leontes.] Care not for issue: The crown will find an heir: great Alexander Left his to the worthiest, so his successor Was like to be the best. Good Paulina, LEONTES. Who hast the memory of Hermione, I know, in honour; O! that ever I Had squar'd me to thy counsel! then, even now, I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes, Have taken treasure from her lips,— And left them PAULINA. More rich, for what they yielded. Thou speak'st truth. LEONTES. No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse, And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit Again possess her corpse and on this stage,— Where we're offenders now,—appear soul-vex'd, And begin, 'Why to me? Had she such power, 60 PAULINA. She had just cause. LEONTES. She had; and would incense me To murder her I married. I should so: PAULINA. Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in 't You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your ears Should rift to hear me: and the words that follow'd Should be 'Remember mine'. LEONTES. Stars, stars! And all eyes else dead coals. Fear thou no wife; I'll have no wife, Paulina. Will you swear PAULINA. Never to marry but by my free leave? LEONTES. Never, Paulina: so be bless'd my spirit! Then, good my lords, bear witness to his PAULINA. oath.

CLEOMENES. You tempt him over much. PAULINA. Unless another. s like Hermione as is her picture, ffront his eye. CLEOMENES. Good madam,— PAULINA. I have done. et, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir, o remedy, but you will,—give me the office o choose you a queen, she shall not be so young s was your former; but she shall be such s, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy o see her in your arms. LEONTES. My true Paulina, e shall not marry till thou bidd'st us. PAULINA. That hall be when your first queen's again in breath; ever till then. Enter a Gentleman. GENTLEMAN. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel. on of Polixenes, with his princess,—she he fairest I have yet beheld,—desires access o your high presence. What with him? he comes not LEONTES. ike to his father's greatness; his approach, o out of circumstance and sudden, tells us Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd y need and accident. What train? GENTLEMAN. But few, 92 nd those but mean. LEONTES. His princess, say you, with him? GENTLEMAN. Av, the most peerless piece of earth, I think, hat e'er the sun shone bright on. PAULINA. O Hermione! s every present time doth boast itself 96 bove a better gone, so must thy grave ive way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself lave said and writ so,—but your writing now

Is colder than that theme,—'She had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd'; thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly ebb'd
To say you have seen a better.

GENTLEMAN. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot—your pardon—
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else, make proselytes

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Of who she but bid follow.

PAULINA. How! not women?
GENTLEMAN. Women will love her, that she is a
woman

More worth than any man; men, that she is The rarest of all women.

Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange,
[Exeunt Cleomenes, Lords, and Gentleman.

He thus should steal upon us.

PAULINA. Had our prince—
Jewel of children—seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.

LEONTES. Prithee, no more: cease! thou know'st He dies to me again when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.

Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and Others.
Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him; and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And you, fair princess,—goddess! O, alas!

or visiting your highness: my best train have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;

ot only my success in Libya, sir,

ho for Bohemia bend, to signify

But my arrival and my wife's, in safety Here where we are.

Purge all infection from our air whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd—
As he from heaven merits it—with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

LORD. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir, 180
Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has—
His dignity and duty both cast off—
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

LEONTES. Where's Bohemia? speak.
LORD. Here in your city; I now come from him:
I speak amazedly, and it becomes

My marvel and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastening,—in the chase it seems
Of this fair couple,—meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady and

Her brother, having both their country quitted With this young prince.

FLORIZEL. Camillo has betray'd me; Whose honour and whose honesty till now Endur'd all weathers.

LORD. Lay't so to his charge:

He's with the king your father.

LEONTES. Who? Camillo? 196

LORD. Camillo, sir: I spake with him, who now

Has these poor men in question. Never saw I

petition.

retches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth, orswear themselves as often as they speak: phemia stops his ears, and threatens them ith divers deaths in death. PERDITA. O my poor father! ne heaven sets spies upon us, will not have ir contract celebrated. LEONTES. You are married? FLORIZEL. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be; e stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first: ne odds for high and low's alike. My lord. LEONTES. this the daughter of a king? She is, FLORIZEL. hen once she is my wife. LEONTES. That 'once', I see, by your good father's speed, ill come on very slowly. I am sorry, st sorry, you have broken from his liking here you were tied in duty; and as sorry our choice is not so rich in worth as beauty, at you might well enjoy her. FLORIZEL. Dear, look up: ough Fortune, visible an enemy, ould chase us with my father, power no jot th she to change our loves. Beseech you, sir, member since you ow'd no more to time an I do now; with thought of such affections, ep forth mine advocate; at your request father will grant precious things as trifles. LEONTES. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress. hich he counts but a trifle. PAULINA. Sir, my liege, ur eye hath too much youth in't: not a month bre your queen died, she was more worth such gazes an what you look on now. I thought of her. LEONTES. en in these looks I made. [To FLORIZEL.] But your

Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father: Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires, I am friend to them and you; upon which errand I now go toward him. Therefore follow me, And mark what way I make: come, good my lord. [Excunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter Autolycus and a Gentleman.

AUTOLYCUS. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

GENTLEMAN. I was by at the opening of the fardel. heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

AUTOLYCUS. I would most gladly know the issue

GENTLEMAN. I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: a notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman that haply knows more. The

news, Rogero?

SECOND GENTLEMAN. Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

re comes the lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver more. How goes it now, sir? this news which is ed true is so like an old tale, that the verity of is in strong suspicion: has the king found his

HIRD GENTLEMAN. Most true, if ever truth were gnant by circumstance: that which you hear you'll ar you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The ntle of Queen Hermione, her jewel about the neck it, the letters of Antigonus found with it, which y know to be his character; the majesty of the ature in resemblance of the mother, the affection nobleness which nature shows above her breeding, I many other evidences proclaim her with all certary to be the king's daughter. Did you see the eting of the two kings?

ECOND GENTLEMAN. No.

NE II]

HIRD GENTLEMAN. Then you have lost a sight, ich was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There th you have beheld one joy crown another, so, and such manner that, it seemed, sorrow wept to take ve of them, for their joy waded in tears. There s casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with ntenances of such distraction that they were to be own by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, if that joy were now become a loss, cries, 'O, thy ther, thy mother!' then asks Bohemia forgiveness; n embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he daughter with clipping her; now he thanks the shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten duit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such other encounter, which lames report to follow it and does description to do it.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. What, pray you, became of tigonus that carried hence the child?

THIRD GENTLEMAN. Like an old tale still, which will be matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and set. III

not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence—which seems much—to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. What became of his bark and his followers?

THIRD GENTLEMAN. Wracked, the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But, O! the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina. She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing.

worth the audience of kings and princes, for by such was it acted.

THIRD GENTLEMAN. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes,—caught the water though not the fish,—was when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it,—bravely confessed and lamented by the king,—how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an 'alas!' I would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swounded, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen't, the woe had been universal.

THIRD GENTLEMAN. No; the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape; he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione that they say one would speak to her and stand in

CENE II

ope of answer: thither with all greediness of affection re they gone, and there they intend to sup. SECOND GENTLEMAN. I thought she had some great natter there in hand, for she hath privately, twice or price a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited nat removed house. Shall we thither and with our ompany piece the rejoicing? FIRST GENTLEMAN. Who would be thence that has ne benefit of access? every wink of an eye some new race will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to ur knowledge. Let's along. [Exeunt Gentlemen. AUTOLYCUS. Now, had I not the dash of my former fe in me, would preferment drop on my head. rought the old man and his son aboard the prince; old him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not hat; but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's aughter,—so he then took her to be,—who began to e much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity weather continuing, this mystery remained undisvered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the nder out of this secret, it would not have relished mong my other discredits. Here come those I have one good to against my will, and already appearing

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

SHEPHERD. Come, boy; I am past moe children, at thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born. CLOWN. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight ith me this other day, because I was no gentleman orn: see you these clothes? say, you see them not ad think me still no gentleman born: you were best y these robes are not gentleman born. Give me the do, and try whether I am not now gentleman born. AUTOLYCUS. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman orn.

CLOWN. Ay, and have been so any time these four urs.

SHEPHERD. And so have I, boy.

the blossoms of their fortune.

before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called my father father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

SHEPHERD. We may live, son, to shed many more. CLOWN. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

AUTOLYCUS. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

SHEPHERD. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

CLOWN. Thou wilt amend thy life?

AUTOLYCUS. Ay, an it like your good worship. 160 CLOWN. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

SHEPHERD. You may say it, but not swear it. 164 CLOWN. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

SHEPHERD. How if it be false, son?

CLOWN. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk: but I'll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

AUTOLYCUS. I will prove so, sir, to my power. 175 CLOWN. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [Exeunt.

Scene III.—The Same. A Chapel in Paulina's House. Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo,

PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.

LEONTES. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort

That I have had of thee!

PAULINA. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well. All my services
You have paid home; but that you have vouchsaf'd,
With your crown'd brother and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

LEONTES. O Paulina!

We honour you with trouble: but we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities, but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

PAULINA. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon
Dr hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold! and say 'tis well.

[Paulina draws back a curtain, and discovers Hermione as a statue.

like your silence: it the more shows off Your wonder; but yet speak: first you, my liege. lomes it not something near?

LEONTES. Her natural posture!

hide me, dear stone, that I may say, indeed

hou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she

n thy not chiding, for she was as tender

Is infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina, Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing

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O! not by much. POLIXENES. PAULINA. So much the more our carver's excellence; Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes her As she liv'd now. As now she might have done, LEONTES. 32 So much to my good comfort, as it is Now piercing to my soul. O! thus she stood, Even with such life of majesty,—warm life, As now it coldly stands,—when first I woo'd her. 36 I am asham'd: does not the stone rebuke me For being more stone than it? O royal piece! There's magic in thy majesty, which has My evils conjur'd to remembrance, and 40 From thy admiring daughter took the spirits, Standing like stone with thee. And give me leave, PERDITA. And do not say 'tis superstition, that I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady, 44 Dear queen, that ended when I but began, Give me that hand of yours to kiss. O, patience! PAULINA. The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's Not dry. 48 CAMILLO. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on, Which sixteen winters cannot blow away, So many summers dry: scarce any joy Did ever so long live; no sorrow 52 But kill'd itself much sooner. Dear my brother, POLIXENES. Let him that was the cause of this have power To take off so much grief from you as he Will piece up in himself. Indeed, my lord, PAULINA. 56 If I had thought the sight of my poor image Would thus have wrought you,—for the stone is mine,— I'd not have show'd it. Do not draw the curtain. LEONTES. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy May think anon it moves.

LEONTES. Let be, let be!
Yould I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
That was he that did make it? See, my lord,
Yould you not deem it breath'd, and that those veins
id verily bear blood?
POLIXENES. Masterly done: 65
he very life seems warm upon her lip.
LEONTES. The fixure of her eye has motion in t,
s we are mock'd with art.
PAULINA. I'll draw the curtain; 68
ly lord's almost so far transported that
e'll think anon it lives.
LEONTES. O sweet Paulina!
ake me to think so twenty years together:
o settled senses of the world can match 72
he pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.
PAULINA. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd
you: but
could afflict you further.
LEONTES. Do, Paulina;
or this affliction has a taste as sweet 76
s any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
here is an air comes from her: what fine chisel
ould ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
or I will kiss her.
PAULINA. Good my lord, forbear. 80
he ruddiness upon her lip is wet:
ou'll mar it if you kiss it; stain your own
ith oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?
LEONTES. No, not these twenty years.
PERDITA. So long could I
and by, a looker-on.
PAULINA. Either forbear,
uit presently the chapel, or resolve you
or more amazement. If you can behold it,
ll make the statue move indeed, descend, 88
nd take you by the hand; but then you'll think,—
hich I protest against,—I am assisted
y wicked powers.
LEONTES. What you can make her do,

I am content to look on: what to speak, I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy To make her speak as move.

PAULINA:

It is requir'd You do awake your faith. Then, all stand still; Or those that think it is unlawful business I am about, let them depart.

Proceed:

No foot shall stir.

Music, awake her: strike! [Music. PAULINA. 'Tis time; descend; be stone no more: approach; Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come; I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away; Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs:

HERMIONE comes down.

Start not; her actions shall be holy as You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her Until you see her die again, for then You kill her double. Nay, present your hand: When she was young you woo'd her; now in age Is she become the suitor!

[Embracing her.] O! she's warm. If this be magic, let it be an art

Lawful as eating.

She embraces him. POLIXENES. CAMILLO. She hangs about his neck: If she pertain to life let her speak too.

POLIXENES. Ay; and make't manifest where she has liv'd.

Or how stol'n from the dead.

That she is living, PAULINA. Were it but told you, should be hooted at Like an old tale; but it appears she lives, Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while. Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady; Our Perdita is found.

[Presenting Perdita, who kneels to Hermione. You gods, look down, HERMIONE.

[Excunt.

nd from your sacred vials pour your graces pon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own, There hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found 124 hy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I, nowing by Paulina that the oracle ave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd lyself to see the issue. PAULINA. There's time enough for that; est they desire upon this push to trouble our joys with like relation. Go together, ou precious winners all: your exultation artake to every one. I, an old turtle, 132 Vill wing me to some wither'd bough, and there y mate, that's never to be found again, ament till I am lost. O! peace, Paulina. LEONTES. hou shouldst a husband take by my consent, 136 s I by thine a wife: this is a match, nd made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine; ut how, is to be question'd; for I saw her, s I thought, dead, and have in vain said many prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far, or him, I partly know his mind,—to find thee n honourable husband. Come, Camillo, nd take her by the hand; whose worth and honesty richly noted, and here justified y us, a pair of kings. Let's from this place. hat! look upon my brother: both your pardons, hat e'er I put between your holy looks 148 y ill suspicion. This' your son-in-law, nd son unto the king,—whom heavens directing, troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina, ead us from hence, where we may leisurely 152 ach one demand and answer to his part erform'd in this wide gap of time since first

e were dissever'd: hastily lead away.

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GLOSSARY TO THE COMEDIES

As. = As You Like It. A.W. . . . = All's Well that Ends Well. C. of E. . . = The Comedy of Errors. L.L.L. ..=Love's Labour's Lost. M.A. = Much Ado about Nothing. M. for M. = Measure for Measure. M.N.D... = A Midsummer-Night's Dream.
M. of V. = The Merchant of Venice.
M.W.... = The Merry Wives of Windsor.
T. of S... = The Taming of the Shrew.

Tp. = The Tempest.
Tw.N. . . = Twelfth Night, or What You Will.
Two G. . . = The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

W.T. \dots = The Winter's Tale.

a', he. L.L.L. v. 2. 12. abate, omit. L.L.L. v. 2. 540; diminish. M.N.D. iii. 2. 432. abatement, Tw.N. i. 1. 13. depreciation.

abide, wait before proceeding farther. W.T. iv. 2. 94. aboard him, aboard his ship. W.T. iv. 3. 848.

abode, delay. M. of V. ii. 6. 21. about, go not, do not beat about the bush. A.W. i. 3. 186. abridgment, pastime, entertainment. M.N.D. v. 1. 39.

absolute, unrestricted, independent. Tp. i. 2. 109; positive, decided. M. for M. iii. 1. 5; perfect. M. for M. v. 1. 54. abstract, inventory. M.W.

iv. 2. 60. abstract of success, successful summary proceeding.

A.W. iv. 3.86.

abuse, deceive. Tp. v. 1. 112; etc.; ill-usage. M.W. v. 3. 7; imposture. M. for M. v. 1, 198. abuses, injurious speech, reviling. M. for M. v. 1. 339.

aby, suffer for. M.N.D. iii. 2. 175, 335.

accommodations, comforts. M. for M. iii. 1. 14.

accord, consent. As. v. 4. 133. accordant, agreeable. M.A. i. 2. 13. SH. III

accordingly, correspondingly. A.W. ii. 5. 9.

accountant, liable to give account. M. for M. ii. 4. 87. account of, esteem, value.

Two G. ii. 1. 65.
acquit, rid. M.W. i. 3. 25.
acre, furlong. W.T. i. 2. 96.
act, action. A.W. i. 2. 30.
action, gesture. M. for M. iv.

1.42.

adamant, diamond, load-stone. M.N.D. ii. 1. 195. addition, title. M.W. ii. 2. 293;

A.W. ii. 3. 130. address, prepare. M.W. iii. 5. 129, etc.

adjunct, attribute. L.L.L. iv. 3. 311.

admirable, wonderful. M.N. D. v. 1. 27.

admiration, object of admiration. A.W. ii. 1. 90.

admire, wonder. Tp. v. 1. 154; Tw.N. iii. 4. 157.

admired, wonderful, admirable. Tp. iii. 1. 37.

admittance, admissibility. M.W. ii, 2, 225; acceptance, sanction. M.W. iii, 3, 55.

adoptious christendoms, &c., christenings of adopted children for whom Cupid stands godfather. A.W. i. 1. 179.

R

advance, raise. Tp. i. 2. 405;

iv. 1. 177.

advantage, benefit. Tp. i. 1. 33; Tw. N. iv. 2. 116; profit, interest. M. of V. i. 3. 68. adventure, risk. W.T. v. 1.

156.

adversaries, opposing counsel. T. of S. i. 2. 276.

adversary, joke for 'advocate'. M.W. ii. 3. 90.

adverse, hostile. Tw.N. v. 1. 84.

advertise, inform, admonish.

M. for M. i. 1. 41.

advertisement, public announcement. M.A. v. 1. 32; advice. A.W. iv. 3. 215.

advertising, attending, attentive. M. for M. v. 1. 379. advice, knowledge, discretion, deliberation. Two G. ii.

4. 208; &c. advise, bethink oneself, re-

flect. Tw.N. iv. 2. 99.

advised, well advised, C. of E. v. 1. 214; M.N.D. i. 1. 46; wary. M. of V. i. 1. 142; aware. T. of S. i. 1. 187.

advisedly, intentionally. M. of V. v. 1. 253.

advised of that, art, Do you act upon consideration? M.

for M. ii. 2. 132.

afar off, indirectly, remotely. M.W. i. 1. 202; W.T. ii. 1. 103. affect, natural tendency, L.L.L. i. 1. 148; fancy, like, love. Two G. iii. 1. 82; &c. affecting, affected. M.W. ii.

1. 137.

affection, passion. M. for M. ii. 4. 169; iii. 1. 106; affectation. L.L.L. v. 1. 4; instinct. W.T. i. 2. 139; disposition. W.T. v. 2. 39.

affectioned, affected. Tw.N.

ii. 3. 150.

affied, betrothed. T. of S. iv. 4, 49,

affront, confront. W.T. v. 1.

after, at. M. for M. ii. 1. 246. after-supper, time between supper and bed-time. M.N.D. v. 1. 34,

against, in preparation for. M.N.D. v. 1. 75.

aggravate, increase, intensify. M.W. ii. 2, 281; ? blunder for 'modulate'. M.N.D. i. 2.

aglet-baby, doll decked with tagged laces. T. of S. i. 2. 78. agood, in good earnest. Two G. iv. 4, 165.

a-hold, close to the wind. Tp.

i. 1. 50.

aim, guess, conjecture. Two G. iii. 1. 28, 45; T. of S. ii. 1. 231. aim at, think of. M.A. iii. 2.92. aim, cry, encourage, a term from archery. M.W. iii. 2. 43.

aim, give, guide the archer's aim. Two G. v. 4. 101. air, breath. W.T. v. 3. 78.

ale, alehouse. Two G. ii. 5. 60. ale-wife, woman who keeps an alehouse. T. of S. Ind. 2.21. a-life, on my life. W.T. iv. 3.

261.

allay, abatement, alleviation.

W.T. iv. 1. 8.

all-building, being the ground and foundation of all; or? all-binding. M. for M. ii. 4. 95.
all hid, game of hide and seek. L.L.L. iv. 3. 75.

allicholy, ally cholly, melancholy. Two G. iv. 2. 28; M. W. i. 4. 149.

alligant, elegant. M.W. ii. 2.67. all one, it does not matter. T. of S. iv. 2. 102.

allottery, portion. As. i. 1. 72. allow, approve, commend. M.W. ii. 2. 226; Tw.N. i. 2. 57; W.T. i. 2. 185.

allowed, licensed, L.L.L. i. 2. 130; Tw.N. i. 5. 97; allowable. W.T. i. 2. 263.

allow the wind, stand aside. A.W. v. 2. 10.

alone must, must only. A.W. i. 1. 190.

alter, exchange. Tw. N. ii. 5.

amain, at full speed. Tp. iv. 1.74; C. of E. i. 1.92.

amaze, confuse. As. i. 2. 108. amazedly, with bewilderment. M.N.D. iv. 1. 148; W.T. v. 1. 187.

amazement, anguish. Tp. i. 2. 14.

ames-ace, both aces, the lowest possible throw in dice. A.W. ii. 3.82.

amort, dejected. T. of S. iv. 3. 36.

ample, well. A.W. iii. 5. 42. an, if. Tp. ii. 1. 182; etc.

anatomize, expose. As. i. l.

151; A.W. iv. 3. 32. anatomy, walking skeleton.

C. of E. v. 1, 239.

ancientry, elders. W.T. iii.3. 61; old-fashioned style. M.A. ii. 1. 77.

ingel, a gold coin. M.W. i. 3. 54; C. of E. iv. 3. 40; M.A. ii.

3. 32.

angel, ancient, ? good old soul. T. of S. iv. 2.61.

another, the other. W.T. iv. 3.176; v. 2.78.

inswer, thrust after a parry. Tw.N. iii. 4. 285.

inswerable, corresponding.

T. of S. ii. 1. 352.

nthropophaginian, canni-bal. M.W. iv. 5. 9.

ntick, buffoon. M.A. iii. 1. 63; T. of S. Ind. 1. 101; grotesque pageant, L.L.L. v. 1. 110, 145.

intickly, grotesquely. M.A.

v. 1. 96.

entique, quaint. Tw.N. ii. 4. 3.

pe, imitator. W.T. v. 2. 104. pe-bearer, one who leads an ape. W.T. iv. 2. 96.

pes in hell, to lead, fancied consequence of dying a spinster. M.A. ii. 1. 41, 47; T. of S. ii. 1. 34.

pparent, evident. Two G. iii. 1. 116; heir-apparent. W.T. i. 2. 177.

iv. 1. 79.

ppeached, give accusatory evidence. A.W.i.3.189. pplaud, approve. Two G. i.

3. 48. apple of her eye, upon the, in obedience to her glance. L.L.L. v. 2. 476.

appliances, sul M. for M. iii. 1. 87. subservience.

application, attempt at healing. A.W. i. 2.74.

apply, put in practice. T. of S. i. 1. 19.

appoint, appointment, quip, equipment M. for M. iii. 1. 58; W.T. v. 3. 599.

apprehension, understand-

ing. M.A. iii. 34 65.

apprehensiv fantastic. A.W. i. 2. 60.

approbation, proof. W.T. ii. 1. 176.

approbation, receive, enter upon probation. M. for M. i. 2. 181.

approof, approval. M. for M. ii. 4. 175; proof. A.W. i. 2. 50; ii. 5. 3.

appropriation, special attribute. M. of V. i. 2.41.

approve, proved by experience. Two G. v. 4. 43; prove. M. A. ii. 1. 372; confirm, corroborate. M. of V. iii. 2. 79; &c.

apricocks, apricots. M.N.D. iii. 1. 163.

apt, ready. M. for M. v. 1. 494; Tw. N. v. 1. 322

araise, raise from the dead. A.W. ii. 1. 78.

arbitrement, decision. Tw. N. iii. 4. 269.

argosy, merchant vessel. M. of V.i.1.9; T. of S. ii. 1.367. argument, subject for satire. M.A. i. 1. 253; M.N.D. iii. 2.

242; proof, token. M.A. ii. 3. 11, 237; L.L.L. i. 2. 168; Tw.N. iii. 2. 12. armada, fleet armado. ships of war. C. of E. iii. 2.

146. armigero, esquire. M.W. i.

armipotent, mighty in arms.

L.L.L. v. 2. 645; A.W. iv. 3.

a-row, one after another. C. of E. v. 1. 170.

arras, tapestry placed round

thewalls of apartments, often at such a distance from them as to allow of people being concealed between. M.W. iii. 3.88; M.A. i. 3.58; T. of S. ii. 1. 344.

artificial, skilful. M.N.D. iii.

2, 203,

artist, medical practitioner. A.W. ii. 3. 10.

arts-man, scholar. L.L.L. v. 1, 80.

as, that as. M.N.D. i. 1. 42. aspersion, shower, or spray. Tp. iv. i. 18.

aspicious, blunder for suspi-

cious. M.A. iii. 5. 46.

assay, accost, assail. M.W. ii.1.25; M. for M.i.2.184; test. M. for M. iii. 1. 161; attempt. As. i. 3. 128; make trial of. A.W. iii. 7. 44.

guarantee, pledge. T. of S. ii. 1. 380, 389; iv. 2.118; proof. T. of S. v. 2. 65. assurance, assured, betrothed. C. of E.

iii. 2. 152. at a word, briefly. M.A. ii. 1.

Ates. mischiefs. L.L.L. v. 2.

at friend, as a friend. W.T. v. 1. 140.

atomy, atom, mote. As. iii. 2. 233; iii. 5. 13.

atone, are at one. As. v. 4. 110. attach, seize. Tp. iii. 3. 5; L.L.L. iv. 3. 372; arrest. C. of E. iv. 1. 6, 74; W.T. v. 1. 182.

attaint, dishonour. C. of E. iii. 2. 16.

attempt, tempt. M. of V. iv. 1. 420.

attend, listen to. Tp. i. 2.78, 450; M. of V. v. 1. 103; await. M. W. i. 1. 263; A.W. ii. 3. 54; Tw. N. iii. 4. 230.

attorney, duly appointed

substitute. As. iv. 1.90. attorneyed, engaged as an attorney. M. for M. v. 1.381; performed by proxy. W.T. i.

old woman, gossip. aunt, old woman, gossip. M.N.D. ii. 1.51; loose woman. W.T. iv. 2. 11.

austerely, seriously. C. of E. iv. 2. 2.

authentic, authoritative. M.W. ii. 2. 225; legally qualified. A.W. ii. 3. 14.

avail, advantage. A.W. i. 3. 182; iii. 1. 22.

ave, shout of welcome or farewell. M. for M. i. 1. 70.

avised, advised. M.W. i. 1. 162.

avised, are you, do you act upon consideration? M.W.

i. 4. 96. avoid, begone. Tp. iv. 1. 142; W.T. i. 2. 462.

awful, law-abiding. Two G. iv. 1.46; awe-inspiring. T. of S. v. 2. 110.

backare, stand back, give place. T. of S. ii. 1.73.

back-trick, caper backwards. Tw.N. i. 3. 127.

badges, worn by household servants, engraved with the shield of their masters. Tp. v. 1. 267.

baffle, disgrace a knight with infamy. Tw.N. ii. 5. 166; hood-

wink. Tw.N. v. 1. 371. bald, destitute of meaning. C. of E. ii. 2. 117.

balk, let slip, not forthcoming. Tw.N. iii. 2. 25. balk logic, bandy words. T.

of S. i. 1. 34.

ballast, laden with cargo. C. of E. iii. 2. 146.

balm, anoint. T. of S. Ind. 1.

Banbury cheese, nothing but paring. M.W. i. 1. 126. band, bond, C. of E. iv. 2. 49; A.W. iv. 2. 56.

bandy, give and take. L.L.L. v. 2. 29; As. v. 1. 59.

bane, death. M. for M. i. 2. 132. baned, destroyed. M. of V. iv. 1.46.

bare, shave. M. for M. iv. 2. 178; A.W. iv. 1. 51.

barful, full of hindrances. Tw.N. i. 4. 41.

bark, peel away. M. for M. iii. 1. 70.

barm, froth, yeast. M.N.D.

ii. 1. 38.

barn, barne, bairn, child. M. A. iii. 4. 46; A. W. i. 3. 26; W. T. iii. 3. 69.

parnacle, species of wild

goose. Tp. iv. 1. 249.

N.D. iii. 2. 13; Tw.N. i. 5. 86. pase, bid the, challenge to a chase in the game of prisoners' base. Two G. i. 2. 94.

paseness, menial work. Tp. iii. 1. 2, 12; base term. W.T. ii. 3. 78; low rank. W.T. iv.

3.742

pasilisk, fabulous serpent supposed to kill by itsglance.

W.T. i. 2. 388.

pass, utter with bass voice.

Tp. iii. 3. 99.

pasta, enough. T. of S. i. 1. 199. pastard, a kind of sweet wine. M. for M. iii. 2. 4.

oate, blunt with use. L.L.L. i. 1.6; except. M.N.D. i. 1. 190; reduce. M. of V. iii. 3.32; flap the wing. T. of S. iv. 1, 194.

pat-fowling, catching birds by night, when at roost. Tp.

ii. 1. 186.

wooden implement for beating clothes in the wash. As. ii. 4. 47.

S. iv. 3. 82; jester's baton.

A.W. iv. 5. 30.

awbling, paltry. Tw.N. v. 1. 54.

pawcock, fine fellow. Tw.N. iii. 4. 119; W.T. i. 2. 122.

pay, space between party-walls. M. for M. ii. 1. 247.

peached, covered with beach or shingle. M.N.D. ii. 1, 85. **peads,** rosary. C. of E. ii. 2. 197. beadsman, one who prays for another. Two G. i. 1. 18. peagle, small dog. Tw.N. ii.

3. 182. beak, prow. Tp. i. 2. 196.

peard, prickles on the ears of corn. M.N.D. ii. i. 95. pear-herd, bear-ward, keeper of a tame bear. M.A. ii. 1. 40; T. of S. Ind. 2. 20.

bearing-cloth, cloth in which a child was carried to be christened. W.T. iii. 3, 112.

bear in hand, keep in expectation. M. for M. i. 4, 51-2; M.A. iv. 1. 307; T. of S. iv. 2. 3.

bear up, take your course. Tp. iii. 2. 2.

beating in, puzzling. Tp. i. 2.

beating on, thinking sistently. Tp. v. i. 246.

become, make becoming. C. of E. iii. 2. 11.

bed-swerver, adulteress. W.T. ii. 1. 92.

beetle-headed, blockheaded.

T. of S. iv. 1. 155. before me, a petty oath. Tw.N. ii. 3. 181.

befortune, befall. Two G. iv. 3, 41,

beg, apply for the custody of a minor or an idiot; hence, to set down as a fool. L.L.L. v.

beholding, under obligation.

Two G. iv. 4. 173; &c.

being, since. M.A. iv. 1. 251. belocked, locked. M. for M. v. 1. 203.

be-mete, measure. T. of S. iv.

bemoiled, bemired. T. of S. iv. 1. 73.

benched, raised to authority. W.T. i. 2. 314.

bent, inclination. M.A. ii. 3. 226; iv. 1. 188; W.T. i. 2. 179.

bent, hold the, keep the passion fresh. Tw.N. ii. 4. 37. ben venuto, welcome. L.L.L. iv. 2. 159; T. of S. i. 2. 280.

bepray, pray. L.L.L. v. 2. 689. Bergomask, rustic dance from Bergamo. M.N.D. v. 1. 352.

Bermoothes, Bermudas. Tp. i. 2. 229.

beshrew, curse, with weak-ened force, as 'plague on'. Two G. i. 1. 128; &c.

bestow, acquit. Two G. iii. 1. 87; As. iv. 3. 86; settle or give in marriage. As. v. 4. 7: T. of S. i. 1. 50; iv. 4. 35.

bestow of, bestow on. Tw.N. iii. 4. 2.

bestraught, distracted. T. of S. Ind. 2. 25.

best-regarded, best-looking. M. of V. ii. 1. 10.

beteem, accord. M.N.D. i. 1. 131.

betid, befallen. Tp. i. 2. 31. betime, betide. L.L.L. iv. 3. 379.

better, men in higher grades.

A.W. iii. 1. 22.

bias, preponderant tendency. L.L.L. iv. 2. 112; Tw.N. v. 1. 262; weight on one side of a bowl which affects its direction. T. of S. iv. 5. 25.

bibble-babble, idle Tw.N. iv. 2. 101.

Biddy, a fowl. Tw. N. iii. 4. 122. bide, endure, suffer. Tw.N. i. 5. 67; ii. 4. 94, 124.

bide upon, repeat. W.T. i. 2. 242.

big, angrily. T. of S. iii. 2.228; haughty. A.W. i. 3.95.

bilbo, a sword noted for the temper and elasticity of its blade. M.W. i. 1. 158; iii. 5. 109.

bill, placard. M.A. i. 1. 37; halberd. M.A. iii. 3. 41, 175; bonds. M.A. iii. 3, 175.

billets, small logs. M. for M. iv. 3. 55.

birdbolt.blunt-headed arrow. M.A. i. 1. 40; L.L.L. iv. 3. 22; Tw. N. i. 5. 96.

birding, bird-catching, fowling. M.W. iii. 3. 227; iv. 2. 7.

birding-piece, fowling-piece. M.W. iv. 2. 55.

bis coctus, twice cooked. L.L.L. iv. 2. 23.

bite by the nose, treat with contempt. M. for M. iii. 1. 107.

black, dark-complexioned. M.A. iii. 1. 63; black fabric. W.T. i. 2. 133.

Black-Monday, a name for Easter Monday. M. of V. ii. 5, 25,

blank, white spot in the centre of the target. W.T. ii. 3. 5.

blazon, description (heraldry). M.A. ii. 1. 290; Tw.N. i. 5. 301.

bleared, blear-eyed. M. of V. iii. 2. 59; dimmed. T. of S. v. 1. 117.

blench, swerve, start aside. M. for M. iv. 5. 5; W.T. i. 2. 333.

blent, blended. M. of V. iii. 2.

182; Tw.N. i. 5. 246. bless, preserve. W.T. iv. 3. 268. bless the mark, phrase used as apology after mentioning something horrible or indecent. Two G. iv. 4. 18.

block, style. M.A. i. 1. 75; blockheads. W.T. i. 2. 225. blood, temperament. M.A. i. 3. 26; passion. M.A. ii. 1. 179; &c.; full vigour. L.L.L. iv. 2.4; social rank. M.N.D.li. 1. 135; affection. As. ii. 3. 37.

bloody, bloodthirsty. Tw.N. iii. 4. 229.

blow, fill with eggs. Tp. iii. 1. 63; blossom, bloom. Two G. i. 1. 46; &c.; inflate with vanity. Tw.N. ii. 5. 44. blown, fly-blown, filled with

eggs. L.L.L. v. 2. 410.

blue eye, a dark circle round the eye. Tp. i. 2. 269; As. iii. 2, 371,

board, accost, make advances to, woo. M.W. ii. 1. 86; &c. bob, a jest, scoff. As. ii. 7. 55.

bodykins, God's body, an oath. M.W. ii. 3, 42. boggle, take alarm. A.W. v.

3. 232. bold, assured. A.W. v. 1. 5.

bold-beating, brow-beating. M.W. ii. 2. 27.

bold of, confident in. L.L.L. ii. 1. 28.

bolt or shaft of it, make, risk making something or other out of it; make the

venture. M.W. iii. 4.24. bolted, sifted. W.T. iv. 3.371. bombard, leather bottle or jug for liquor. Tp. ii. 2. 21.

bombast, padding used to stuffout garments. L.L.L. v. 2.776.

bond, obligation. M. for M. v.

1.8; A.W. i. 3. 186.

bonnet, hat. M. of V. i. 2. 73; As. iii. 2. 376.

book-man, student. L.L.L. ii. 1. 225; iv. 2. 35.

book-mates, fellow students.

L.L.L. iv. 1. 100.

boot, profit, avail. Two G. i.

1. 28; &c. boot, grace to, God help us.

W.T. i. 2, 80.

boot-hose, overstocking which covered the leg like a jack-boot. T. of S. iii. 2. 67.

bootless, unavailing, useless. Tp. i. 2. 35; M. of V. iii. 3. 20; to no purpose. M.N.D. ii. 1. 37. boots, torture of the boots. Two G. i. 1. 27.

borne up, devised. M. for M.

iv. 1. 50.

bosky, bushy. Tp. iv. 1.81. bosom, heart's desire. M. for M.iv. 3. 137; heart. M.N.D. i. 1. 27; inmost thoughts. W.T. iv. 3. 570.

bossed, studded. T. of S. ii. 1.

botcher, cobbler, or tailor who does repairs. Tw.N. i.

both our mothers, mother of us both. A.W. i. 3. 161. bottle, bundle. M.N.D.iv.1.35. bottom, wind as a skein. Two G. iii. 2. 53; extent. M. for M.i. 1.78; vessel. M. of V. i. 1. 42; Tw.N. v. 1. 57; dell. As. iv. 3. 78; ball. T. of S. iv. 3, 136,

bought and sold, befooled.

C. of E. iii. 1. 72.

bouncing, imperious. M.N.D. ii. 1, 70.

bourn, boundary. Tp. ii. 1. 153; W.T. i. 2. 135.

bow, yoke. As. iii. 3. 77. bowed, bent. T. of S. ii. 1. 150. bowget, budget, wallet. W.T. iv. 2. 20.

bow-hand, left hand. L.L.L.

iv. 1. 133.

brabble, brawl. Tw.N.v.1.65. brach, bitch hound. T. of S. Ind. 1. 17.

braid, deceitful. A.W. iv. 2.

brake, thicket. M.N.D. ii. 1.

branched, adorned with needlework. Tw.N. ii. 5. 49. brands, marks of infamy. W.T. ii. 1. 70.

brave, fine, splendid. Tp. i. 2. 6, 408; M.A. v. 4. 128; W.T. iv. 3. 201; taunt. T. of S. iii. 1. 15; iv. 3. 126; make splendid,

adorn. T. of S. iv. 3. 125. bravery, finery. M. for M. i. 3. 10; As. ii. 7. 80; T. of S. iv.

3, 57,

braving, defiant. A.W. i. 2. 3. brawl, French dance. L.L.L. iii. 1. 9.

breach of the sea, surf.

Tw.N. ii. 1. 22.

break, fail to keep. Two G. v. 1. 4; M. of V. i. 3. 161; exchange. C. of E. iii. 1. 75; disclose, divulge. M.A. i. 1. 322; train, tame. T. of S. ii. 1. 147; disband. A.W. iv. 4. 11.

break cross (in tilting), break a spear cross-wise against an adversary, instead of by the push of the point. M.A. v. 1. 139; A.W. ii. 1. 67-9. See As. iii. 4. 41.

break-neck, dangerous business. W.T. i. 2. 363.

break up, carve. L.L.L. iv. 1. 56; open. M. of V. ii. 4. 10.

break with, broach the subject. Two G. iii. 1. 59; M.A. i. 1.305.

breast, voice. Tw.N. ii. 3. 20. breath, voice, notes. M.N.D. ii. 1. 151; speech. M. of V. ii. 9.90.

breathe, exercise. A.W. ii. 3.

261.

breathed, ingood wind. L. L. L. v. 2. 647; T. of S. Ind. 2. 48; in full display of strength. As. i. 2. 216

breathing, respite. M.A. ii.1. 356; verbal. M. of V. v. 1. 141; exercise. A.W. i. 2.17.

breeching, subject to the birch; T. of S. iii. 1. 18.

breed, educate. W.T. iii. 3.47. breed-bate, mischief-maker. M.W. i. 4. 11.

brewage, decoction. M. W. iii. 5. 31.

bribed buck, stolen deer.

M.W. v. 5. 26.

brief, list. M.N.D. v. 1, 42; in brief. As. iv. 3. 150; contract. A.W. ii. 3. 182; summary. A.W. v. 3. 137.

brief and the tedious, long and the short of it. A.W. ii.

3, 33,

bring, accompany. M. for M. i. 1. 61; M.A. iii. 2. 3; W.T. iv. 2. 115.

bring out, put out, disconcert. L.L.L. v. 2. 173; As. iii.

bring to try, lay a ship with her side close to the wind. Tp. i. 1. 36.

brisky, brisk, M.N.D. iii. 1.

92.

broach, stab. M.N.D. v. 1.147. brock, badger, a term of contempt. Tw.N. ii. 5. 107.

broke, negotiate. A.W. iii. 5. 70.

broken, fallen out. Two G. ii. 5. 18; with teeth missing. A.W. ii. 3. 63.

broken music, arranged for

differentinstruments; part or concerted music. As. i. 2. 140. broker, go-between. Two G. i. 2. 39.

Brownist, Independent (sect founded by Robert Brown, c. 1581). Tw.N. iii. 2. 32.

buck, with reference to the horns. M.W. iii. 3. 155.

buck-basket, washing-basket. M.W. iii. 3.2; &c.

bucking, washing linen with lye. M.W. iii. 3. 129.

buckler, shield, defend. T. of S. iii. 2. 239.

bucklers, give the, own oneself beaten. M.A. v. 2, 17.

buck of the first head, buck of the fifthyear. L.L. L. iv. 2.10. buck-washing, washing linen with Iye, and afterwards beating it. M.W. iii. 3, 153,

bug, bug-bear. T. of S. i. 2. 209; W.T. iii. 2. 91.

bugle, black glass bead. As. iii. 5. 47; W.T. iv. 3. 222.

bully, term of familiarity and endearment. M.W. i. 3. 6; ii. 3. 17; M.N.D. iii. 1. 8. bully-rook, boon companion.

M.W. i. 3. 2; ii. 1. 190. bum-baily, bailiff. Tw.N. iii.

4. 184.

bunting, a bird akin to the lark. A.W. ii. 5. 7.

burden, chorus, refrain. Tp. i. 2. 380; &c.

burial, burial-place. M. of V. i. 1. 29.

burst, broken, T. of S. Ind.

bush, a bush of ivy, used as a vintner's sign. As. Epil. 3. buskined, wearing boots with

high heels. M.N.D. ii. 1. 71. but, unless. T. of S. iii. 1, 61; iv. 4. 2.

butchery, slaughter-house. As. ii. 3. 27.

buttery, place for storing liquor or provisions. T. of S. Ind. i. 102.

buttery-bar, board over halfdoor in the buttery, across which provisions were served. Tw. N. i. 3. 71.

but that, only because. W.T. ii. 1. 104.

buttonhole lower, a, without ceremony. L.L.L. v. 2. 694.

buttons, 'tisin his, heis sure to succeed. M.W. iii. 2. 68.

butt-shaft, blunt arrow used for shooting at the butt. L.L.L. i. 2. 173.

buz, an interjection to command silence. T. of S. ii. 1. 206.

by, with reference to. M.A. v. 1. 301; &c.

day, by-gone d W.T. i. 2. 32. yesterday.

by'r lakin, by our Lady. Tp. iii. 3. 1; M.N.D. iii. 1. 13.

caddis, worsted tape used for garters. W.T. iv. 3. 207. caitiff, despicable wretch. M. for M. v. 1. 53; A.W. iii. 2. 113.

cake is dough, project has failed of success. T. of S. i. 1.

108; v. 1. 141.

call, cry used to attract birds. T. of S. iv. 1. 192.

callat, scold. W.T. ii. 3. 90. calling, appellation. As. i. 2.

232.

can, can make. Tp. iv. 1. 27. canary, lights weet wine from the Canary Islands. M.W. iii. 2. 86; Tw.N. i. 3. 81; lively Spanish dance. A.W. ii. 1. 76; dance the canary. L.L.L. iii. 1. 12; blunder for quandary. M.W. ii. 2. 60, 63.

andied, covered with hoar-

frost. Tp. ii. 1. 280.

andle-waster, one studies late at night. M.A. v. 1. 18.

anker, dog-rose. M.A. i. 3. 25;

worm. M.N.D. ii. 2. 3.

anker-blossom, worm that eats into a blossom. M.N.D. iii. 2. 282.

canopy, cover with a canopy.

Tw.N. i. 1. 41.

an't no other, is there no

way. A.W. i. 3. 163.

anton, song. Tw.N. i. 5. 278. anzonet, short song. L.L.L. iv. 2. 123.

apable, susceptible. As. iii. 5. 23; A.W. i. 1. 100, 215.

apacity, understanding. M.N.D. v. 1. 105.

aparison, iv. 2. 27. clothing. W.T.

apon, type of dullness. C. of E. iii. 1. 32; love-letter.

L.L.L. iv. 1. 56.

apriccio, whim. A.W. ii. 3. 299.

apricious, fantastic. As. iii. 3. 7. aptious, capacious. A.W. i.

3. 200. arack, large ship of burden.

C. of E. iii. 2. 146. arbonado, score across for broiling. A.W. iv. 5. 102; W.T. iv. 3. 265.

cardecu, quart d'écu, old French coin, worth about $2s. 1\frac{1}{2}d. A.W. iv. 3. 281; v. 2. 33.$ cardinally, blunder for 'carnally '. M. for M. ii. 1. 79.

card-maker, one who makes cards for combing wool. T.

of S. Ind. 2. 19.

card of ten, face it with a, put on a bold front. T. of S. ii. 1. 398.

Carduus Benedictus, holy

thistle. M.A. iii. 4. 70.

career, careire, short gallop at full speed. M.W. i. 1, 174; M.A. v. 1, 135; L.L.L. v. 2, 483. careful, full of care. C. of E. v. 1. 299.

carkanet, a jewelled neck-lace. C. of E. iii. 1. 4.

carlot, churl, peasant. As.

iii. 5. 107.

carpet, table-cloth. T. of S.

iv. 1. 50. carpet consideration, for services in the Court. Tw.N.

iii. 4. 243.

carpet-monger, one who frequents ladies' boudoirs or carpeted chambers. M.A. v.

carriage, burden. Tp. v. 1. 3; bearing. C. of E. iii. 2. 14; M.A. i. 3. 27; management. W.T. iii. 1. 17.

carry, carry out. M.A. ii. 3. 219.

carry-tale, a tale-bearer.

L.L.L. v. 2. 464.

cart, punishment akin to the ducking-stool. T. of S. i. 1. 55. carve, ?to use great courtesy and affability. M.W. i. 3. 46;

L.L.L. v. 2. 324. carving, modelling. M.A. ii.

3, 17,

case, condition. Tp. iii. 2. 27; to strip off the case or skin. A.W. iii. 6. 107; skin, hide. Tw.N. v. 1. 165.

cashiered,? eased of

cash. M.W. i. 1. 174.

cassock, a military cloak. A.W. iv. 3. 171.

cast, thrown up; with a play upon the sense of assigning parts to actors. Tp. ii. 1. 252; emptied. M. for M. iii. 1. 91; cast-off. As. iii. 4. 16.

Castiliano vulgo, nonsense phrase. Tw.N. i. 3. 43.

cat, eivet cat. As. iii. 2.66. Cataian, thief, scoundrel, blackguard. M.W. ii. 1. 139; Tw.N. ii. 3.77.

cat - a - mountain, cat o' mountain, wild cat. Tp. iv. 1. 262; M.W. ii. 2. 26.

catch, part song. Tp. iii. 2. 123; Tw.N. ii. 3. 18.

catelog, catalogue. Two G. iii. 1. 273.

cater-cousins, good friends. M. of V. ii. 2. 130.

cates, dainties. C. of E. iii. 1.

caudle, gruel. L.L.L. iv. 3. 171. Cavaliero, Cavalery, cavalier. M.W. ii. 3. 71; M.N.D. iv. 1. 23.

censer, fire-pan for burning perfumes. T. of S. iv. 3. 91.

censure, judgement. As. iv. 1.7; W.T. ii. 1.36; judge, estimate. M. for M. i. 4.72; &c.

centre, the earth, as supposed centre of universe. W.T. ii. 1, 101.

cerecloth, winding-sheet. M. of V. ii. 7. 51.

ceremony, sacred object. M. of V. v. 1, 206.

'cerns, concerns. T. of S. v. 1.

cesse, cease. A.W. v. 3, 72. **chafe**, vex, fret, make furious. Two G. iii. 1, 234; M.W.v. 3, 8; T. of S. i. 2, 201.

chairs of order, seats of the knights of an order. M.W. v. 5.64.

Cham, Great, Emperor of China, or Khan of Tartary. M. A. ii. 1. 265.

champian, open country. Tw. N. ii, 5, 165.

change, interchange. A.W. iii. 2.96; W. T. i. 2.68. changeable, showing differ-

ent colours in different aspects; 'shot'. Tw.N. ii. 4. 74. chanticleer, cock. Tp. i. 2. 384; As. ii. 7. 30.

chantry, chapel. Tw.N. iv. 3.

24.

chape, mounting of a scabbard. T. of S. iii. 2. 49; A.W. iv. 3. 144.

chapman, hawker, pedlar. L.L.L. ii. 1. 16.

charact, mark, stamp.

for M. v. 1. 56. **character**, write. Two G. ii. 7. 4; As. iii. 2. 6; writing. M. for M. i. 1. 27; W.T. v. 2. 38.

charactery, expression of thought by symbols. M.W. v. 5.76.

charge, put to expense. M.W. ii. 2. 163; entrust. C. of E. iii. 1. 8; cost, expense. M. of V. iv. 1. 256; W.T. iv. 3. 258.

chargeful, expensive. C. of E. iv. 1. 29.

charge-house, school. L.L.L. v. 1, 82.

chariness, scrupulous integrity. M.W. ii. 1. 97. charm, love-charm. M.W. ii.

charm, love-charm. M. W. ii. 2. 102; subdue as if by magic. M.A. v. 1. 26; control. M. N. D. iv. 1. 85.

cheapen, bargain for. M.A. ii. 3, 30.

cheat, trick. W.T. iv. 2. 122. 'cheator, escheator, an officer who collected fines due to the Exchequer. M.W. i. 3. 71.

the Exchequer. M.W. i. 3. 71. check, restraint. M.W. iii. 4. 83; austere rule. T. of S. i. 1. 32; to forsake the 'quarry' and fly at any chance bird. Tw.N. ii. 5. 117; iii. 1. 66.

cheer, countenance. M.N.D. iii. 2.96; M. of V. iii. 2.313. cheerly, cheerly. Tp. i. 1.5; As. ii. 6.13.

cherry-pit, game with the cherry-stones. Tw.N. iii. 4. 123.

cheveril, kid-leather, very flexible. Tw.N. iii. 1. 12.

chiding, brawling, or angry noise. M.N.D. iv. 1, 117; As. ii. 1, 7.

child, girl. W.T. iii. 3. 69. childing, fruitful. M.N.D. ii. 1. 112.

childness, childishness. W.T.

i. 2. 170. chirurgeonly, surgeon-like.

Tp. ii. 1. 141. choice, esteem. A.W. iii. 7. 26. chopped, chapped. As. ii. 4.

chose, choice. L.L.L. v. 1.92. chough, chatterer. Tp. ii. 1. 267; bird of the crow family. M.N.D. iii. 2. 21.

chough's language, chatter-

ing. A.W. iv. 1. 20.

chuck, term of endearment. L.L.L. v. 1. 109; Tw.N. iii. 4. 120.

churchman, ecclesiastic. M.W. ii. 3. 45, 53; Tw. N. iii. 1.4. churl, peasant. W.T. iv. 3.

439.

cicatrice, scar-like mark. As. iii. 5. 23; A.W. ii. 1. 43. cinque-pace, lively dance. M.A. ii. 1. 74.

circle, circuit. As. v. 4. 31. circum circa, round and round. L.L.L. v. 1, 68.

circummured, walled round.

M. for M. iv. 1. 30. circumstance, circumstantial deduction. Two G. i. 1. 36, 84; W.T. v. 2. 34; circumstances. Two G. i. 1. 37; details. Two G. iii. 2. 36; C. of E. v. 1. 16; M.A. iii. 2. 98; circumlocution. M. of V. i. 1. 154; ceremony. W.T. v. 1. 90. ite, summon. Two G. ii. 4. 86;

208. cittern-head, term of contempt, with ref. to the grotesquely carved head of a cittern or guitar. L.L.L. v. 2.

bespeak, prove. A.W. i. 3.

604.

civet, perfume made from

civet-cat. M.A. iii. 2. 47. civil, orderly. Two G. v. 4. 156; grave. As. iii. 2. 128; Tw.N. iii. 4. 5; courteous. Tw.N. i. 4. 21.

civil doctor, doctor of civil

law, M. of V. v. 1, 210.

clack-dish, wooden alms-dish with a lid, clacked by beggars to attract attention. M. for M. iii. 2. 133.

clamour, silence. W.T. iv. 3.

247.

clap, strike hands on concluding a bargain. W.T. i. 2.

clap into, enter upon anything with alacrity. M. for M. iv. 3.41; As. v. 3.10. clapped up, concluded hastily. T. of S. ii. 1. 318.

clapper-claw, thrash. M.W.

ii. 3. 63.

claw, flatter. M.A. i. 3. 17; L.L.L. iv. 2. 64.

clean-timbered, well-built. L.L.L. v. 2. 631.

cleared, excepted. W.T. i. 2. 74.

clepe, call. L.L.L. v. 1. 22. clerestories, rows of upper windows in halls and churches. Tw.N. iv. 2. 39.

clerk-like, scholarly. W.T. i.

2. 392. clew, ball of thread. A.W. i. 3. 180.

climate, sojourn. W.T. v. 1. 170.

clipping, embracing. W.T. v. 2. 57.

clodpole, blockhead. Tw.N. iii. 4. 197.

cloister, covered walk or arcade. Two G. i. 3. 2.

cloistress, nun. Tw.N. i. 1.

close, come to terms or agreement. Two G. ii. 5. 12; M. for M. v. 1. 338; W.T. iv. 3. 811; silent. M. for M. iv. 3. 121; secret, secretly. M. of V. ii. 6. 47 : T. of S. Ind. 1. 127.

closeness, retirement. Tp. i. 2, 90.

close-stool, chamber utensil enclosed in stool or box. A.W. v. 2.18.

clouded, defamed. W.T. i. 2. 280.

cloudy, gloomy. Tp. ii. 1. 143. clout, mark for archers. L.L.L. iv. 1. 134.

cloyment, satiety. Tw.N. ii.

coat, coat of arms, armorial bearings. M.W. i. 1. M.N.D. iii. 2. 213.

cock, perversion of 'God'.
T. of S. iv. 1. 116; woodcock
(i.e. fool). W.T. iv. 2. 35.
'cock and pie, by', an as-

severation, meaning possibly 'cock', God, and 'pie', the ordinal of the R.C. Church. pie', the M.W. i. 1. 295.

cockatrice, serpent, said to kill by its mere glance. Tw.N.

iii. 4. 203.

cockle, weed, tares. L.L.L. iv. 3. 380; cockle-shell. T. of S.

iv. 3.66.

cockled, furnished with a shell. L.L.L. iv. 3. 335. cockney, petted child. Tw.N.

iv. 1. 15.

cod, peascod. As. ii. 4. 50.

codling, half-grown apple. Tw.N. i. 5. 161. cog, deceive, wheedle. M.W.

iii. 1. 116: &c.

coil, disturbance, confusion, ado. Tp. i. 2. 207; &c.

coldly, quietly. C. of E. v. 1. 273; M.A. iii. 2. 125.

collateral, indirect. A.W. i. 1. 93.

collied, murky. M.N.D.i, 1,145. collop, piece of flesh. W.T. i. 2. 138.

colour, ensign. M.W. iii. 4. ·84; pretext. L.L.L. iv. 2. 152; W.T. iv. 3. 562; kind. As. i. 2. 100.

colourable, specious, plausible. L.L.L. iv. 2. 152.

colour, holds not, is not in keeping. A.W. ii. 5. 61.

colours, fear no, fear no foe. Tw. N. i. 5. 6.

colt, young or inexperienced person. M. of V. i. 2, 39.

combinate, betrothed. for M. iii. 1. 220.

combine, bind. M. for M. iv.

3.147; As. v. 4.150. come by, acquire. Tp. ii. 1. 293; M. of V. i. 1.3; Tw. N. i. 5. 126.

comeoff, pay, disburse. M.W. iv. 3. 11.

comes off well, is well told. M. for M. ii. 1. 57.

comfect, sugar-plum. M.A. iv. 1. 320.

comfortable, of good comfort. As. ii. 6.9; comforting. A.W. i. 1. 79.

coming-in, income. M. of V. ii. 2. 163.

coming-on, complaisant. As. iv. 1. 107.

commend, commit, entrust. L.L.L. iii. 1. 169; W.T. ii. 3. 181; commendation. M. of V. ii. 9. 90.

commerce, conversation. Tw.N. iii. 4. 181.

commission, warrant. A.W. ii. 3. 268; W.T. i. 2. 145.

commixture, complexion. L.L.L. v. 2. 297.

commodity, advantage, interest. M. of V. iii. 3. 27; W.T. iii. 2. 92; parcel, quantity of wares. Tw.N. iii. 1. 46.

commodity of brown paper, a parcel of goods sold on credit by a usurer to a needy person, who immediately raised some cash by reselling them at a lower price, generally to the usurer himself. M. for M. iv. 3. 5.

common, playground. C. of E. ii. 2. 29.

commoner, prostitute. A.W. v. 3. 194. common sense, ordinary per-

ception. L.L.L. i. 1. 57, 64. commonty, blunder for 'comedy'. T. of S. Ind. 2. 138. compact, leagued. M. for M.

v. 1. 235.

companion, used as term of contempt. M.W. iii. 1.116; &c. company, companion. M.N. D. i. 1. 219; A.W. iv. 3. 32.

compass, accomplish. Two G. iv. 2. 95; gain possession of. W.T. iv. 2. 97.

compassed, rounded, curved.

T. of S. iv. 3. 138.

competitor, associate. Two G. ii. 6.35; companion. L.L.L.

ii. 1. 82; confederate. Tw.N. iv. 2. 10.

complements, accomplishments. L.L.L. i. 1. 165.
complexion, temperament,

nature. L.L.L. i. 2. 78; M. of V. iii. i. 29.

composition, compact. M. for M. v. 1. 213; A.W. iv. 3.

comprehended, blunder for 'apprehended'. M.A.iii.5.46. compromised, come to terms. M. of V. i. 3. 76.

compt, account. A.W. v. 3. 57. compter, counter. W.T. iv. 2.

comptible, sensitive. Tw.N.

i. 5. 180.

con, learn by heart, study. M.N.D. i. 2. 98; As. iii. 2. 274; Tw.N. ii. 3. 151; offer. A.W.

iv. 3, 154.

conceit, estimation, opinion. Two G. iii. 2. 17; &c.; understanding. C. of E. iii. 2. 34; a fancy article. M.N.D. i. 1. 33; idea. W.T. iii. 2. 142.

conceited, imagined. Tw.N. iii. 4.302; witty, clever. W.T.

iv. 3. 203.

conceitless, thoughtless.

Two G. iv. 2. 99.

concern, befit. M.N.D. i. 1.60; is of importance. W.T. iii. 2.

concerning, matter that concerns one. M. for M. i. 1. 56. concerning her observance.

which it concerns her to observe. M. for M. iv. 1. 44. conclusions passed the careires,? the end came very swiftly. M.W. i. 1. 174.

concolinel, a nonsense word.

L.L.L. iii. 1. 3.

concupiscible, vehemently desirous. M. for M. v. 1. 99. condition, social position,

rank. Tp. iii. 1.59; character, behaviour. M.A. iii. 2. 63; M. of V. i. 2. 128; A.W. iv. 3. 174. conditions, soft, gentle qualities. T. of S. v. 2. 168.

conduct, conductor. Tp. v. 1. 244; escort. M. of V. iv. 1.148; Tw.N. iii. 4. 250; leadership. As. v. 4. 157.

confidence, confidential communication. M.W. i. 4. 155; M.A. iii. 5. 3.

confine, place of confinement.

Tp. iv. 1. 121.

confirmed, unmoved. M.A. v. 4. 17.

confixed, fixed firmly, fastened. M. for M. v. 1. 225.

conformable, compliant. T. of S. ii. 1. 271.

confound, destroy, ruin. C. of E. i. 2. 38; M. of V. iii. 2. 277. confusion, ruin. C. of E. ii. 2.

189; M.N.D. i. 1. 149.

congee, pay one's respects at leaving. A.W. iv. 3.87.

conjecture, suspicion, evil surmise. M.A. iv. 1. 107.

consent, agreement to act in concert. L.L.L. v. 2. 461.

consequently, accordingly. Tw.N. iii. 4. 78.

conserve, preserve. M.for M. iii. 1. 86; T. of S. Ind. 2. 3.

consider, requite, recompense. M. for M. i. 2. 114; W.T. iv. 1. 18; iv. 3. 806. consolate, console. A.W. iii.

2. 127.

consort, company of musicians. Two G. iii. 2. 84; fellowship. Two G. iv.1.64; keep company with. C. of E. i. 2. 28; L.L.L. ii. 1. 177; M.N.D. iii. 2. 387.

constancy, consistency.

M.N.D. v. 1. 26.

constant, steady. Tp. ii. 2. 113; self-possessed, M. of V. iii. 2. 248; uniform. As. iii. 5. 122; consistent. Tw.N.iv.2.50.

constantly, confidently. M. for M. iv. 1. 23.

conster, construe, explain. Tw.N. iii. 1. 59.

pestilential. contagious,

M.N.D. ii. 1. 90.

contain, retain, keep in one's possession. M. of V. v. 1. 201. contemptible, contemptuous. M.A. ii. 3. 185.

contempt of question, beyond question. Tw.N. ii. 5.90. contempts, blunder for 'contents'. L.L. i. 1. 186.

content you, restrain your-selves. T. of S. ii. 1. 334.

continent, that which contains. M.N.D. ii. 1. 92; that which comprises. M. of V. iii. 2. 130.

continue, let live. M. for M. iv. 3, 85.

contract, marriage. W.T. v. 1. 204.

contracting, mutual agreement. M. for M. iii. 2. 289.

contrarious, self-contradictory. M. for M. iv. 1. 63. contrary, wrong. M. of V. i. 2. 94; opposite side. W.T. i. 2.

372. contrive, conspire. M. of V. iv. 1. 351; pass the time. T. of S. i. 2. 274.

control, to call to account. Tp. i. 2. 436.

convenience, propriety. A.W.

iii. 2. 71.

convenient, befitting. M. for M. iv. 3. 105; M. of V. iii. 4. 56. is convents, is Tw.N. v. 1. 383. convenient.

convented, summoned. M.

for M. v. 1. 158.

conversation, behaviour. M.W. ii. 1. 24; intercourse. A.W. i. 3. 232.

converse of breath, conversation. L.L.L. v. 2. 730.

conversion, change of character. As. iv. 3, 136.

convertite, convert. As. v. 4.

conveyance, impossible, incredible dexterity. M.A. ii. 1. 242.

convoy, escort, means of conveyance. A.W. iv. 3. 89; iv. 4. 10.

cony, rabbit. As. iii. 2, 338. cony-catch, cheat, trick.

M.W. i. 1. 122; &c. copatain hat, high-crowned

hat. T. of S. v. 1. 67.

cope, requite. M. of V. iv. 1. 411; come into contact with. As. ii. 1. 67; W.T. iv. 3. 431. copulatives, persons about to be coupled in marriage. As. v. 4. 57.

copy, subject-matter, theme. C. of E. v. 1. 62.

coragio, courage. Tp. v. 1.258; A.W. ii. 5. 94.

coram, blunder for 'quorum'. M.W. i. 1. 6.

coranto, kind of dance. A.W. ii. 3. 46; Tw.N. i. 3. 133.

cormorant, ravenous, L.L.L. i. 1. 4.

corner-cap, three-cornered cap, biretta. L.L.L. iv. 3. 50. cornuto, cuckold. M.W. iii. 5. 71.

corollary, surplus, supernumerary. Tp. iv. 1. 57. corporal of the field, aide-

de-camp. L.L.L. iii. 1. 189. correspondent, responsive.

Tp. i. 2. 297. corrupt, misquote. A.W. i. 3.

costard, apple of large size,

head. M.W. iii. 1. 14. cote, cottage. As. ii. 4. 81; iii. 2.422.

Cotsall, Cotswold. M.W. i. 1. 88.

could, would. As. i. 2, 246. countenance, feigned appearance. M. for M. v. 1. 119; patronage. As. i.1.17; honour. T. of S. iv. 1. 96.

counter, following the scent in the reverse direction. C. of E. iv. 2. 39; worthless wager. As. ii. 7, 63,

counterfeit, likeness, M. of V. iii. 2. 115.

Counter-gate, gate of prison attached to city court. M.W. iii. 3. 76.

countermand, forbid. C.of E. iv. 2. 37.

counterpoint, quilt, counter-

pane. T. of S. ii. 1, 344. count of, reckon on. A.W. iv.

county, count. M.A. iv. 1.319; &c.

couplement, couple, pair. L.L.L. v. 2. 529.

couplet, couple. Tw.N. iii. 4. 388.

courses, points of the compass. Tp. i. 1. 51.

coursing, chasing. L.L.L. iv.

courtship, courtliness. L.L.L. v. 2. 364; court life. As. iii. 2.

344.

cousin, nephew. M.A. i. 2.1; niece. As. i. 3. 41; Tw.N. i. 3. 5; uncle. Tw.N. i. 5. 126.

covent, convent. M. for M. iv.

3. 131.

cover, wear hats. M. of V. ii. 9.44; lay the cloth for a meal. M. of V. iii. 5. 57; As. ii. 5. 30. coverture, shelter. M.A. iii. 1. 30.

cowardship, cowardice. Tw. N. iii. 4. 399.

cowl - staff, staff thrust through the handles of a tub

to carry it. M.W. iii. 3, 145. coxcomb, cap worn by professional fool. M.W. v. 5. 144; T. of S. ii. 1. 223; head. Tw.N. v. 1. 190; fool, fop. Tw.N. v. 1. 207.

Cox my passion, an oath, 'God's my passion'. A.W. v.

coy, caress. M.N.D. iv. 1. 2. coystril, knave, base fellow. Tw.N. i. 3. 41.

cozen, cozener, cheat. M.W.

iv. 5, 65, 91, 92.

cozenage, fraud, deceit. M. W. iv. 5. 62; C. of E. i. 2. 97. cozier, cobbler. Tw.N. ii. 3. 93.

crab, crab-apple. Tp. ii. 2. 167; L.L.L. v. 2. 920; M.N.D. ii. 1. 48; sour person. T. of S. ii. 1. 227.

crack, boast. L.L.L. iv. 3. 265; flaw. W.T. i. 2. 322.

crack-hemp, gallows'-bird.

T. of S. v. 1. 46.

craven, cock that is 'game'. T. of S. ii. 1. 225. that is not 'game'. T. of S. ii. 1. 225. crazed, impaired, unsound.

M.N.D. i. 1. 92.

cream, form a scum on the surface. M. of V. i. 1. 89. credence, confidence. A.W.

iii. 3. 2.

credent, creditable, reputable. M. for M. iv. 4. 27; credible. W.T. i. 2. 143.

credit, credulity. C. of E. iii. 2.22; honour. T. of S. iv. i. 101; report. Tw. N. iv. 3. 6.

crest, badge (i. e. brightness). L.L.L. iv. 3. 253.

crews, bands. Two G. iv.1. 74. cried upon...loss, gave the cry when the scent seemed utterly lost. T. of S. Ind. 1.

crisp, rippled, wrinkled. Tp.

iv. 1. 130.

crisped, closely and stiffly curled. M. of V. iii. 2. 92.

critic, critical, censor, censorious. L.L.L. iii. 1. 178; iv. 3. 167; M.N.D. v. 1. 54.

crone, withered old woman. W.T. ii. 3. 76.

cross, coin. L.L.L. i. 2. 33; As. ii. 4. 12.

cross-gartered, cross-gartering, having garters crossed on legs. Tw. N. ii. 5. 159; iii. 4. 22.

crowner, coroner. Tw. N. i. 5.

137.

cry, pack of hounds. M.N.D. iv. 1. 126.

cry mercy, ask forgiveness. M.W. iii. 5. 25. cubiculo, bedchamber. Tw.

N. iii. 2. 53.

cuckoo - buds. buttercup. marsh marigold, cowslip. L.L.L. v. 2, 891.

cue, part assigned. M.W. iii. 3. 35; M.N.D. iii. 1. 73.

cullion, base fellow. T. of S. iv. 2. 20.

cunning, clever, skill. M.A. v. 1. 227; &c.

Cupid's flower, love-in-idleness, heartsease. M.N.D. iv. 1. 75.

curd. curdle. A.W. i. 3. 147. curious, particular, cautious. T. of S. iv. 4. 36; A.W. i. 2. 20;

W.T. iv. 3.521.

curious-knotted, laid out in elaborate plots. L.L.L. i. 1. 242.

curiously, carefully. A.W.

iv. 3. 34.

curst, perverse, cantankerous. Two G. iii. 1. 341; &c. curtal, having tail docked. M.W. ii. 1. 108; C. of E. iii. 2. 158. See A.W. ii. 3. 62.

curtle-axe, cutlass. As. i. 3. 116.

cust-alorum, blunder for 'custos rotulorum'. M.W. i. 1. 7.

custard-coffin, crust of 'custard, or open pie. T. of S. iv.

3, 82,

custom, trade. W.T. v. 2. 103. customer, associate. C. of E. iv. 4. 61; prostitute. A.W. v. 3. 287.

custom, with a, from habit.

W.T. iv. 3, 12.

cut, 'cut-tail horse,' or gelding; term of abuse. Tw.N. ii. 3. 190.

cut and longtail, all of every sort. M.W. iii. 4. 47.

cuts, draw, cast lots. C. of E. v. 1. 425.

cypress,? coffin of cypresswood. Tw.N. ii. 4. 52; Cyprus crape. Tw.N. ? ii. 4. 52; iii. 1. 125; W.T. iv. 3. 219.

daff, to thrust aside. M.A. ii. 3. 174; v. 1. 78.

damnable, worthy of condem-

nation. As. v. 2. 62. damosella, a young unmarried girl. L.L.L. iv. 2. 130.

dan, an honourable title= Master, Sir. L.L.L. iii. 1. 182. danger, mischief. M. of V. iv. 1.38; power to injure. M. of V. iv. 1. 178.

dangerous, threatening. M. A. v. 1. 97.

dankish, damp. C. of E. v. 1. 248.

darkling, indarkness. M. N.D. ii. 2. 86.

darkly, secretly. A.W. iv. 3. 11.

dash, infusion, tinge. W.T. v. 2. 117; abash. L.L.L. v. 2. 576. daubery, work of a dauber, coarse work. M.W. iv. 2. 175. day-bed, couch, lounge. Tw. N. ii. 5, 49.

day-woman, dairy-woman. L.L. L. i. 2. 130.

dazzling, dazzled. L.L.L. i. 1. 82.

dead, deadly. M.N.D. iii. 2.57; W.T. iv. 3. 441.

deadly, deathly. C. of E. iv. 4. 94; mortally. A.W. v. 3. 117; death-like, Tw. N. i. 5. 273.

deaf, deafen. L.L.L. v. 2. 859. dear, precious. M.A. i. 1. 127; grievous. L.L.L. v. 2, 859; costly. M.N.D. i. 1, 249; de-voted. W.T. ii. 3, 149.

dearest, dearest part. Tp. ii. 1. 136; best. L.L.L. ii. 1. 1.

debate, contest. L.L.L. i. 1. 70; controversy. M.N.D. ii. 1. 116; dispute. A.W. i. 2. 75.

debatement, deliberation. M. for M. v. 1. 100.

debile, weak. A.W. ii. 3. 38. deboshed, debauched, seduced. Tp. iii. 2.27; A.W. ii. 3. 141.

debted, indebted. C. of E. iv.

deceivable, deceptive. Tw. N. iv. 3. 21. decern, concern. M.A. iii.

5. 4. decipher, distinguish. C. of

E. v. 1, 336. deck, sprinkled. Tp. i. 2. 155.

decline, incline, lean. C. of E. iii. 2. 44, 145.

declining head, head declining. T. of S. Ind. 1, 119.

dedicate, dedicated. M. for M. ii. 2. 154.

dedication, devotedness. Tw.N. v. 1. 82.

deep-mouthed, having deep-sounding bark. T. of S. Ind. 1. 18.

deface, cancel. M. of V. iii. 2. 300.

default, failure, absence. C. of E. i. 2. 52.

default, in the, at a pinch. A.W. ii. 3. 233.

defeat, cheat. M.N.D. iv. 1.

defeat. made, brought about the destruction. M.A. iv. 1. 47.

efeature, marring of features. C. of E. ii. 1.98; v. 1.300. efect, blunder for 'effect'. M.N.D. iii. 1. 38.

efend, forbid. M.A. ii. 1. 93;

iv. 2, 20.

efiance, rejection. M. for M.

ii. 1. 141.

efinitive, resolved. M. for M. v. 1. 423.

eformed, misshapen, hate-

cul. C. of E. v. 1. 299. **efy,** disdain, set at naught. As. epil. 18; Tw.N. iii, 4, 103.

egree, step towards. Tw.N. ii. 1. 128.

eign, deign to accept. Two G. . 1. 154.

elighted, accustomed to de-

ight. M. for M. iii. 1. 119. eliver, relate. Tp. v. 1. 313; &c.; liberate. Tw.N. v. 1. 317. emean, behave. C. of E. iv. 3.84; v. 1.88.

emurely, with an affected gravity. M. of V. ii. 2, 191. enay, refusal. Tw.N. ii.4.124.

enier, a French copper coin of very small value. T. of S. Ind. 1. 9.

enunciation, formal announcement. M. for M. i. 2. l51.

eny, refuse. Tw.N. iv. 1. 58; W.T. v. 2. 132.

epart, departure. Two G. v. . 97; part. L.L.L. ii. 1. 146. epending, dependent, con-litioned. M. for M. iii. 2. 28.

eprave, decry, disparage. M.A. v. 1. 95.

eputation, deputyship. M. or M. i. 1. 20.

erivative, transmission by lescent. W.T. iii. 2.43.

erived, descended. Two G.

7. 2. 23; M.N.D. i. 1. 99. escant, accompaniment to a nusical theme. Two G. i. 2.91. esperate, daring. As. v. 4.
2; hopeless. Tw.N. ii. 2. 8; eckless. Tw.N. v. 1. 64.
espite, spite. M.A. ii. 2. 30; ndignation. Tw.N. iii. 4. 229.
etected, accused. M. for M. ii. 2. 128.

determinate, intended. Tw.N. ii. 1. 11.

determine, assign. M. for M. i. 1. 38; limit. M. for M. iii. 1.

detest, blunder for 'protest'. M.W. i. 4. 145; M. for M. ii. 1.

device, conceptions, aims.

As. i. 1. 162.

devote, devoted. T. of S. i. 1. 32. dewlap, loose skin about the throat. Tp. iii. 3, 45; M.N.D. ii. 1. 50; iv. 1. 124. **Dian's bud**, ? bud of *Agnus*

Castus, or Chaste Tree. M.N.D. iv. 1. 75.

diaper, napkin. T. of S. Ind. 1. 57.

dibble, pointed instrument to make holes for planting seeds. W.T. iv. 3. 100. die, dice. W.T. iv. 2. 26. diet, fix. A.W. iv. 3. 30; limit. A.W. v. 3. 221.

diet, takes, observes a regimen. Two G. ii. 1. 25.

difference, i. e. in our social status. W.T. iv. 3. 17.

diffused, confused. M.W. iv.

digested, absorbed. A.W. v. 3. 74.

digress, deviate from my promise. T. of S. iii. 2. 107. digression, moral deviation.

L.L.L. i. 2. 115.

dig-you-den, give you good evening. L.L.L. iv. 1. 42.

dilate, relate. C. of E. i. 1. 122. dilated, prolonged. A.W. ii. 1. 58.

dildo, a word used in the refrains of ballads. W.T. iv. 3. 195.

dimension, bodily shape. Tw.N. i. 5. 269; v. i. 239.

disable, disparage, undervalue. M. of V. ii. 7. 30; As. iv. 1. 32; v. 4. 77; cripple. M. of V. ii. 1. 123.

discase, unrobe, undress. Tp. v. 1. 85; W.T. iv. 3. 641.

discharge, performance. Tp. ii. 1. 255; perform. M.N.D. i. 2. 91; iv. 2. 8; v. i. 204.

discipled, educated. A.W. i.

discontenting, discontented. W.T. iv. 3. 539.

discourse, report, reasoning.

Tw.N. iv. 3. 12.

discover, divulge, reveal, expose. M. for M. iii. 1.191; &c.; recognize. M. for M. iv. 2. 175. discovery, disclosure. W.T. i. 2. 441.

disfurnish, deprive, divest.

Two G. iv. 1. 14.

dishonest, dishonesty, immodest, unchastity. M.W. iv. 2. 133; As. v. 3. 4.

dislike, express dislike of. As. v. 4. 71.

disliken, disguise. W.T. iv. 3.660.

dismount, unsheathe. Tw.N. iii. 4. 230.

disorders, misconduct. Tw. N. ii. 3. 101.

dispense with, excuse. M. for M. iii. 1. 133; put up with. C. of E. ii. 1. 103.

dispose, control. Two G. ii. 7.

86; C. of E. i. 1, 20.

disposed, inclined to merriment. L.L.L. ii. 1, 248; v. 2. 467: Tw.N. ii. 3. 85.

disputable, disputatious. As. ii. 5. 34.

dispute, discuss. W.T. iv. 3.

407. dissemble, disguise. Tw.N.

iv. 2. 4.

dissembly, blunder for 'assembly'. M.A. iv. 2.1. dissolutely, dissolved, blun-

ders for 'resolutely', 'resolved'. M.W. i. 1. 246. distemper, disorder. Tw.N.

ii. 1. 5. distemperature, disorder. C.

of E. v. 1, 82; M.N.D. ii. 1, 106. distempered, out of humour. Tp. iv. 1. 145; diseased, Tw.N. i. 5, 94.

distinctly, separately. Tp. i. 2, 200.

distinguishment, tion. W.T. ii. 1. 85. distinc-

disvalue, depreciate. M. for M. v. 1. 214.

disvouch, disown. M. for M. iv. 4. 1.

diurnal ring, daily circuit. A.W. ii. 1. 164.

diverted, turned from natural course. As. ii. 3. 37. diviner, sorceress. C. of E. iii.

2. 151.

divulge, proclaim. M.W. iii. 2.41; A.W. ii. 1.173; Tw.N. i. 5. 268.

do, describe. W.T. v. 2. 61. doff, put off. T. of S. iii. 2. 100.

dog-ape, baboon. As. ii. 5. 26. dog-weary, dog-tired. T. of S.

iv. 2. 60.

doit, a small Dutch coin, worth about half a farthing. Tp. ii. 2. 31; M. of V. i. 3. 138.

dole, sorrow. M.N.D. v. 1. 276; As. i. 2. 129; share. A.W. ii. 3. 172; W.T. i. 2. 163.

dominical, red letter in calendar indicating Sunday. L.L.L. v. 2. 44.

dotage, doting love. M.A. ii.

3. 173, 220.

double-dealer, unfaithful in love or marriage. M.A. v. 4. 114.

doubt, suspect. M.A. v. 1. 118. doubt, made a, expressed a fear. L.L.L. v. 2. 101.

dowle, one of the fibres of a feather. Tp. iii. 3. 65.

doxy, rogue's mistress. W.T. iv. 2. 2.

drab, lewd woman, W.T. iv. 2, 26

draff, refuse, swill given to pigs. M.W. iv. 2. 104.

draw, take draught of liquor. Tp. ii. 2. 146; draw liquor for customers. M.W. i. 3. 10; draw instrument from case, or draw bow across fiddle. M.A. v. 1. 128; draw back, M. of V. ii. 9. 1; Tw. N. i. 5. 240; receive. M. of V. iv. 1. 87.

draw dryfoot, track game by the mere scent of the foot.

C. of E. iv. 2. 39.

drawer, a tapster. M.W. ii. 2.

drawn, with drawn swords.

Tp. ii. 1. 309; M.N.D. iii. 2. 402;

drunk. Tp. ii. 2. 146. I**read,** revered. W.T. i. 2. 322. readfully, with terrors. M. for M. iv. 2. 143.

ribbling, falling short or wide of mark. M. for M. i. 3. 2. rive, commute. M. of V. iv. 1. 371.

rollery, comic play. Tp. iii. $3.\ 21.$

rovier, dealer in cattle. M.A. ii. 1. 194.

rumble, dawdle. M.W. iii. 3. 145.

rum's entertainment. John, rough reception, turning an unwelcome guest out of doors. A.W. iii. 6. 39. xy,thirsty. Tp.i. 2.112; Tw. N.

i. 5. 45; insipid. Tw.N. i. 5.

12.

ry-beat, beat soundly. L.L.

L. v. 2. 264.

worth about 3s. 6d. M. of V.

i. 3. 1; &c.

uello, laws of the duel. L.L.L. i. 2. 177; Tw.N. iii. 4. 316.

ump, plaintive melody or song. Two G. iii. 2. 85; M.A. ii. 3. 71.

urance, imprisonment. M. for M. iii. 1. 66; Tw.N. v. 1.

278.urance, suit of, suit made of stout durable cloth (play on same word meaning 'imprisonment '). C. of E. iv. 3. 25.

aning time time of bearing lambs. M. of v. i. 3.85.

anling, young lamb. M. of V. i. 3. 77.

ar, plough. A.W. i. 3. 44. arnest, serious, with quibble, "earnest' as pledge, token. Two G. ii. 1. 158; C. of E. ii. 2. 24; part payment. M.A. ii. 1. 40; W.T. iv. 3. 653. arthed, buried. Tp. ii. 1. 235.

bbing, declining in fortune.

Tp. ii. i. 227.

cstasy, state of being 'beside oneself'; frenzy or stupor

caused by fear or passion. Tp. iii. 3. 108; &c.

effect, accomplishment. Two G. i. 1. 50; expression. M. for M. iii. 1. 24; sign, symptom. M.A. ii. 3. 113; purport, significance. As. iv. 3. 35.

effigies, likeness. As. ii. 7. 196. eggs for money, take, put up with an affront. W.T. i. 2, 162. eglantine, sweet-brier.

N.D. ii. 1. 252.

Egypt, gipsy. M.N.D. v. 1. 11. eight and six, alternate lines of eight and six syllables. M.N.D. iii. 1. 23.

eke, also, moreover. M.W. i. 3. 97; ii. 3. 71; M.N.D. iii. 1. 92. eld, people of the old time. M.W. iv. 4.36; age. M. for M.

iii. 1. 36.

elder, heart of, weak, faint-

hearted. M.W. ii. 3. 28. element, air. Tw.N. i. 1. 26; sphere. Tw.N. iii. 1. 61.

elf, fairy. Tp. v. 1. 33; M.N.D. v. 2. 23.

else, elsewhere. Two G. iv. 2.

embassage, embassy, message confided to an ambassador. M.A. i. 1. 276.

embattled, fortified. M.W. ii.

emboss, drive to extremity. A.W. iii. 6, 103.

embossed, foaming at mouth with exhaustion. T. of S. Ind. 1. 17; swollen. As. ii. 7. 67. exhausted.

embowelled, A.W. i. 3. 239.

empoison, envenom, embitter. M.A. iii. 1. 86.

enchantingly, as though en-

chanted. As. i. 1. 162. enchantment, love-charm. enchantment,

Tw.N. iii. 1. 116.

encounter, adversary. L.L.L. v. 2. 82; greeting. T. of S. iv. 5. 54; go toward. Tw.N. iii. 1. 76; befall. W.T. ii. 1. 20; behaviour. W.T. iii. 2. 48.

end, still an, continually.

Two G. iv. 4. 63.

end, there an, there is an end. Two G. i. 3. 65.

ends, fragments, remnants. M.A. i. 1. 284.

enfolding, garment. W.T. iv. 3, 740,

enforced, violated. M.N.D. iii. 1. 198.

enforcement, argument. As. ii. 7. 118.

enfreedoming, bringing into a state of freedom. L.L.L. iii. 1, 124,

engage, pledge. M.A. iv. 1.

336; As. v. 4. 166. engine, instrument of war. Tp. ii. 1. 162; instrument. Two G. iii. 1. 138.

enlarge, release. Tw.N. v. 1. 280.

enlargement, release. L.L.L. iii. 1. 5.

enmew, mew up, keep under. M. for M. iii. 1. 89.

enow, enough. M. of V. iii. 5. 20.

ensconce, shelter. M.W. ii. 2. 26; iii. 3. 87.

enshield, shielded, concealed. M. for M. ii. 4. 81.

entame, tame. As. iii. 5. 48. entertain, hire, take into service. Two G. ii. 4. 105; &c.; maintain. M. of V. i. 1.90; desire to keep. M. for M. iii. 1.73.

entertainment, employment, service. A.W. iii. 6.12; iv. i. 16; treatment. Tw.N. i. v. 221.

entrenched, cut. A. W. ii. 1. 45. envious, malicious, spiteful.

M. of V. iii. 2. 283. **envy**, malice, spite. Tp. i. 2. 258; M. of V. iv. 1. 10.

Ephesian, boon companion. M.W. iv. 5. 17.

epithet, phrase, expression. M.A. v. 2. 65; L.L.L. iv. 2. 8. epitheton, epithet, appella-

tion. L.L.L. i. 2. 14. equal, impartial. L.L.L. iv. 3.

381.Ercles. Hercules. M.N.D. i. 2.

erection, direction, M.W. iii. **5.** 39.

erewhile, some time ago. M. N.D. iii. 2. 274; As. ii. 4. 87.

eringoes, candied root of sea holly, used as sweetmeat. M.W. v. 5. 21.

erring, wandering. As. iii. 2. 130.

erst. little while since. As. iii. 5. 94.

escapes, sallies. M. for M. iv.

eschew, avoid, escape. M.W. v. 5. 251.

estate, bestow, settle. Tp. iv. 1.85; M.N.D. i.1.98; As. v. 2. 11; state. M. of V. iii. 2.237; rank. A.W. iii. 7.4; wealth. W.T. iv. 2. 41; affairs. W.T. iv. 3. 407.

esteem, high estimation. A.W. v. 3. 1.

estimable, valuable. M. of V. i. 3. 164.

estimable wonder, admiring judgement. Tw.N. ii. 1.27.

estimate, claim to be considered in the valuation of. A.W. ii. 1. 182.

Ethiop, black. As. iv. 3. 35. even, equal, act up to. A.W. i. 3. 3; in exact agreement. Tw. N. v. 1. 241.

even, make, grant. A.W. ii. 1. 193; full. A.W. v. 3. 327.

ever, always. M.N.D. i. 1.

everlasting garment, ? the buff jerkin of a sergeant. C. of E. iv. 2. 33.

evitate, avoid. M.W. v. 5. 241. examine, question. A.W. iii. 5. 62.

example, justify by examples. L.L.L. i. 2. 115; to exemplify. L.L.L. iii. 1. 84.

exceed, be pre-eminent. M.A. iii. 4. 17.

except before excepted, a legal phrase, 'make objection'. Tw.N. i. 3. 7.

excess, interest. M. of V. i. 3.

excommunication, blunder for 'communication'. M.A. iii. 5. 65.

excrement, hair, moustache, beard. C. of E. ii. 2. 84; &c. exempt, separated. C. of E. i. 2. 180 ; remote. As. ii. 1. 15 ;

xclude. A.W. ii. 1, 197.

khibition, allowance, main-enance. Two G. i. 3. 69. korcist, raiser of spirits.

A.W. v. 3, 305.

xpect, await. M. of V. v. 1. 9; believe. T. of S. iv. 4. 91. kpedient, expediently, expeditious, expeditiously. As. ii. 1. 18; A.W. ii. 3. 182.

sperimental seal, stamp of experience. M.A. iv. 1. 168. **xploit**, action, combat. A.W. . 2. 17; iv. 1. 39.

xposition, blunder for 'dis-osition'. M.N.D. iv. 1. 41. **xpostulate**, discuss. Two G.

ii. 1. 252.

kpress, put thoughts into words. Tw.N. ii. 1. 15. **xpressive,** open or emphatic

n expression. A.W. ii. i. 53. rw.N. ii. 3. 159; image, picure. M.W. v. 5. 70.

stemporal, able to speak without premeditation. L. J. L. i. 2. 180.

stent, seizure. As. iii. 1. 17; assault. Tw.N. iv. 1. 53. ktenuate, mitigate. M.N.D.

. 1. 120. **stermined.** exterminated.

As. iii. 5. 88.

ktirp, root out. M. for M. iii. . 109. atracting, ? distracting.

rw.N. v. i. 283.

vagrancy.

ktravagancy, Cw. N. ii. 1. 12.

xtravagant, irregular, fanastical. L.L.L. iv. 2.67.

stremes, extreme sures, excess. W.T. iv. 3. 6. xtremity, extreme resource. M.W. iv. 2. 72; ex-

ravagance. M.W. iv. 2. 159; extreme rigour. C. of E. v. i. 809.

yas-musket, young hawk; prightlychild. M.W. iii. 3.21. ye, slight shade, tinge. Tp. ii. l. 55; limits. M. of V. i. 1. 137. yne, eyes. L.L.L. v. 2. 207; M.N.D. i. 1. 242.

face, brave. C. of E. iii. 1. 6; T. of S. iv. 3. 125; v. 1. 121.

face out of, bully out of, shamelessly exclude from. Tw.N. iv. 2. 98; v. 1. 88.

face with card of ten, bluff. carry through by effrontery. T. of S. ii. 1. 398.

facinorous, infamous. A.W.

ii. 3. 34.

fact, crime, deed. M. for M. iv. 2. 136; W.T. iii. 2. 84.

faculty, power. A.W. i. 3, 224. fadge, fit, be suitable. L.L.L. v. 1. 145; succeed. Tw.N. ii. 2.

fading, refrain of popular song of indecent character. W.T. iv. 3. 195.

fail, failure. W.T. ii. 3. 169; v. i. 27.

fain, wish to. Tp. i. 1. 69; As. i. 2. 159.

faint, pale. M.N.D. i. 1. 215. fair, fairness, beauty. C. of E. ii. 1. 98; &c.; in state, finery. T. of S. ii. 1. 17. fair befall, good luck to. T.

of S. v. 2. 112.

fairest grant is the necessity, best gift is that which meets the needs of case. M.A. iii. i. 313.

fairing, present. L.L.L.v. 2.2. faith, vow of friendship. M.A. i. 1. 73; honour. M.A. v. 4.8; religious faith. A.W. iv. 1. 79.

faithless, unbelieving. M. of

V. ii. 4. 37.

fall, let fall. Tp. ii. 1. 297; &c.; be allotted. M. of V. i. 3. 78; give birth to. M. of V. i. 3. 86; happen. M. of V. iii. 2. 203; A. W. v. 1. 37; sinking of the note, cadence. Tw.N. i. 1. 4. fallow, of a reddish-yellow colour. M.W. i. 1. 87.

false, falsehood. M. for M. ii.

4. 171.

falsing, deceptive. C. of E. ii. 2. 102.

familiar, spirit supposed to attend at call. L.L.L. i. 2. 170. fancy, love. M.A. iii. 2. 30; &c.

fancy-free, free from power of love. M.N.D. ii. 1. 164.

fancy-monger, dealer in love. As. iii. 2. 361.

fancy-sick, love-sick. M.N.D. iii. 2. 96.

fantastic, fop. M. for M. Dram. Per.; foppish. Two G.

ii. 7. 47. fantastical, fanciful, grotesque. M.A. ii. 1.75; imaginative. Tw.N. i. 1. 15.

fantasy, fancy. As. ii. 4, 30, fap, drunk. M.W. i. 1, 173, far, farther. W.T. iv. 3, 438. fardel, little pack. W.T. iv. 3. 716 ; &c.

farthingale, framework of hoops of whalebone, for extending skirts of dresses; hooped petticoat. Two G. ii. 7.51; &c.

fartuous, blunder for 'vir-

tuous'. M.W. ii. 2. 96. fashion, sorts. W.T. iii. 2. 103. fashion-monging, foppish. M. A. v. 1. 94.

fashions, farcy, disease of horses. T. of S. iii. 2. 53.

fast, securely, fixedly. M. for M. i. 2. 150.

ast and loose, cheating game. L.L.L. iii. 1. 103. fast and fat, make fat. M.N.D. ii. 1. 97;

cloying. Tw.N. v. i. 109. **fated,** fateful. A.W. i. 1. 223.

fault, defect, misfortune. M.W. i. 1. 91; iii. 3. 215; as hunting term=broken or lost scent. T. of S. Ind. i. 20; Tw. N. ii. 5, 133.

favour, appearance, aspect, face. M. for M. iv. 2. 32; &c.; present, token of love. L.L.L. v. 2. 30; M.N.D. ii. 1. 12; iv. 1. 51.

fay, faith. T. of S. Ind. ii. 81. fear, frighten. M. for M. ii. 1. 2; M. of V. ii. 1. 9; T. of S. i. 2. 209; peril, cause for fear. M.N.D. v. 1. 21; fear for. M. of V. iii, 5. 3; T. of S. v. 2. 16.

fearful, inspiring awe, reverence, or terror. Tp. i. 2. 465; Tw. N. i. 5. 213; timid. M.

of V. i. 3, 173,

feater, more becoming. Tp. ii. 1. 274.

featly, neatly, gracefully. Tp. i. 2. 379; W.T. iv. 3. 176.

feature, appearance, face, form. Two G. ii. 4. 74; As. iii. 3. 3; Tw.N. iii. 4. 376.

federary, accomplice. W.T. ii. 1. 89.

feed, pasturage. As. ii. 4. 81. feeder, servant. As. ii. 4. 97.

feeding, pasturage. W.T. iv. 3, 169,

feelingly, exactly. Tw.N. ii. 3, 161,

fee-simple, unconditional possession. A.W. iv. 3. 281. fell, enraged, savage. M.N.D. ii. 1. 20; Tw.N. i. 1. 22; fleece.

As. iii. 2. 52. fellow, equal, consort. Tp. ii.

1.275; &c.; accompany, be a partner. W.T. i. 2, 143. fellowly, sympathetic. Tp. v.

1. 64. fence, swordsmanship. M.W. i. 1. 277; M.A. v. 1. 75; Tw.N.

iii. 4. 292. feedary, accomplice. M. for

M. ii. 4. 123. festinately, hastily, speedily.

L.L.L. iii. 1.6. fetch in, draw confession from. M.A. i. 1. 221.

fetch off, rescue. A.W. iii. 6. 20; make an end of. W.T.i. 2. 334.

few, in, in short. Tp. i. 2.144;

T. of S. i. 2. 51. fewness and truth, in few words and true. M. for M. i. 4. 39.

fico, fig, expression of contempt. M.W. i. 3. 31.

field, battle. M. of V. ii. 1. 26. fife, wry-necked, fife with upper part resembling the beak of a bird, or musician as looking away from his instrument. M. of V. ii. 5. 30.

fights, screen used during naval engagement to protect crew of a vessel. M.W. ii. 2. 134.

figure, figure of speech. Two G. ii. 1. 150; L.L.L. i. 2. 55; T.

 ${\sf pfS.i.2.113}; \, {\sf horoscope.M.W.}$ v. 2. 175; phantasm. iv. 2. 14; typify. M.N.D. i. 1. 237. le, multitude. M. for M. iii. 2. 143.

led, smooth, polished. L.L.L.

v. 1. 11. 1thy-mantled, covered with scum. Tp. iv. 1. 182.

nd forth, discover. C. of E. . 2. 37; M. of V. i. 1. 143.

ne, punish, punishment. M. for M. ii. 2. 40; iii. 1. 113; aim, end. M.A. i. 1. 242; A.W. iv. l. 35; smart, T. of S. iv. 1. 134; ertful. A.W. v. 3. 268.

ne and recovery, absolute possession. M.W. iv. 2. 209; C. of E. ii. 2. 80.

ne's the crown, end crowns

all. A.W. iv. 4. 35.

nger in the eye, to put, to weep in a childish way. C. of E. ii. 2. 213; T. of S. i. 1. 79. rago, virago. Tw.N. iii. 4.282.

re, will-o'-the-wisp. M.N.D.

ii. i. 106.

re-new, brand-new. L.L.L. 1. 175; Tw.N. iii. 2. 23.

t, suitable. Tw.N. iii. 1. 69. ves, a disease in horses. T. of S. iii. 2. 54.

xture, action of M.W. iii. 3. 60. fixing.

xure, direction. W.T.v.3.67. ap-dragon, snap-dragon. raisin caught out of burning brandy and eaten. L.L.L. v. 1. 42.

ap-dragoned, swallowed.

W.T. iii. 3. 96.

at, unqualified, plain. M. for M. ii. 2. 131; nearly level tract, covered by shallow water. M. of V. i. 1. 26; iii. 1. 5.; undeniable truth. L.L.L. iii. 1. 101.

at-long, with the flat side.

Tp. ii. 1. 182.

atness, completeness. W.T.

iii. 2. 121.

atter with, deal falsely. Tw. N. i. 5. 311.

aunts, finery. W.T. iv. 3. 23. aw, passionate outburst. M. for M. ii. 3. 11.

flax-wench, girl who dresses flax. W.T. i. 2. 277.

fleer, laugh, mock. M.A. v. 1.

58; L.L.L. v. 2. 109.

fleet, company. M.A. ii. 1. 141; fade, die away. M. of V. iii. 2.108; pass. iv. 1.135; As. i. 1. 116.

flesh, satiate. A.W. iv. 3. 16. fleshed, eager for slaughter.

Tw.N. iv. i. 40.

flesh-fly, fly which deposits eggs in dead flesh. Tp. iii. 1.

flewed, having large chaps.

M.N.D. iv. 1. 122.

flight, shooting with arrows the greatest possible distance. M.A. i. 1. 38.

flood, floods, waters. M.N.D. ii. 1. 103; M. of V. i. 1. 10; iv. 1. 72.

flote, wave. Tp. i. 2. 234.

flourish, embellish, gloss over. M. for M. iv. 1.76; fanfare of trumpets. M. of V. iii. 2, 49,

flout, flouting, mock, mocking. M.A.i. 1. 182; &c.

foil, put to, defeat, repulse. Tp. iii. 1. 46.

foin, thrust. M.W. ii. 3. 23;

M.A. v. 1. 84. foison, plenty. Tp. ii. 1. 164;

iv. 1.110; M. for M. i. 4. 43. folded, concealed. C. of E. iii. 2, 36.

folly-fallen, fallen into folly.

Tw.N. iii. 1, 70.

fond, fondly, fondness, foolish, foolishly, foolishness. Two G. i. 1. 52; &c.; valued by fools, trivial. M. for M. ii. 2. 149; doting. M. for M. ii. 2, 187; &c.; dote. Tw. N. ii. 2, 34.

fool, used as a term of endearment and pity. As. ii. 1. 22; W.T. ii. 1. 117; jester. T. of S.

i. 1. 65.

fool-begged, foolishly demanded. C. of E. ii. 1. 41.

foot, kick, spurn. M. of V. i. 3. 116; path. M. of V. ii. 4. 35. foppery, folly. M.W. v. 5. 129; M. for M. i. 2. 136; M. of V. ii.

5. 35.

for, because. Tp. i. 2. 272; &c.; for fear of. Two G. i. 2. 133; of. M. of V. iii. 4. 10; for want

of. As. ii. 4. 73.

force, enforce. M. for M. iii. 1. 108; scruple. L.L.L. v. 2. 441; necessity. M.N.D. iii. 2. 40; M. of V. iv. 1. 56; W.T. iv. 3. 430.

forced, unnatural. strained. W.T. ii. 3. 78; iv. 3.

forceful, strong. W.T. ii. 1.

fordone, wearied out. M.N.D. v. 2. 4.

'forehand, done at some earlier time. M.A. iv. 1.50.

forehorse to a smock, squire of dames. A.W. ii. 1. 30. fore-past, former. A.W. v. 3.

forfend, forbid. W.T. iv. 3.

537.

forfeit, liable to or due as penalty. M. for M. ii. 2, 71, 73; &c.; trivial fine imposed for breach of rules. M. for M. v. 1, 316,

forge, create. W.T. iv. 3. 17. forgery, invention. M.N.D.

ii. 1. 81.

forgive, will excuse. Tw.N. i. 5. 196.

fork, forked tongue (popularly supposed to be sting) of snake. M. for M. iii. 1. 16. forked, horned. W.T. i. 2.

186.

forked heads, forked (not barbed) arrow-heads. As. ii. 1, 24.

formal, normal, sane. C. of E. v. 1. 105; Tw.N. ii. 5. 121.

formerly, just now. M. of V.

iv. 1. 361.

forswore to have, denied having. C. of E. v. 1. 11. forted, fortified. M. for M. v. 1. 12.

forth, away from home. C. of E. ii. 2. 219; M.N.D. i. 1. 164. forth-right, straight course

or path. Tp. iii. 3. 3. fortuna de la guerra, fortune of war. L.L.L. v. 2. 528.

fortune, happen, chance. Two G. v. 4. 169.

foul, foulness, ugly, ugliness. As. iii. 3, 37; &c.

found, established, based. A.W. ii. 1. 104; found out. A.W. ii. 3. 210; ii. 4. 33.

foundered, lame, disabled.

Tp. iv. 1. 30.

frame, form. M. for M. v. 1. 61; scheme, order. M.A.iv. 1. 130; L.L.L. iii. 1. 193; contrivance. M.A. iv. 1.191; devise, plan. M.A. v. 1.71; W.T. v. 1. 91.

frampold, sour-tempered. disagreeable. M.W. ii. 2.89. franklin, yeoman. W.T. v. 2.

166.

frankly, unconditionally. M.

for M. iii, 1. 104.

fraught, cargo. Tw.N. v. 1. 61; laden. Two G. iii. 2.70; M. of V. ii. 8.30; W.T. iv. 3. 521.

fraughtage, cargo. C. of E. iv. 1. 88.

fraughting, that form a car-

go. Tp. i. 2. 13. free, liberal. M. for M. v. i.

384; innocent. As. ii. 7. 85; Tw.N. ii. 4. 45; W.T. ii. 3. 30; noble. Tw.N. i. 5. 268; W.T. ii. 2. 44; accessible. W.T. ii. 1. 193; ready. W.T. iv. 3. 555.

French crown, the baldness produced by the 'French disease'. M. for M. i. 2. 53; M.N.D. i. 2. 95; A.W. ii. 2.

fresh, spring of fresh water. Tp. iii. 2. 72; youthful. W.T.

iv. 3. 429, 558.

fret, chafe. M. of V. iv. 1. 77; ring of gut placed on fingerboard of musical instrument to regulate fingering. T. of S. ii. 1. 149; spoil. T. of S. ii. 1. 321.

friend, befriend, assist. M.

for M. iv. 2. 113.

friend, at, as friend. W.T. v. 1. 140.

friendships, kind services. W.T. iv. 1. 20.

frippery, place where cast-

off clothes are sold. Tp. iv. . 226.

rize, coarse woollen cloth.

A.W. v. 5. 144. Polic, mirthful, be mirthful. M.N.D. v. 2.17; T. of S. iv. 3. 83.

om, different to, apart from. M.A. iii. 1, 72; Tw.N. i. 5, 193;

'.1 . 334.

oth and lime, make a ankard froth, and put lime nto sack to make it sparkle. M.W. i. 3. 14.

oward, refractory. T. of S. . 1. 69.

uitful, fruitfully, abunant, fully. M. for M. iv. 3. 57; A.W. ii. 2.69.

ustrate, fruitless, vain.

p. iii. 3. 10.

utify, a confusion of 'no-ify' with 'fructify'. M. of V. i. 2. 133.

ill, exactly. T. of S. i. 1. 199. llam, die loaded at corner. I.W. i. 3, 86.

Wo G. iii. 2. 70. laden.

llsome, lustful. M. of V. i. . 84; cloying, wearisome rom excess. Tw.N. v. 1. 109. rnish, dress, equip. M.A. ii. 1. 103; As. Epil. 10; W.T. v. 3. 595.

rniture, furnishing. T. of iv. 3. 181; harness of a orse. A.W. ii. 3. 62.

aberdine, loose upper garnent. Tp. ii. 2. 37, 109; M. of 7. i. 3. 110.

aged, bound. M. of V. i. 1. 30. alimaufry, gallimaufry, otch-potch, medley. M.W. i. 1. 113; W.T. iv. 3. 333. all, harass, oppress. W.T. i.

. 316. alliard, lively dance in riple time. Tw.N. i. 3. 123. alliass, heavy low-built essel, larger than a galley.

. of S. ii. 1. 371. allows,gallows-bird. L.L.L.

. 2. 12.

gambold, gambol. T. of S. Ind. 2.138.

gamester, gambler. M.W. iii. 1.36; L.L.L. i. 2.42; athlete. As. i. 1. 159; term of contempt. T. of S. ii. 1. 393; lewd person. A.W. v. 3. 188.

gaping pig, pig dressed for table, with lemon in mouth. M. of V. iv. 1.47.

garden-house, summerhouse. M. for M. v. 1. 205, 222. garner, granary. Tp. iv. 1. 111. garnish, outfit, dress. M. of V. ii. 6. 45. gaskins, breeches or hose.

Tw.N, i. 5. 26.

gaud, gawd, trifle, finery. M.N.D. i. 1. 33; iv. 1. 169; T. of S. ii. 1. 3.

gave out split, abandoned (or proclaimed) as split. Tp. v. 1. 223.

gear, matter, purpose. M. of V. i. 1.110; ii. 2.166.

geck, fool, dupe. Tw.N. v. 1.

gelded, gelt, maimed. L.L.L. ii. 1. 148; M. of V. v. 1. 144. geminy, couple. M.W. ii. 2.9.

general, populace. M. for M. ii. 4. 28.

generation, offspring. W.T. ii. 1. 147.

generative, having the power of generating. M. for M. iii.

generous, noble, high-born. M. for M. iv. 6. 13; L.L.L. v. 1. 90. genius, one of two opposed spirits by whom each person was supposed to be attended; spirit. Tp. iv. 1. 27; C. of E. v. 1. 334; Tw.N. iii. 4. 136.

gentility, gentle bearing, gentle birth. L.L.L. i. 1. 126;

As. i. 1. 20.

gentle, noble, well-born. Tp. i. 2, 465; W.T. i. 2, 394; gentleman, one of good birth. M.W. iii.2.88; &c.; term of endearment. W.T. iv. 3.46.

gently, kindly. W.T. iv. 3. 806.

gentry, rank by birth. M.W. ii. 1. 52; W.T. i. 2. 393.

germane, kin, related. W.T. iv. 3. 784.

gest, time allotted for a halt

or stay. W.T. i. 2. 41. gesture, bearing. As. v. 2. 63. get the sun, i.e. at one's back, not in one's eyes. L.L.L. iv. 3. 366.

get within him, i.e. within his guard. C. of E. v. 1.34. giddily, lightly. Tw.N. ii. 4.

84.

gifts, endowments. T. of S. i. 1. 106.

gig, whipping-top. L.L.L. iv. 3. 164; v. 1. 68.

giglot, lewd woman. M. for M. v. 1. 343.

gild, impart flush to. Tp. v. 1. 280.

Gillian, Juliana. C. of E. iii.

gillyvors, gillyflowers variety of wall-flower). W.T. iv. 3. 82, 98.

gin, snare. Tw.N. ii. 5. 85. ging, gang. M.W. iv. 2. 117. ·gingerly, carefully. Two G. i. 2. 68.

Ginn, Jenny. C. of E. iii. 1. 31. gird, gibe, hit. T. of S. v. 2.58. girdle, turn one's, ?find harmless outlet for anger. M.A. v. i. 142.

give, display as armorial bearing, bear. M.W. i. 1. 16; grant to be. W.T. iii. 2. 94.

give out, proclaim. W.T. iv. 3. 149. give over, leave. T. of S. i. 2.

givings out, reports. M. for

M. i. 4. 54.

glance, allude, hint. C. of E. v. 1. 66; M.N.D. ii. 1. 75. glances, satirical allusions,

side hits. As. ii. 7. 57. glass, hour-glass. W.T. i. 2. -306.

glasses, runnings of hourglass. Tp. i. 2. 240; v. i. 223.

glassy essence, essential nature of man. M. for M. ii. 2.120. gleek, jest or gibe. M.N.D. iii. 1. 144.

glib, castrate. W.T. ii. 1. 148.

glide, gliding movement. As. iv. 3. 112.

glozes, pretences, disguises. L.L.L. iv. 3.367.

glut, swallow greedily. Tp. i. 1. 61.

go about, intend. W.T. iv. 3. 217, 708.

goal, point at issue. W.T. i. 2. 96.

God bless the mark, phrase used as apology after mentioning something horrible or indecent. Two G. iv, 4. 18: M. of V. ii. 2. 22.

God dig you den, God ye good even, God give you a good evening. L.L.L.iv. 1.42;

As. v. 1. 15. God 'ild, God shield. As. iii. 3. 73; v. 4. 55.

goes even, agrees. Tw.N. v. 1. 241.

goes hard, sounds bad. T. of S. iv. 2. 80.

Gogs-wouns, God's wounds, an oath. T. of S. iii. 2. 160. go in, join in. M.A. i. 1. 184.

golden world, golden age. As. i. 1. 116. good, financially sound. M.

of V. i. 3. 12, 16. good deed, in very deed.

W.T. i. 2. 42. good den, good even. M.A.

iii. 2. 77.

twenty, good even and twenty good evenings. M.W. ii. 1. 187.

good-jer. good year, meaningless expletive. M.W. i. 4. 117; M.A. i. 3. 1.

good leave, willing permission. As. i. 1. 102; M. of V. iii. 2. 324.

good life, lifelike truth. Tp. iii. 3. 86; good name. M.W. iii. 3. 118.

good life, song of, moral song. Tw. N. ii. 3. 36, 38.

good shipping, bon voyage! good luck. T. of S. v. i. 43. gorge, throat, stomach. W.T.

ii. 1. 43. goss, gorse. Tp. iv. 1. 180.

gossip, woman's female

friend, invited to be present at a birth. Two G. iii. 1. 269; C. of E. v. i. 408; to act as sponsor. A.W. i. 1. 180; make

merry. C. of E. v. 1. 410, 422; sponsor. W.T. ii. 3. 41. cossips' bowl, used at chris-tening feasts. M.N.D. ii. 1.47. to through, deal in succession. M. for M. ii. 1. 275.

counder, passas. A.W.iii.5.20. courd, a kind of false dice. M.W. i. 3. 86.

government, in, under control. M.N.D. v. 1. 123.

race, favour granted. M.N. D. ii. 2. 89; T. of S. i. 2. 130; gain honour. As i. 1. 145; favour. A.W. v. 2. 49; W.T. iii. 2. 46; virtue. Tw. N. v. 1. 33.

raceful, full of nobility. W.T. v. 1. 171.

gracious, attractive, pleasing, in favour. M.A. iv. 1. 109: &c.; prosperous. W.T. iii. 1.22; endowed with grace. W.T. iv. 1. 27.

graff, graft. As. iii. 2. 117. grafted in my serious trust, trusted absolutely. W.T. i. 2. 246.

grained, furrowed. C. of E.

v. 1. 313.

grain, in, fast, genuine, in the very nature. C. of E. iii. 2. 112; Tw. N. i. 5. 244.

ramercy, thanks. M. of V. ii. 2. 120; T. of S. i. 1. 41. grandam, grandmother. of V. ii. 2. 196.

for M. iii. 1. 263; granary.

W.T. iv. 3. 306. grated upon, harassed with importunities. M.W. ii. 2. 7. gratify, fee, reward. M. of V. iv. 1. 405; T. of S. i. 2. 271. gratillity, blunder for 'gra-

tuity.' Tw. N. ii. 3. 26. gratulate, pleasing. M. for M. v. 1. 525.

grave, engrave, cut. M. of V. ii. 7. 36.

gravel, stony. M. for M. iv.

3. 65.

gravelled, at a standstill. As. iv. 1. 70.

greasily, indecently. L.L.L. iv. 1. 137.

Greek, roysterer. Tw. N. iv. 1. 18.

green, ? fresh, or freshly greased. T. of S. iii. 2. 211. griefs, grievances. Two G. v. 4. 142.

grim-looked, hard-featured.

ugly. M.N.D. v. 1. 170. grize, step, stair. Tw. N. iii. 1. 129.

grizzle, sprinkling of grey hairs. Tw. N. v. 1. 165.
groat, English coin worth about 4d. M.W. i. 1. 152.
gross, palpable. M. for M. i. 2. 158; A.W. i. 3. 170; total.

As. iv. 1. 189.

grossly, awkwardly. M.W. ii. 2. 140; obviously, palpably. C. of E. ii. 2. 178; A.W. i. 3. 176; materially. M. of V. v. 1, 65,

grossness, density, M.N.D. iii.1.157; enormity, flagrancy. M. of V. iii. 2. 80; Tw. N. iii.

growing, accruing. C. of E. iv. 1. 8.

grow to, have a tendency. M. of V. ii. 2. 17.

grow to point, arrive at conclusion. M.N.D. i. 2. 10.

guard, ornamental trimming. M. for M. iii. 1. 95; M.A. i. 1. 283; L.L.L. iv. 3. 55; ornament, trim. M.A. i. 1. 282; M. of V. ii. 2. 155.

guard with, stand at, is on guard against. M. for M. i. 3. 51.

guerdon, reward, requital. M.A. v. 3. 5; L.L.L. iii. 1. 170. guilder, gold coin once current in Netherlands. C. of E.

i. 1. 8; iv. 1. 4. guiled, treacherous. M. of V. iii. 2. 97.

guilty to, chargeable for. W.T. iv. 3. 545.

gull, trick, deception. M.A. ii. 3. 125; dupe, simpleton. Tw. N. iii. 2. 70; v. 1. 345. gull-catcher, trickster. Tw.

N. ii. 5. 191.

gust, pleasure. Tw. N. i. 3. 32; taste, relish. W.T. i. 2. 219.

H, i. e. ache (pron. aitch). M.A. iii. 4. 53.

habit, attire. M. of V. ii. 2.189. hack, become vile and vulgar.

M.W. ii. 1. 51.

haggard, haggerd, wild female hawk. M.A. iii. 1. 36; &c. hag-seed, offspring of witch. Tp. i. 2. 365.

hair, against the, against the grain. M.W. ii. 3.38.

hale, haul, draw, drag. M.A. ii. 3. 59; &c.

half-cheek, side-face. L.L.L. v. 2. 610.

halfpence, small fragments.

M.A. ii. 3. 148.

halidom, holy relic, anything regarded as sacred. Two G. iv. 2. 138.

Hallowmas, feast of All Saints. Two G. ii. 1. 27; M. for M. ii. 1. 126.

hammered of, pondered on. W.T. ii. 2. 49.

hand, lay hands on. W.T. ii. 3. 63.

hand, at or in any, on any account, in any case. T. of S. i. 2. 145, 224; A.W. iii. 6. 43.

handfast, custody. W.T. iv. 3. 777.

hands, give, give applause. Tp. epil. 10; M.N.D. v. ii. 68. hands, of all, in any case.

L.L. iv. 3. 216.

hands, tall man of his, man of valour, skill, or practical ability. M.W.i. 4.23; W.T. v. 2, 170,

hangman boys, young rascals. Two G. iv. 4. 56.

hang together, hold together. M.W. iii. 2. 12.

hap, fortune. C. of E. i. 1. 38; T. of S. i. 2. 267.

haply, perhaps. Tw.N. i. 2.52. happily, haply, perhaps. M. for M. iv. 2. 95; T. of S. iv. 4. 54; Tw.N. iv. 2. 55.

happiness, aptitude. M.A. ii.

happy, apt, dexterous. Two

G. iv. 1. 34.

'happy man be his dole,' happiness be his portion. T. of S. i. 1. 140; W.T. i. 2. 163.

happy time, in, at a propitious time. A.W. v. 1. 6. hard-a-keeping, difficult to be kept. L.L.L. i. 1, 65.

harlot, lewd fellow. C. of E. v.1.205; adulterous, W.T. ii. 3. 4.

harm, misfortunes. As. iii.

hatch, half-door. C. of E. iii. 1, 33,

ha' to thee, here's to thee. T.

of S. v. 2. 37. haud credo, hardly I believe. L.L.L. iv. 2. 11.

haunt, resort. As. ii. 1. 15. have at, I'll try. W.T. iv. 3.

have to, we'll go to. T. of S. i. 1.

have with, I'll go with. L.L.L. iv. 2. 148; As. i. 2. 255.

having, possession. As. iii. 2. 374; Tw.N. iii. 4. 355; W.T. iv. 3. 727.

hawking, hawk-like, keen. A.W. i. 1. 99.

hawthorn-buds, dandies. M.W. iii. 3. 69.

hay, country dance. L.L.L. v. 1. 153.

head, behead. M. for M. ii. 1. 243; face. M.A. v. 1, 62; M.N.D. i. 1, 106; fountainhead. A.W. i. 3, 170.

headed, grown to a head. As.

ii. 7. 67.

head, of the first, said of a deer at the age when the antlers are first developed. L.L.L. iv. 2. 10.

head-stall, part of bridle that fits round head. T. of S. iii. 2.57. heady-rash, headlong, headstrong. C. of E. v. 1. 216.

healthful, saving. C. of E. i. 1. 114.

hearken after, inquire into. M.A. v. 1. 211.

eart, affection. As. i. 1. 163. eat, run swiftly over. W.T. 2.96; course. Tw.N. i. 1.26. eavens, sake of heaven. M. f V. ii. 2. 11.

paviness, sadness. Tp. v. 1. 00; M. of V. ii. 8. 52. pavings, sighs. W.T. ii. 3. 35. pavy, drowsy. Tp. ii. 1. 195; ad, sorrowful. M. for M. iv. . 37; M. of V. v. 1. 130; W.T. i. 3. 109.

edge, shift, dodge. M.W. ii.

. 25; restrict. M. of V. ii. 1.

edge-priest, illiterate priest f inferior status. L.L.L. v. . 538.

ed, that which one heeds.

.L.L. i. 1. 82.

eft, heaving. W.T. ii. 1. 44. eight, highest degree. M.A. v. i. 305.

elen, blunder for 'Hero,'

I.N.D. v. i. 197.

elm, steer, guide. M. for M. i. 2. 150; helmet, A.W. iii. . 7.

elpless, unavailing. C. of

L ii. 1. 39.

empenhomespun, one who vears homespun cloth made f hemp; one of rude maners. M.N.D. iii. 1. 74.

enchman, page of honour. I.N.D. ii. 1. 121.

ent, reached, occupied. M. or M. iv. 6. 14; lay hold of. V.T. iv. 2. 126. erb of grace, rue. A.W. iv.

. 17 reby, as it may happen.

.L.L. i. 2. 134.

reditary, by heredity (i.e. riginal sin). W.T. i. 2. 75. re much Orlando, irony or 'no Orlando here'. As. iv. 2

est, behest, command. Tp. 2. 274; iii. 1. 37.

c jacet (here lies), die in he attempt. A.W. iii. 6.64. de, suppress. M. for M. v. 1.

iems, winter. M.N.D. ii. 1. 09.

high, highly. Tw.N. i. 1. 15. high and low, two kinds of false dice. M.W.i. 3. 87.

high bent, turned full. A.W. v. 3. 10.

high-cross, market-cross. T. of S. i. 1. 133.

high-day, hey-day, an exclamation denoting gaiety. Tp. ii. 2. 186; youthful. M. of V. ii. 9. 98.

higher, further [into Italy]. A.W. iv. 3. 42.

high-proof, in the highest

degree. M.A. v. 1. 123. high-repented, deeply

pented. A.W. v. 3. 36.

hight, is called. L.L.L. i. 1. 167, 250; M.N.D. v. 1. 139.

hilding, good-for-nothing. T. of S. ii. 1. 26; A.W. iii. 6. 3. him, by him. W.T. i. 2. 412.

hind, servant, agricultural labourer. M.W. iii. 5. 97; I.L.L. i. 2. 117; As. i. 1. 18; female of the deer. As. iii. 2.

100.

hint, occasion, opportunity. Tp. i. 2. 134; ii. 1. 3.

hip, on or upon the, at a disadvantage. M. of V. i. 3. 44; iv. 1. 333.

hipped, having the hip injured or dislocated. T. of S.

iii. 2. 49.

hit of, hit upon. C. of E. iii. 2.30. hobby-horse, frivolous or foolish fellow. M.A. iii. 2. 69; prostitute. W.T. i. 2. 276.

'hobby-horse is forgot. the,' a phrase apparently taken from some old ballad.

L.L.L. iii. 1. 29.

hob, nob, have or have not, give or take. Tw.N. iii. 4. 247. hodge-pudding, pudding made of a medley of ingre-

dients. M.W. v. 5. 157. hold, remain. M.A. i. 1. 89; keep promise. M.N.D. i. 2. 109; maintain. A.W. i. 1. 82. holding, consistency. A.W. iv. 2. 27.

hold up, sustain, maintain. M.A. ii. 3. 128; M.N.D. iii. 2.

239.

holidame, halidom, q.v. T. of S. v. 2. 100.

holla, a term of restraint. As. iii. 2. 245.

hollowly, insincerely. Tp. iii.

holp, helped. Tp. i. 2.63; C. of E. iv. 1. 22.

holy, blameless. W.T. v. 1. 170; v. 3. 148.

home, thoroughly. Tp. v. 1. 71; &c.; a home-thrust.L.L.L.

v. 1. 58. home, and home, effectively, out and out. M.for M.iv.3.146.

homespun, one who wears home-made cloth, a rustic. M.N.D. iii. 1. 74.

honest, chaste, M.W. i. 4. 145; &c. virtuous.

honesty, chastity. M.W. ii. 2. 232; As. iii. 3. 29; A.W. iii. 5. 61; decency, decorum. Tw.N. ii. 3. 90.

honeycomb, as thick as honeycomb cells. Tp. i. 2. 329. hoodman, blindfolded player

in blindman's buff. A.W. iv. 3, 119,

hoodwink, to cover up from sight. Tp. iv. 1. 206.

hornbook, primer. L.L.L. v. 1. 46.

horn-mad, mad with rage at having been made a cuckold. M.W. i. 4. 47; C. of E. ii. 1. 57; M.A. i. 1. 266.

host, lodge, put up. C. of E. i. 2. 9; A.W. iii. 5. 93.

host, lay at, were left at. C. of E. v. i. 413.

hot, active. W.T. iv. 3. 692. hot-house, bathing-house,

brothel. M. for M. ii. 1. 65. hovel-post, support of the roof of an outhouse. M. of V. ii. 2, 67.

hovering, wavering. W.T. i. 2. 302.

how, however. M.A. iii. 1.60. however, in any Two G. I. 1. 34.

hox, hamstring, hough. W.T. i. 2. 244.

hoy, small vessel; a sloop. C. of E. iv. 3. 40.

hull, float, anchor. Tw.N. i. 5, 208, human, courteous. M.N.D. ii.

2. 57; living. As. v. 2. 68. humorous, capricious. L.L.L.

iii. 1. 177; As. i. 2. 265; fanciful. As. iv. 1. 19.

humour, fancy, whim, caprice. M.W. i. 1. 131; &c.; melancholy. L.L.L. i. 1. 229.

Hungarian, thievish, beggarly. M.W. i. 3. 21.

hungerly, hungry-looking. T. of S. iii. 2. 175.

hurly, hurly-burly. T. of S. iv. 1. 201.

hurtling, conflict. As.iv.3.131. husband, housekeeper, steward. M. for M. iii. 2. 73; T. of S. v. 1. 69.

husbandry, management of household. M. of V. iii. 4. 25. hyen, hyena. As. iv. 1. 149.

idle, useless. C. of E. ii. 2.187; absurd. T. of S. Ind. ii. 13; foolish, reckless. A.W. ii. 5. 51; iii. 7. 26.

idle-headed, foolish. M.W. iv. 4. 36.

idleness, pastime. Tw.N. i.

i'fecks, in faith. W.T. i. 2. 121. ignomy, ignominy. M. for M. ii. 4. 112.

ignorant fumes, fumes producing unconsciousness. Tp. v. i. 67.

ill-favoured, ill-favoured**ly,** ugly, unpleasing. As. i. 2. 39: iii. 2. 265; v. 4. 59.

ill-inhabited, badly lodged. As. iii. 3, 9.

ill-ta'en, misconceived.W.T. i. 2. 460.

illustrate, illustrious. L.L.L. iv. i. 65; v. 1. 119.

image, idea. M.W. iv. 6. 17.

imagined speed, all speed imaginable. M. of V. iii. 4. 52. imbrue, stain with blood. M.N.D. v. i. 343.

immediately, purposely. M.N.D. i. 1. 45.

imp, child, L.L.L, i, 2, 5; v. 2. 582.

apawned, in pledge. W.T.

2. 436.

npeach, charge, impeachment. C. of E. v. 1. 270; chalenge, discredit, disparage. I.N.D. ii. 1. 214; M. of V. iii. 279; iii. 3, 29.

ipeachment, reproach.

wo G. i. 3. 15.

peticos, burlesque word or 'to pocket', perhaps inended to suggest 'petticoat'. w.N. ii. 3. 26.

portance,

importunity. w.N. v. 1. 365; import, meaning. W.T. v. 2. 20.

portant, importunate. C. f E. v. 1. 138; M.A. ii. 1. 71. porting, of much import. .W. v. 3. 136.

portune, urge. M. for M.

1. 56. ipose, injunction. Two G.

7. 3. 8; command. M.A. v. 271.

position, imputation, acusation, charge. M. for M. i. 192; W.T. i. 2.74; injunc-ton. M. of V. i. 2. 103; im-osed task. M. of V. iii. 4. 33; .W. iv. 4. 29.

pressure, impression. As.

i. 5. 23 ; Tw.N. ii. 5. 96.

pugn, find fault with, acuse. M. of V. iv. 1. 177. with. M.A. ii. 1. 64; on. I.N.D. ii. 1. 85; gather in. W. i, 3. 45; into. A.W. v. 2.

aidible, helpless._A.W. ii.

121.

cardinate, incarnal, bluners for 'incarnate'. M. of V. . 2. 26; Tw. N. v. 1. 182. cense, instigate. M.A. v.

235; W.T. v. 1. 61.

censement, anger, exaspe-ation. Tw. N. iii. 4, 245. certain, vague. M. for M. i. 1. 125.

charitable, uncharitable.

p. i. 1. 42. ch-meal, by, by inches, neh by inch. Tp. ii. 2. 3. cidency, incident. W.T. i. 403. incision, action of cutting into something; esp. in bloodletting. L.L.L. iv. 3.94; M. of V. ii. 1.6; As. iii. 2.70. include, bring to a close.

Two G. v. 4. 160.

inclusive, comprehensive, all-embracing. A.W. i. 3. 224. incontinent, immediately. As. v. 2. 39.

incony, pretty, 'nice'. L.L.L.

iii. 1. 135; iv. 1. 142.

incorporate, made one body. M.N.D. iii. 2. 208.

increase, vegetable produce,

crops. Tp. iv. 1. 110.

incredulous, incredible. Tw. N. iii. 4. 86.

Ind, Inde, India, or the Indies (E. or W.). Tp. ii. 2. 58; L.L.L. iv. 3. 219; As. iii. 2. 87.

indifferent, equally. T. of S. i. 2. 179; of medium quality or character. T. of S. iv. 1. 89; fairly. Tw. N. i. 3. 139; i. 5. 254.

indubitate, undoubted. L.L.

L. iv. 1. 66.

inducement, instigation. A.W. iii. 2. 87.

inequality, variableness. M. for M. v. 1.65.

inexecrable, inexorable, execrable. M. of V. iv. 1. 128. infection, blunder for 'affec-

tion'. M.W. ii. 2. 114. infest, vex. Tp. v. 1. 246. infinite, boundless range. M.A. ii. 3. 107.

informal, ? disordered in mind. M. for M. v. 1. 229.

ingrate, ingrateful, ungrateful, unfriendly. T. of S. i. 2. 268; Tw. N. v. 1. 77, 113. inherit, win. Two G. iii. 2. 87.

injury of tongues, scandal. W.T. i. 2. 338.

inkle, a kind of tape. L.L.L. iii. 1. 139; W.T. iv. 3. 207.

inland, in or towards interior of country. As. ii. 7. 96; having refinements characteristic of inlying parts of country. As. iii. 2. 344.

inly, inwardly. Tp. v. 1. 200; heartfelt. Two G. ii. 7. 18.

innocent, idiot. A.W. iv. 3.

inquisition, inquiry. Tp. i. 2. 35; As. ii. 2. 20.

insanie, madness. L.L.L. v. 1. 25.

insculped, engraved. M. of V. ii. 7. 57.

insinuate, convey notion by indirect suggestion. L.L.L. v. 1. 24; ingratiate. As. epil. 8; intermeddle. W.T. iv. 3. 743.

insociable, unsociable. L.L. L. v. 1. 18; v. 2. 794. insomuch, in as much as.

As. v. 2. 56.

instalment, place wherein some one is installed. M.W. v. 5. 66.

instance, illustrative example. Two G. ii. 7. 70; &c.; intimation. M. for M. iv. 3. 132; indication. C. of E. i. 1. 64; proof. A.W. iv. 1. 41.

insufficience, insufficiency. W.T. i. 1. 14.

intellect, purport. L.L.L. iv. 2. 135.

intelligencing, conveying information. W.T. ii. 3. 68. intelligent, communicative.

W.T. i. 2. 378.

intend, pretend. M.A. ii. 2. 34; M.N.D. iii. 2. 333; T. of S. iv. 1. 201.

intendment, intention. As. i. 1. 130.

intenible, incapable of holding or containing. A.W. i. 3.

intention, intent observa-tion. M.W. i. 3. 67; W.T. i. 2. 139.

interchained, mutually bound. M.N.D. ii. 2. 49.

inter'gatory, interrogatory, question. M. of V. v. 1. 298, 300; A.W. iv. 3. 184.

intermission, action to while away time. M. of V. iii. 2. 200.

intestine, internal. C. of E. i. 1. 11.

intitled, having a claim. L.L.L. v. 2. 807.

into, upon. A.W. i. 3. 252. intolerable, intolerably. T. of S. i. 2, 88.

invectively, with inveighing or denunciation. As. ii. 1. 58. invention, imagination. M. for M. ii. 4.3; intellect. M.A.

iv. 1. 196.

inward, secret, confidential. M.A. iv. 1. 12; L.L.L. v. 1. 96; familiar acquaintance. M. for M. iii. 2. 137; inwardly. M. of Y. iii. 2. 86.

inwardness, intimacy. M.A.

iv. 1. 247.

irk, vex, grieve. As. ii. 1. 22. irremovable. immovable. W.T. iv. 3. 514.

issued, born, descended. Tp. i. 2. 59.

issues, purposes. M. for M. i. 1.36.

it, them. L.L.L. i. 1. 23. I wis, certainly, truly. M. of V. ii. 9.68; T. of S. i. 1.62.

Jack, knave. Tp.iv.1. 198; &c.; a leather vessel for liquor. T. of S. iv. 1. 49.

Jack-a-Lent, figure set up to be pelted during Lent. M.W. iii. 3. 25 ; v. 5. 132.

jade, worthless nag. T. of S. i. 2. 247; befool. Tw.N. ii. 5. 169. jar, discordant sound. As. ii. 7.5; tick. W.T. i. 2.43.

jay, showy person. M.W. iii. 3. 40.

jealous, suspicious. T. of S. iv. 5. 76.

apprehension. jealousy, Tw.N. iii. 3. 8.

ierk, short sharp witty speech. L.L.L. iv. 2. 127.

jerkin, close-fitting jacket. Tp. iv. 1. 236; Two G. ii. 4. 19. jet, strut, swagger. Tw.N. ii. 5. 32.

Jezebel, vague term of reproach. Tw.N. ii. 5. 42.

jig, lively dance. M.A. ii. 1. 73; L.L.L. iv. 3. 165; Tw.N. i. 3. 133; sing or play as a jig. L.L.L. iii. 1. 11.

jills, drinking vessels made of metal. T. of S. iv. 1. 49.

nder, conjunction, union.

w.N. v. 1. 157.

int-stool, a kind of folding nair. T. of S. ii. 1. 198. thead, blockhead. Two G. i. 1. 288; T. of S. iv. 1. 164. al, knock, push. A.W.i.3.

arnal, daily. M. for M. iv.

14.

mp, agree. M. of V. ii. 9. 32; . of S. i. 1, 191; Tw.N. v. 1.

nket, sweetmeat. T. of S. i. 2. 248.

st, justly, exactly, precisev. M. for M. iii. 1. 66; &c. stify, prove. Tp. v. 1. 128;

.W. iv. 3. 54; confirm. W.T. . 2. 68; v. 3. 145. venal, juvenile. L.L.L. i. 2.

; iii. 1. 66; M.N.D. iii, 1. 92.

el, cool boiling liquid by irring, skimming, or pourig in something cold. L.L.L.

. 2. 915.

ep, restrain. Two G. iv. 4. ; reside. M. for M. i. 3. 10; I. of V. iii. 3. 19; charge; an rticle which serves for conining something. T. of S. 2. 117.

eping, maintenance. As. i.

isar, kaiser, emperor. .W. i. 3. 9. nnel, gutter. T. of S. iv. 3.

rsey, coarse narrow cloth. for M. i. 2. 34; T. of S. iii. 67; plain, homely. L.L.L. 2.414.

y, tuning-key, tuning-ham-

er. Tp. i. 2. 83.

be, chilblain, esp. on the eel. Tp. ii, 1, 277; M.W. i. 3.

ckchaws, toy, trifle, gewtw. Tw.N. i. 3. 118. **cky-wicky,** ludicrous term

r wife. A.W. ii. 3, 286. i-fox, fox-cub. M.A. ii. 3.41.

n-hole, fire-hole of kiln. .W. iv. 2, 56; W.T. iv. 3. H. III

kin, akin. M. for M. ii. 4. 114. kind, kindred. Two G. ii. 3. 2.; natural. M.A. i. 1. 26; respect. M.N.D. i. 1. 54; nature. As. iv. 3. 59; A.W. i. 3. 63, 177. kind, deed of, sexual func-

tion. M. of V. i. 3. 83.

kindle, inflame, excite. As. i. 1.167; give birth to. As. iii. 2, 339.

kindlier moved, more moved by natural affection. Tp. v.

1. 24.

kindly, natural. M.A. iv. 1. 75; pleasant, genial. As. ii. 3. 53; welcome. T. of S. Ind. 1. 15; naturally. T. of S. Ind. i. 66.

kingly-poor, poor for a king.

L.L.L. v. 2. 270.

kissing-comfits, perfumed comfits for sweetening the breath. M.W. v. 5. 21.

kitchen, entertain in kitchen. C. of E. v. 1. 418. in the

knack, knick-knack. M.N.D. i. 1. 34; T. of S. iv. 3. 67; W.T. iv. 3. 355.

knap, nibble. M. of V. iii. 1.9. knit, texture. T. of S. iv. 1.89. knock, blows. W.T. iv. 2.28. knoll, ring, toll. As. ii. 7. 114,

knot (folded arms). Tp. i. 2. 224.

knot-grass, infusion which was supposed to stunt growth. M.N.D. iii. 2. 329.

knowingly, from experience. A.W. i. 3. 248.

labras, blunder for 'labra', plural of 'labrum', a lip. M.W. i. 1. 159.

laced mutton, strumpet. Two G. i. 1. 98.

lack, do without. As. iv. 1. 173. lady-smock, another name for the cuckoo-flower. L.L.L. v. 2. 890.

lakin, form of Lady; by'r lakin = by our Lady. Tp. iii. 3, 1; M.N.D. iii. 1. 13.

lampass, disease of horses, T. of S. iii, 2, 52.

lance, lancer. L.L. U. 2, 645.

land-damn; make a hell on earth for. W.T. ii. 1. 142.

languishing, attack of faintness, such as proceeds from disease. A.W. i. 3. 227.

lapse, falling from rectitude, through weakness or lack of precaution. A.W. ii. 3. 166.

lapsed, surprised, apprehended. Tw.N. iii. 3. 36.

larded, intermingled. M.W. iv. 6. 14.

large, licentious, gross. M.A. ii. 3. 202; iv. 1. 52.

lashed, scourged, and? bound.

C. of E. ii. 1. 15.

lass-lorn, forsaken by one's sweetheart. Tp. iv. 1.68.

last, last time. A.W. v. 3. 79. latch, secure. M.N.D. iii. 2. 36.

latten, mixed metal of yellow colour. M.W. i. 1. 158. laundry, laundress. M.W. i.

laying on, wagering on. T. of S. v. 2. 130.

lays it on, does it in good style. W.T. iv. 2, 42.

leaguer, camp, investing force. A.W. iii. 6. 27.

leas, meadows. Tp. iv. 1.60. lease, out by, leased out to others. Two G. v. 2.29.

leasing, lying, falsehood. Tw.N. i. 5. 100.

leave, cease. Two G. iii. 1. 182; abandon, lay aside. Two G. iv. 4.74; M.N.D. ii. 1. 197; M. of V. v. 1. 172.

leavened, tempered, modified. M. for M. i. 1. 51.

led. carried. A.W. iv. 3, 269. leer, countenance. As. iv. 1.63. leet, court which lords of certain manors were empowered to hold. T. of S. Ind.

left off, abandoned. A.W. i. 3. 239.

'lege, allege, say. T. of S. i. 2.

leg, make a, bow, make obeisance. A.W. ii. 2. 10.

leiger, resident ambassador. M. for M. iii. 1. 57.

leisure, by my good, gradually. M. for M. iii. 2. 254. leman, lover. M.W. iv. 2. 162;

Tw.N. ii. 3. 25. lend it, give love to. A.W. i.

2, 68,

lenten, poor, scanty. Tw.N. i. 5. 9. l'envoy, epilogue. L.L.L. iii,

1.71. lesson, instruct, teach. Two

G. ii. 7. 5. let, hinder, delay. Two G. iii.

1. 113; &c.

Lethe, a river in Hades, the water of which produced forgetfulness. Tw.N. iv. 1.62.

level, guess. M. of V. i. 2. 37; equipoised, steady. Tw.N. ii. 4. 31; range of missile. W.T. ii. 3. 6; direction, aim. W.T. iii. 2. 80.

lewd, vile. T. of S. iv. 3. 65. lewdster, lewd person. M.W. v. 3. 21.

lewd-tongued, evil-spoken. W.T. ii. 3. 171.

libbard, leopard. L.L.L. v. 2. 544.

liberal, unrestrained, licentious. Two G. iii. 1. 347; M.A. iv. i. 93; M. of V. ii. 2. 184.

liberties, unrestrained expressions, licences. C. of E. i. 2. 102.

lie, lodge, dwell. Two G. iv. 2. 139; &c

lief, willingly. M.W. iv. 2.111; &c.

lieu, in, instead. Tp. i. 2. 123; M. of V. iv. 1. 409.

life, good, lifelike truthfulness. Tp. iii. 3, 86.

light, wanton. C. of E. iv. 3.52. lighter, inferior. Tw.N. v. 1. 341.

lightly, easily, readily. C. of E. iv. 4. 5.

Light o' Love, name of an old dance-tune. Two G. i. 2. 80: M.A. iii. 4. 42.

like, in like manner. Tp. iii. 3.66; C. of E. i. 1.82; please. Two G. iv. 2. 56.

likelihoods, probabilities.

A.W. i. 3, 121.

like, were as, might seem as likely. M. for M. v. i. 105. like of, like. T. of S. ii. 1. 65.

liking, appearance, condition. M.W. ii. 1.56.

lily-tincture, colour of a lily.

Two G. iv. 4. 155.

Limander, Leander. M.N.D.

v. 1. 196.

limber, easily bent. W.T. i. 2.

47.

limbo, prison, confinement. C. of E. iv. 2. 32; region on the border of hell. A.W. v. 3. 261. lime, birdlime. Tp. iv. 1. 246;

Two G. iii. 2. 68; put lime into wine. M.W. i. 3. 14; catch as with birdlime. M.A. iii. 1. 104; Tw.N. iii. 4. 80.

limit, appointed time. M. for M. iii. 1. 213; appoint, fix. M. for M. iv. 2. 167; prescribed time of repose after child-bearing. W.T. iii. 2, 105.

limn, portray. As. ii. 7. 197. line, draw, trace. As. iii. 2. 91.

line-grove, grove of limetrees. Tp. v. 1. 10.

ling, fish, meagre food. A.W. iii. 2. 13.

link, blacking, lamp-black.

T. of S. iv. 1. 132. linsey-woolsey, medley, non-

sense. A.W. iv. 1. 12.

lion-fell, lion's skin. M.N.D. v. 1. 223. lip, fall a, express contempt

by the movement of the lips, W.T. i. 2. 372. liquor, dress boots with oil or

grease. M.W. iv. 5. 96. list, like, care to. Tp. iii. 2. 17; W.T. iv. chor. 26; limit, boundary. M. for M. i. 1.6; A.W. ii. 1. 53; Tw.N. iii. 1. 79.

little, in, on a small scale, in miniature. As. iii. 2. 140:

Tw.N. iii. 4. 91.

livelihood, activity, vigour.

A.W. i. 1. 53. lively, lifelike. As. v. 4. 27; W.T. v. 3. 19.

liver, supposed to be the seat of love and of passion generally. Tp. iv. 1. 56; &c.

liver-vein, style of men in love. L.L.L. iv. 3. 71.

living, estate. M. of V. iii. 2. 157.

lob, clown. M.N.D. ii. 1, 16,

lock, love-lock. M.A. iii. 3. 167; v. 1. 307.

lode-star, pole-star. M.N.D. i. 1. 183.

lodge, watchman's hut in a rabbit-warren, M.A. ii. 1. 213. lodging, chamber. T. of S. Ind. 1. 49.

long, belong. M. for M. ii. 2. 59.

'long of, on account of, through. L.L.L. ii. 1. 118; M.N.D. iii. 2. 339.

longly, for a long time. T. of

S. i. 1, 166.

look, look for, seek. M.W. iv. 2.79; As. ii. 5.32.

look out, blush. W.T. iv. 3. 160.

look upon, watch. W.T. iv. 1. 37; v. 3. 100.

loose, last moment. L.L.L. v. 2. 737; shoot, let fly. M.N.D. ii. 1. 159.

lorded, made master. Tp. i. 2. 97.

lordings, lordlings. W.T. i. 2.

lordship, conjugal right and duty. A.W. v. 3. 156.

'Lord's sake, for the,' supplication of imprisoned debtors to passers-by. M. for M. iv. 3. 18.

Lord's tokens, plague-spots. L.L.L. v. 2, 424.

lose, forget. M.N.D. i. 1. 14: cause the loss of. Tw. Wii. 2. 20.

ruin, abandonment. loss, W.T. ii. 3, 191; iii. 3, 50.

loss of question, in the, for the sake of argument. M. for M. ii. 4. 91.

loud, tempestuous. W.T. iii. 3. 10.

love, here identified with Venus. C. of E. iii. 2.52; L.L.L. iv. 3. 377.

love-broker, go-between. Tw.N. iii. 2. 38.

love-in-idleness, the heartsease. M.N.D. ii. 1. 168.

lovely, loving. T. of S. iii. 2.

123.

lover, mistress. As. iii. 4. 42. loves, affects. L.L.L. iv. 3.355. loves, of all, phrase of strong entreaty. M.W. ii. 2. 113; M.N.D. ii. 2. 154.

love-springs, tender shoots of love. C. of E. iii. 2. 3.

lower chair, easy chair. M. for M. ii. 1. 130.

lower messes, people dining at the lower end of the table; hence, inferiors. W.T. i. 2. 227.

lowly, mean, base. Tw.N. iii.

1. 102.

lozel, worthless person. W.T. ii. 3. 108.

luce, pike. M.W. i. 1. 16.

lumpish, low-spirited, dejected. Two G. iii. 2. 62. lunes, fits of frenzy. M.W. iv.

2. 21; W.T. ii. 2. 30.

lurch, remain about a place furtively. M.W. ii. 2. 25. lure, apparatus used to recall

hawks. T. of S. iv. 1. 190. lustig, merry, jolly. A.W. ii.

3, 44.

lustihood, vigour of body, robustness. M.A. v. 1. 76.

lusty, vigorous, lively. Tp. ii. 1. 52; T. of S. ii. 1. 160; W.T. ii. 2, 27.

luxurious, unchaste. M.A. iv. 1. 41.

luxury, lust. M.W. v. 5. 97; M. for M. v. 1. 497.

mace, sergeant's club. C. of E. iv. 3. 26.

maculate, spotted, defiled. L.L.L. i. 2. 91.

madding, maddening. A.W. v. 3, 213.

made, having success in life assured. M.N.D. iv. 2. 17; Tw. N. ii. 5. 160; shut. C. of E. iii. 1, 93.

Magnifico, magnate of Venice. M. of V. iii. 2. 281. maidhood. maidenhood.

Tw.N. iii. 1. 155.

mail, bag. L.L.L. iii. 1. 73. main-course, main-sail. Tp. i. 1. 36.

make, become. Tp. ii. 1. 266; make mischief. M.W. i. 4. 105; make fast. As. iv. 1. 155; regard as. A.W. v. 3. 5.

make a man, make his fortune. Tp. ii. 2. 31.

make out, start out. Tw.N. ii. 5. 60.

making, outward form. C. of E. iv. 2. 22.

malapert, presumptuous, impudent. Tw.N. iv. 1.44.

Mall, Mary. Tp. ii. 2. 47; Tw.N. i. 3. 131.

malmsey, strong sweet wine. L.L.L. v. 2. 234.

malt-horse, heavy horse used by maltsters, term of abuse. C. of E. iii. 1. 32; T. of S. iv. 1. 127.

man, person, being. M.W. v. 2.12; M.A. iii. 5.36; to tame. T. of S. iv. 1. 191.

manage, management. Tp. i. 2.70; M. of V. iii. 4.25; paces to which a horse is trained. L.L.L. v. 2.483; As. i. 1.12.

manage, manager, wield, wielder. Two G. iii. 1. 248; L.L.L. i. 2, 179.

manakin, dwarf. Tw. N. iii. 2.

mankind, masculine, furious. W.T. ii. 3, 67,

mannerly, decently, modestly. M. of V. ii. 9. 100; decent. W.T. ii. 1. 85.

manner, taken with the, caught in the fact. L.L.L.i. 1. 199; W.T. iv. 3. 736.

mannish, simulating manliness. As. i. 3. 120.

mantle, cloud, become covered over. M. of V. i. 1. 89. March-chick, early hatched

chicken; precocious. M.A. i. 3. 53.

margent, margin with marginal notes. L.L.L. ii. 1. 244; border, edge. M.N.D. ii. 1. 85. mark, thirteen shillings and

fourpence. M. for M. iv. 3. 7; pattern. W.T. iv. 3. 8.

narket, in ref. to proverb, Three women and a goose nake a market.' L.L.L. iii, . 110.

narl, clay. M.A. ii. 1. 63.

narmozet, small monkey. Γp. ii. 2. 170.

narry, asseverative exclanation. Tw. N. iv. 2. 106. carry trap, an insult of loubtful meaning. M.W. i.

. 163.

hart, bargain. T. of S. ii. 1. 20; W.T. iv. 3. 358.

nasquing, masquerading. F. of S. iv. 3. 87.

assy, weighty, huge. Tp. ii. 3. 67; M.A. iii. 3. 137. asster, patron. W.T. v. 2.

81. aster of fence, one of great kill in fencing. M.W. i. 1.

atch, bargain. M. of V. iii.

. 43. ated, confounded, stupeied. C. of E. iii. 2. 54; v. 1.

82. aterial, full of matter or ense. As. iii. 3. 31.

atter, important matter. p. ii. 1. 231.

augre, in spite of. Tw. N. ii. 1. 156.

ay, can. C. of E. iii. 2.1; &c. aze, figure marked on vilage greens for rustic sports. I.N.D. ii. 1. 99; perplex. M.N.D. ii. 1. 113.

eacock, effeminate. T. of ii. 1. 306. ealed, spotted, stained. M.

or M. iv. 2. 83. ean, tenor or alto. Two G. 2. 92; L.L.L. v. 2. 329; W.T. v. 2. 44; means, method. Two G. ii. 7. 5; &c.; oppor-unity. C. of E. i. 2. 18.

eander, crooked and windng path. Tp. iii. 3. 3. eans, make, int

intercede. nake interest. Two G. v. . 137.

easurable, proportionable, uitable, L.L.L. v. 1, 91. easure, grave and stately dance. M.A. ii. 1. 76; &c.; judge, W.T. ii. 1. 113.

mechanical, vulgar, M.W. ii. 2. 2 M.N.D. iii. 2. 9. 275; artisan.

medal, metal disk bearing figure or inscription, used as a charm. W.T. i. 2. 307.

meddle, fight. Tw. N. iii. 4.

medicinable, healing. M.A. ii. 2. 5.

medicine, physician. ii. 1.74; W.T. iv. 3.594.

Mediterraneum, Mediterranean. L.L.L. v. 1. 56.

meed, reward. As. ii. 3. 58. meet, even, quits. M.A. i. 1.

melancholy bait, bait of melancholy. M. of V. i. 1. 101. mell, meddle. A.W. iv. 3, 230.

memory, remembrance. As. ii. 3. 3.

men of hair, dressed in goatskins. W.T. iv. 3, 331.

mercatante, a merchant. T. of S. iv. 2, 63.

merchant. merchantman. Tp. ii. 1. 5.

mere, absolute, downright. L.L.L. i. 1. 145; &c; merely. A.W. iii. 5. 54.

merely, altogether. Tp. i. 1. 57; M.A. ii. 3. 221.

merriness, merriment. L.L.L. i. 1. 197.

merry passion, merriment. T. of S. Ind. 1. 97.

mess, group of four. L.L.L. iv. 3. 204; v. 2. 362; course. T. of S. iv. 4. 70; W.T. iv. 3. 11.

mete, aim. L.L.L. iv. 1. 132. mete-yard, measuring rod. T. of S. iv. 3. 151.

metheglin, spiced variety of mead. M.W. v. 5. 165; L.L.L. v. 2. 234.

methoughts, it seemed to me. W.T. i. 2. 155.

mettle, disposition, temperament. Tp. ii. 1. 183.

mew, mew up, confine. M. N.D.i. 1.71; T. of S. i. 1.87.

mewl, whimper, cry feebly. As. ii. 7. 144.

mickle, much. C. of E. iii. 1. 45.

middle-earth, earth as placed between heaven and hell. M.W. v. 5. 83.

milch-kine, cows giving milk. M.W. iv. 4. 33; T. of S.

ii. 1. 350.

militarist, soldier; one who studies military science.

A.W. iv. 3. 142.

milliner, vendor of fancy wares and articles of apparel. W.T. iv. 3. 192.

mill-sixpences, sixpences struck by coining-mill instead of hammer. M.W. i. 1. 152.

mimick, actor. M.N.D. iii. 2.

19.

mince, walk with short steps or with affected preciseness. M.W. v. 1.9; M. of V. iii. 4.67. mind, spirit, temper. M. for M. ii. 4. 180; M. of V. ii. 8. 42; mean, intend. M.N.D. v. 1. 113; remind. W.T. iii. 2. 223.

mindless, unintelligent, stupid. W.T. i. 2. 301.

mine, undermine. As. i. 1. 19; my kinsmen. A.W. i. 3. 251.

mine, revolt of, my revolt. M.W. i. 3. 103.

minimus, small insignificant creature. M.N.D. iii. 2, 329.

minion, favourite. Tp. iv. 1. 98; &c.; spoilt favourite. Two G. i. 2. 85, 89; saucy wench. T. of S. ii. 1. 13.

minstrelsy, for my, instead of music. L.L.L. i. 1. 173.

miscarry, be unproductive or abortive. L.L.L. iv. 1. 112; be lost. M. of V. ii. 8. 29; come to harm. Tw. N. iii. 4. 68.

misdoubt, have doubts about character of. M.W. ii. 1.177; mistrust. A.W. i. 3.123. misgraffed, badly matched.

M.N.D. i. 1. 137.

misprise, despise, scorn. M.A. iii. 1. 52; As. i. 1. 165; i. 180; mistake, M.N.D. iii.
 74; A.W. iii. 2. 30.

misprision, mistake, misun-

derstanding. M.A. iv. 1, 187: &c.; contempt. A.W. ii. 3. 155.

miss, do without. Tp. i. 2. 311. missingly, with sense of loss. W.T. iv. 1. 32.

misuse, deceive. M.A. ii. 2. 27. mo, moe, more. M. for M. iii.

1. 40; &c.

modern, ordinary, commonplace. As. ii. 7. 156; iv. 1. 7; A.W. ii. 3. 2; modest, or mod-ish. A.W. v. 3. 216.

modest, moderately favourable, A.W. ii. 1. 130; simple,

Tw.N. i. 5. 184.

modesty, moderation. T. of S. Ind. i. 68.

moiety, part, share. A.W.iii. 2.65; W.T. ii. 3.8; half. W.T. iii. 2.39.

mollification for giant.pacification for gigantic waiting maid. Tw.N. i. 5. 209.

momentany, transitory. M.N.D. i. 1. 143.

monarcho, the title assumed by Italian who fancied himself emperor of the world; one who is an object of ridicule. L.L. iv. 1. 99.

montant, upright blow or

thrust. M.W. ii. 3. 26.

month's mind, good mind, inclination. Two G. i. 2. 134. monument, memory, M.A. v. 2. 77.

monumental, serving as memento, also as a proof of identity. A.W. iv. 3. 17.

mood, anger. Two G. iv. 1, 51; C. of E. ii. 2, 179.

moon-calf, monstrosity. Tp.

ii. 2. 104, 109. moonish, variable, fickle. As.

iii. 2. 406. mop, grimace. Tp. iv. 1. 47.

moral, meaning, signification. M.A. iii. 4.75. moralize, moral on, point

the moral of. As. ii. 1. 44; ii. 7. 29.

more, greater. C. of E. ii. 2. 181; M.N.D. iii. 1, 193. morning's love, i.e. Cephalus. M.N.D. iii, 2. 389.

morris, morris-dance. A.W.

ii. 2. 24.

morris-pike, a pike supposed of Moorish origin. C. of E. iv. 3. 27.

mort, note sounded on a horn at the death of the deer.

W.T. i. 2. 119.

mortal, fatal, deadly. C. of E. i. 1. 11; &c.; extreme. As. ii.

4. 53.

mortal - breathing, living, human. M. of V. ii. 7. 40. mortality, death. M. for M.

i. 1. 44; iv. 2. 145. mort du vinaigre, a mean-

ingless oath. A.W. ii. 3. 47. mortifying, killing. M.A. i.

3, 12,

mosein the chine, suffer from glanders. T. of S. iii. 2. 51.

nothy, moth-eaten. T. of S.

iii. 2. 50.

motion, puppet-show. Two G. ii. 1. 98; M. for M. iii. 2. 117; W.T. iv. 2. 97; proposal. M.W. i. 1. 208; C. of E. i. 1. 59; incitement. M. for M. i. 4. 59; emotion, impulse. Tw.N. ii. 4. 18.

motive, instrument. A.W. iv. 4. 20.

motley, parti-coloured, fool's dress. As. ii. 7. 13, 34; Tw.N. i. 5. 59; fool. As. iii. 3. 76.

motley-minded, variegated, changeable. As. v. 4. 41. mount, raise. Tp. ii. 2. 11.

mountanto, an upright blow or thrust. M.A. i. 1. 29. mouse, playful term of en-

dearment. L.L.L. v. 2. 19; Tw.N. i. 5. 65; treat as a cat does a mouse, tear, bite. M.N.D. v. 1. 267.

mouth, kiss. M. for M. iii. 2. 189; grimace. M.N.D. iii. 2. 238.

mouth, sweet, sweet tooth. Two G. iii. 1. 325.

move, appeal to. C. of E. ii. 2. 190.

moved, angry. T. of S.v. 2.143.

mow, grimace. Tp. ii. 2. 9; iv. 1. 47.

mum, hush! silence! Tp. iii. 2. 55; mumbudget, ? originally the name of some children's game which required silence. M.W. v. 2. 6. mural, wall. M.N.D. v. 1. 206.

murky, murk, darkness.

A.W. ii. 1, 165. murmur, rumour. Tw.N. i.

2. 30.

murrain, plague, used as an imprecation. Tp. iii. 2. 85.

murrion, having died of disease. M.N.D. ii. 1. 97.

muscadel, strong sweet wine. T. of S. iii. 2. 172.

muse, wonder, conjecture. Tp. iii. 3. 36; Two G. i. 3. 64; A.W. ii. 5. 67.

mute, the rest is, I have no more to say. A.W. ii. 3. 80.

mutual, general. M. of V. v.

1. 77.

mystery, art of a trade guild. M. for M. iv. 2. 28; A.W. iii. 6. 66.

napkin, handkerchief. As. iv. 3. 93; T. of S. Ind. 1. 127.

native, by nature. L.L.L. i. 2. 105; closely related. A.W. i. 1. 229.

natural, half-witted person. Tp. iii. 2. 34; As. i. 2. 48.

nature, natural affection. Tp. v.1.76; C. of E. i.1.34; special duty. As. iii. 1. 16; life. M. for M. ii. 4. 44; temperament. A.W. iii. 1.17; way. A.W. iv. 3. 155.

naught, efface oneself, with-

draw. As. i. 1. 36.

naughty, morally bad, wayward. M. for M. ii. 1. 76; M. of V. iii. 2. 18; good for nothing. A.W. v. 3. 253.

nayward, denial, disbelief. W.T. ii. 1. 63.

nay-word, watch word, eatchword. M.W. ii. 2. 124; v. 2. 5; byword. Tw.N. ii. 3. 136.

Nazarite, Nazarene. M. of V.

neaf, fist. M.N.D. iv. 1. 19. **near**, like. W.T. v. 2. 104.

near-legged, knock-kneed in fore-legs. T. of S. iii. 2. 56. neat, ox, oxen. Tp. ii. 2. 69;

&c. neat-herds, cow-herds. W.T.

iv. 3. 330. neb, mouth. W.T. i. 2. 183.

necessary, inevitable. As. iii.

necessitied, in need of. A.W. v. 3.85.

needful, necessary, urgent. M. for M. i. 1. 55.

needless, having no want.

As. ii. 1. 46.

neeze, sneeze. M.N.D. ii. 1. 56. neighbour, neighbouring.

As. iv. 3. 78.

nerve, sinews. Tp. i. 2. 481. newly, lately. Tw.N. v. 1. 155. next, nearest, shortest. A.W. i. 3. 59; W.T. iii. 3. 124.

nice, fastidious. Two G. iii. 1.82; M. of V. ii. 1. 14; A.W. v. 1. 15; minutely accurate. M.A. v. 1. 75; coy. L.L.L. v. 2. 220; trifling. As. iv. 1. 14.

nicely, subtly, Tw.N. iii. 1. 14. daintily.

nicety, delicacy, difficulty. M. for M. ii. 4. 163.

nick, reckoning, account. Two G. iv. 2. 77; indent. C. of E. v. 1. 175.

night-gown, dressing-gown.

M.A. iii. 4. 18.

night-raven, nocturnal bird variously identified. M.A. ii. 3, 86,

night-rule, night revelry or riot. M.N.D. iii. 2. 5.

nill you, will you, whether you will it or not. T. of S. ii. 1. 264.

nine men's morris, a game between two players, each with nine disks of wood, or pegs, often played in the open. M.N.D. ii, 1, 98.

ninny, simpleton, fool. Tp. iii. 2. 68.

nit, gnat, or small fly; term of contempt or fun. L.L.L. iv. 1. 148; T. of S. iv. 3. 110. noddy, noodle. Two G. i. 1.

118.

noise. low or melodious

sound. Tp. iii, 2. 141.
non-come, blunder for 'non compos' (out of one's right mind). M.A. iii. 5. 63.

non-regardance, failure to regard. Tw.N. v. 1. 121.

nook, bay. Tp. i. 2. 227.

northern man, a north-country man. L.L.L. v. 2.688. nose-herbs, herbs for smelling at. A.W. iv. 5. 19. not, not only. M. for M. iv. 1.

notably, strikingly. M.N.D. v. 1. 359.

note, mark of distinction. A.W. i. 3. 155; be known. Tw.N. iv. 3. 29; notice. W.T. i. 1. 37; sign. W.T. i. 2. 287; list. W.T. iv. 2. 48.

noted, respected. W.T. v. 3.

145.

notedly, particularly. M. for M. v. 1. 328.

novum, game at dice, principal throws being nine and five. L.L.L. v. 2. 540. nowl, head. M.N.D. iii. 2. 17.

number, metre. Tw.N. ii. 5.

nuncio, messenger. Tw.N. i.

nurture, education, breeding. Tp. iv. 1. 189; As. ii. 7. 97. nuthook, beadle, constable. M.W. i. 1. 163.

O, anything round; circle, round spot, orb. L.L.L. v. 2. 45; M.N.D. iii. 2. 188. oar, propel as with oars. Tp.

ii. 1. 119. obliged, pledged. M. of V. ii.

obscenely, blunder for 'seemly'. M.N.D. i. 2. 106.

observance, dutiful service. M.W. ii. 2. 194; As. v. 2. 95; act performed in accordance with prescribed usage. L.L.L. i. 1. 36; M.N.D. i. 1. 167; M. of V. ii. 2.194; attention. As. iii. 2. 235.

observation, observant care, heed. Tp. iii. 3. 87; act performed in accordance with prescribed usage. M.N.D. iv. 1. 106.

bstruction, cessation of the vital functions. M. for M. iii,

1. 107.

ccasion, husband's, opportunity for getting the better of one's husband. As. iv. 1. 168.

ccasion, quarrelling with, quibbling at every opportunity. M. of V. iii. 5. 54.

ccidental, western. A.W. ii. 1. 165.

ccurrence, course of events.

Tw.N. v. 1. 259.

od, minced form of 'God'. M.W.i.1.258; &c.

dd, out of the way. Tp. i. 2. 223; chance. Tp. v. i. 255.

dds, difference in favour of one of two contending parties. L.L.L.i.2.174; As.i.2.158. eilliades, amorous glances. M.W. i. 3. 62.

'erflourished, elabor carved. Tw.N. iii. 4. 380. elaborately

'erlooked, perused. Two G. i. 2. 48; bewitched. M.W.v. 5. 86; M. of V. iii. 2. 15. 'erparted, with too difficult

a part, or too many parts to

play. L.L.L. v. 2. 579. 'erprized, surpassed. Tp. i. 2.92.

er-raught, outwitted. cheated. C. of E. i. 2. 96.

'erslip, slips by without no-

tice. Two G. ii. 2. 9. 'erweigh, outweigh, overbalance. M. for M. ii. 4. 171. f, in. Tp. v. 1. 230; of the want of. As. iii. 2. 30; on. A.W. iii. 5. 99; Tw.N. iii. 4. 2.

ffenceful, sinful. M. for M. ii. 3. 26. ffer, essay, try, endeavour.

As. iii. 2. 78; contribute. As. v. 4. 167; make an attempt. W.T. iv. 3. 787. ffice, service. M. for M. v. 1. 360; perform by way of service. A.W. iii. 2. 125. fficed, functioned. W.T. i.

2. 172.

of them, some of that kind. A.W. ii. 5. 47.

old, great, plentiful, excessive. M.W. i. 4. 5; &c. omit, neglect. Tp. i. 2. 183; ii. 1. 195; Two G. ii. 4. 66.

omittance, omission. As. iii.

on, of. Tp. iv. 1. 157; &c.; at.

C. of E. v. 1. 210.

once, at one time or other, sometime. M.W. iii. 4. 101; once for all. C. of E. iii. 1. 89;

M.A. i. 1. 314. open, (of hounds) to begin to cry when in pursuit of a scent. M.W. iv. 2. 196; clear, easy to understand. M. for M. ii. 1. 21; Tw.N. ii. 5. 165; openly. Tw.N. iii. 3. 37.

opinion, self-conceit. L.L.L. v. 1. 5; reputation, estima-

tion. M. of V. i. 1. 91.

opinioned, blunder for 'pinioned'. M.A. iv. 2.68.

opposite, adversary. M. for M. iii. 2. 172; Tw.N. iii. 2. 65; disputatious. Tw.N. ii. 5. 154. or, before. Tp. i. 2. 11; v. 1.

103; &c. orange-tawny, dark yellow.

M.N.D. i. 2. 92.

orb, orbit. M.A. iv. 1. 57; circles, rings. M.N.D. ii. 1. 9; star. M. of V. v. 1. 60; the earth, the world. Tw.N. iii. 1. 40.

orbed, circular, spherical. Tw.N. v. 1. 273.

ordinary, public meal at eating-house or tavern. A.W. ii. 3. 205.

or ere, before. T. of S. iv. 5. 8. original, source, cause. M. N.D. ii. 1. 117.

orthographer, user of fine words. M.A. ii. 3. 19.

ostent, ostentation, display, appearance, exhibition. M.A. iv. 1. 207; &c.

othergates, otherwise, in another way. Tw.N. v. 1. 194.

otherwhere, elsewhere. C. of E. ii. 1. 104.

other where, some, somewhere else. C. of E. ii. 1. 30.

ounce, lynx. M.N.D. ii. 2. 30. ouph, goblin child. M.W. iv. 4. 50; v. 5. 60.

ousel, blackbi M.N.D. iii. 1. 122. blackbird. merle.

out, completely, quite. Tp. i. 2.41; iv.1.101; M.A. iii. 2.105; exhausted. Tp. iii. 2.1; out of practice. L.L.L. iv. 1. 135; at a loss from failure of memory or self-possession. L.L.L. v. 2. 152; As. iv. 1. 72; into confusion or perplexity. L.L.L. v. 2. 173; As. iii. 2. 253; at variance. M. of V. iii. 5. 30; over. A.W. i. 2. 58; in error, mistaken. Tw.N.! ii. 3. 188; W.T. ii. 1. 71; dislocated. W.T. iv. 2. 74.

outbrave, out-do in bravery.

M. of V. ii. 1. 28.

outface, face matter out with bold looks, put to silence. M.A. v. 1. 94; M. of V. iv. 2.

out of, do without. L.L.L. iii. 1. 142; W.T. v. 1. 90. outvied, out-done. T. of S. ii.

outward, uninitiated. A.W. iii. 1. 11.

over-eye, observe, watch. L.L.L. iv. 3.77; T. of S. Ind. 1, 95,

over-name, name in succession. M. of V. i. 2. 35.

overpeer, tower over, to look down upon. M. of V. i. 1. 12.

overshot, overreached. L.L.L. i. i. 139.

over-swear, swear over again. Tw.N. v. 1. 271.

over-topping, being topheavy. Tp. i. 2. 81.

overture, opening of negotiations or proceedings. A.W. iv. 3. 39; Tw.N. i. 5. 216; disclosure. W.T. ii. 1. 171.

over-weathered, weatherbeaten. M. of V. ii. 6. 18.

owe, own, possess. Tp. i. 2. 404;

own, was his, was in full control of his faculties. Tp. v. 1. 213.

oyes, call or exclamation of 'Oyez', 'Hear ye!' M.W. v. 5. 44.

pace, train, exercise. M. for M. iv. 3. 135; prescribed walk. A.W. iv. 5. 67.

pack, compact, plot. M.W. iv. 2. 117; C. of E. iv. 4. 103; T. of S. v. 1. 118.

packed, leagued. C. of E. v. 1. 219; M.A. v. 1. 297.

paddling palms, toying with hands. W.T. i. 2. 116.

pain, penalty. M. for M. ii. 4. 87; trouble. M. for M. v. 1. 382. toil. T. of S. iii. 1. 12.

painful, irksome, toilsome. Tp. iii. 1. 1.

painfully, L.L.L. i. 1. 74. painstakingly.

painted cloth, hanging for room painted or worked with figures, mottoes, or texts: tapestry. L.L.L. v. 2. 571; As. iii. 2. 276.

palabras, i.e. pocas palabras (Sp.), few words. M.A. iii. 5.16. pale, bounds, region. W.T. iv.

palpable-gross, palpably gross. M.N.D. v. 1. 365. pandar, go-between. W.T. ii.

panderly, base. M.W. iv. 2. 116.

pantaloon, dotard, old fool. As. ii. 7. 158; T. of S. iii. 1. 36.

pantler, officer in charge of pantry. W.T. iv. 3. 56. parcel, part. M.W. i. 1. 223; C. of E.v. 1. 106; in part, partly. M. for M. ii. 1. 62; company, collection, assemblage. L.L.L. v. 2. 160; M. of V. i. 2. 106; A.W. ii. 3. 55; detail. As. iii. 5. 124.

pard, leopard, or panther. Tp. iv. 1. 262; M.N.D. ii. 2. 31; As. ii. 7. 150.

pardon you, excuse your absence. Two G. iii. 2. 98.

parfect, blunder for 'present'. L.L. v. 2. 501.

parish-top, top kept for the use of villagers. Tw. N. i. 3. 43.

eritor (apparitor), summong officer of ecclesiastical ourt. L.L.L. iii. 1. 188.

rle, conversation. Two G. 2.5; speak. L.L.L. v. 2.122; arly. T. of S. i. 1. 115.

rlous, perilous. M.N.D. iii.

13; As. iii. 2. 43. rt, depart. C. of E. iii. 1. 67; artly. Tw.N. iii. 4. 353; W.T.

2. 10; divide. W.T. i. 2. 18; etion, task. W.T. i. 2. 400. rtake, impart, share. W.T.

3. 132. rtial, in, with partiality.

[. for M. ii. 1. 31.

rti-coated, having partiploured coat, L.L.L. v. 2.

1. rticular, part. A.W.ii.5.63.

rting, departure. A.W. ii. 58.

rt in him, office delegated him. M. for M. i. 1. 41. rtlet, hen. W.T. ii. 3. 75. sh, head. W.T. i. 2. 129.

ss, indulge in as a jest. I.W. i. 1. 162; pass descripton. M.W. i. 1. 289; iv. 2. 121; rust in fencing. M.W. ii. 1. 4; ii. 3. 25; Tw.N. iii. 1. 44; conounce verdict. M. for I. ii. 1. 19, 23; course of acon. M. for M. v. 1. 366; pass or. L.L.L. v. 1. 126; transfer o. T. of S. iv. 4. 45; transact. of S. iv. 4. 57; impose. w.N.v.1.354; surpass. W.T. . 2. 20.

ssado, thrust in fencing. L.L. i. 2. 176.

ssage, passing of people. of E. iii. 1. 99; occurrence. .W. i. 1. 20; act, transaction, roceeding. Tw.N. iii. 2, 73; ourse, process. W.T. iii. 2.

ssant (of a beast, in herdry), walking. M.W. i. 1. 20. ssing, surpassing, pre-emi-ent. Two G. i. 2. 17; As. iii. 137; W.T. iv. 3. 289; yery, irpassingly. Two G. iv. 4. 8; &c.

ssion, passionate speech or utburst. M.N.D. v. 1. 314; feel deeply. Tp. v. 1. 24; L.L.L.i.1.254; grieving. Two

G. iv. 4. 167. pass of pate, sally of wit. Tp. iv. 1. 244.

passy-measures pavin, slow

dance. Tw.N. v. 1. 201. pat, exactly. M.N.D. iii. 1. 2. patch, fool, clown. Tp. iii. 2. 68; &c.

patched, motley. M.N.D. iv.

1. 211.

pathetical, moving, affecting. L.L.L. i. 2. 97; iv. 1. 148; As. iv. 1. 187.

patience, ours be your, give us a patient hearing. A.W.

Epil. 5.

patine, thin circular plate of metal. M. of V. v. 1. 59. pattern, match. W.T. iii. 2.35.

pauca, pauca verba, paucas pallabris, few words. M.W. ī. 1. 118, 130; L.L.L. iv. 2. 167; T. of S. Ind. 1. 5.

paunch, stab or wound in the

stomach. Tp. iii. 2. 95. pavin, stately dance. Tw.N.

v. 1. 202.

pay, repay. Tp. v. 1. 70; visit with retribution, inflict chastisement. Tw.N. iii. 4. 285.

payment, punishment. As. i. 1. 155.

peach, impeach, betray. M. for M. iv. 3. 11.

peaking, sneaking. M.W. iii. 5. 70.

peasant, servant. C. of E. v. 1. 231.

peascod, pea-pod. M.N.D. iii. 1. 184; As. ii. 4. 49; Tw.N. i. 5. 160.

peat, pet, spoilt girl. T. of S.

peculiar, private. M. for M. i. 2. 91.

pedant, pedascule, schoolmaster, L.L.L. iii. 1. 179; T. of S. iii. 1. 49; &c.

peer, appear. W.T. iv. 2. 1; iv. 3. 3.

peevish, foolish. M.W. i.4.12; C. of E. iv. 1. 94; Tw.N. i. 5. 308; wayward, saucy. As. iii. 5. 109.

Peg-a-Ramsey, name of old ballad. Tw.N. ii. 3, 78.

peise, weigh down. M. of V. iii. 2, 22.

pelting, paltry. M. for M. ii. 2. 112; M.N.D. ii. 1. 91. pencils, brushes. L.L.L. v. 2.

penitent, doing penance. C. of E. i. 2. 52.

gentleman-atpensioner, arms, body-guard. M.W. ii. 2. 76; M.N.D. ii. 1. 10.

Penthesilea, queen of the Amazons. Tw.N. ii. 3. 180.

pent-house, shelter, porch, shed, outhouse. M.A. iii. 3. 102; L.L.L. iii. 1. 17; M. of V. ii. 6. 1.

perdurably, everlastingly. M. for M. iii. 1. 113.

perdy, Par Dieu, an oath. C. of E. iv. 4.72; Tw. N. iv. 2.79. peregrinate, having air of a traveller. L.L.L. v. 1. 14.

perfect, instruct or inform completely. Tp. i. 2. 79; M. for M. iv. 3. 144; sure. W.T. iii. 3. 1.

perforce, compulsorily. Tp. v. 1. 133; by force. C. of E. iv. 3, 96,

perform, complete. W.T. v.

perge, go on, proceed. L.L.L.

iv. 2. 53. period, end. M.W. iv. 2. 219; full-stop. M.N.D. v. 1. 96.

perjure, a perjurer. L.L.L.iv. 3. 45.

perpend, ponder, consider.M. W. ii. 1. 113; As. iii. 2. 65;Tw.N. v. 1. 301.

persever, persevere. As. v.

personage, personal appearance. M.N.D. iii. 2. 292; Tw. N. i. 5. 158.

personate, describe. Tw. N. ii. 3. 161.

perspective, magnifying glass, telescope. A.W. v. 3. 48; picture or figure constructed so as to produce a fantastic effect. Tw. N. v. 1. 219.

persuade, use persuasion. M. for M. v. 1. 94; expostu-late. M. of V. iii. 2. 282.

persuaded, best, having the best opinion. Tw. N. ii. 3. 152. pert, lively, cheerful. L.L.L. v. 2. 273; M.N.D. i. 1. 13.

pertly, promptly, quickly. Tp. iv. 1. 58.

perttaunt-like, a word not yet explained. L.L.L. v. 2.

peruse, survey, inspect. C. of E. i. 2. 13.

petitionary, suppliant, entreating. As. iii. 2. 190. pettitoes, pigs' trotters:

W.T. iv. 3, 614. phantasime, fantastic being.

L.L.L. iv. 1. 99; v. 1. 18. pheezar, see 'pheeze' below. M.W. i. 3. 10.

pheeze, beat, pay you out. T. of S. Ind. 1. 1.

Phibbus, Phoebus. M.N.D.

i. 2. 35. Philip and Jacob, St. Philip's and St. James's Day. M. for M. iii. 2. 210.

physics, heals, cures. W.T. i. 1. 39.

pia mater, brain. L.L.L. iv. 2. 70; Tw.N. i. 5. 118.

picked, finical, particular. L.L.L. v. 1. 13.

picture, appearance. W.T. iv. 3. 610; painted statue. W.T. v. 2. 180.

piece, exemplification. Tp. i. 2.56; work of art. W.T. v. 2. 100; v. 3. 38; complete. W.T. v. 2. 112.

piece up in, receive for. W.T. v. 3. 56.

pied, piedness, variegated. being parti-coloured. Tp. iii. 2. 68; &c.

piety, blunder for 'impiety'. M.A. iv. 2. 80.

pig-nuts, earth-nuts. Tp. ii. 2. 168.

pikes, central spikes screwed into shields. M.A. v. 2. 21.

piled, having a pile or long nap, as velvet. M. for M. i. 2. 35.

ot's glass, hour-glass. .W. ii. I. 167.

mere nothing. M.W. i.

112; stud fixed in centre of rget. L.L.L. iv. 1. 136. and web, disease of the

e;?cataract. W.T. i. 2. 291. a-buttock, narrow or sharp

attock. A.W. ii. 2. 17. ached, made ridiculous. 7.T. ii. 1. 50.

afold, place for confining ray cattle. Two G. i. 1. 109. ned, ? dug, excavated, enched; ? covered with arsh-marigolds. Tp. iv. 1.

, each of the spots on playg-cards. T. of S. i. 2. 33 llusion to card-game called

ne-and-thirty').

Tw. N. i. 4, 32. oe, voice. e-wine, wine drawn dictly from cask or 'wood' rith play upon musical ipe' and 'canary' the ance). M.W. iii. 2. 87.

sch, degree, elevation, stass. Tw. N. i. 1. 12.

tched a toil, set a net.

L.L. iv. 3. 2. ace, house, dwelling. 3. 27; precedence. A. 108; position, station. W.T.

2. 448. acket, pocket, especially in

oman's skirt. L.L.L. iii. 1. 6; W.T. iv. 3.616.

ain, mere, absolute. Tp. v. 266.

ainings, lamentations. C.

E. i. 1. 72. ain-song, singing simple elody. M.N.D. iii. 1. 129.

anched, planked, boarded. . for M. iv. 1. 32.

antain, plantain leaf used

stop bleeding. L.L.L. iii. 1.

antation, colonization, setement. Tp. ii. 1. 144. ash, pool, puddle. T. of S. i.

23.

ausive, plausible, pleasing, pecious. A.W. i. 2. 53; iv. 1.

pleached, formed by intertwisting of boughs and twigs. M.A. i. 2. 8; iii. 1. 7. pleasant, merry. M.A. i. 1. 35.

please, pay. C. of E. iv. 4. 50. please-man, man-pleaser. L.L.L. v. 2. 464.

plenty, plenteous, plentiful. Tp. iv. 1. 110.

pluck on, draw out. M. for M.

ii. 4. 148; excite. Tw.N. v. 1.

pluck up, rouse thyself. M.A. v. 1. 202.

plummet, 'Ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me '='I am a plummet's depth below ignorance itself'. M.W. v. 5.

poesy, posy (q.v.). M. of V. v. 1. 148.

point, smallest detail. Tp. i. 2. 194; suggest. L.L.L. ii. 1. 243; tagged lace for attaching hose to doublet. T. of S. iii. 2. 49; Tw.N. i. 5. 24; W.T. iv. 3. 205.

point-device, -devise, extremely neat, precise, scrupulous. L.L.L.v.1.18; As. iii. 2. 379; exactly. Tw.N. ii. 5. 168.

points, stand upon, be punctilious, mind one's stops. M.N.D. v. 1. 118.

poising us, adding our weight (of patronage). A.W. ii. 3. 157.

poke, pocket. As. ii. 7. 20. poking-sticks, rods used for stiffening plaits of ruffs. W.T. iv. 3, 226.

pole, quarter-staff. L.L.L. v. 2.688.

pole-clipt, hedged in by poles. Tp. iv. 1. 68.

politic, political. Tw.N. ii. 5. 166.

politician, shrewd schemer. Tw.N. iii. 2. 33.

pollusion, blunder for 'allusion '. L.L.L. iv. 2. 46.

pomander, ball of perfume. W.T. iv. 3. 605.

large juicy pomewater, apple. L.L.L. iv. 2.4.

ponderous, forcible, W.T. iv. 3. 531.

Poor-John, hake (or ? other fish) salted and dried for food. Tp. ii. 2. 27. **porpentine**, porcupine. C. of

E. iii. 1. 116.

porringer, small basin. T. of

S. iv. 3. 64.

port, gate. A.W. iii. 5. 36; deportment, style of living, importance. M. of V. i. 1. 124; iii. 2. 282; T. of S. i. 1. 204.

possess, inform. M.for M.iv.

1.46; &c.

possessed, well, possessed of great wealth. M.N.D. i.1.100. possession, mental endowment. Two G. v. 2. 25; i.e. by the devil. C. of E. v. 1. 44.

possitable, blunder for 'positively'. M.W. i. 1. 231.

post, letter-carrier. Tp. ii. 1. 249; &c.; post-haste. C. of E. i. 2. 63; iii. 2. 159; W.T. ii. 1. 181; tavern door-post on which reckonings were reckonings scored. C. of E. i. 2. 64.

postern, any door or gate distinct from main entrance. Two G. v. 1.9; W.T. i. 2. 438.

posy (i. e. poesy), short motto, line of poetry, inscribed on a knife or in a ring. M. of V. v. 1. 151.

pottle, two quarts. M.W. ii. 1. 204; iii. 5. 28.

powdered, salted and pickled. M. for M. iii. 2. 61.

power, my, the best of my power. W.T. v. 2. 175.

practice, scheming, machination, trickery. M. for M. v. 1. 108; &c.

practise, intrigue. Two G. iv. 1.48; As. i. 1.146; play a trick. T. of S. Ind. i. 36.

practiser, practitioner. A.W. ii. 1. 187.

praise, appraise, value. Tw.N. i. 5. 257. prank, dress. Tw.N. ii. 4. 86;

W.T. iv. 3. 10.

preceptial, instructive. M.A. v. 1. 24. precious winners, winners of precious things. W.T. v. 3. 131.

predominant, in the ascendant. A.W. i. 1. 202; W.T. i. 2.202.

preeches, breeched for flogging. M.W. iv. 1. 80.

prefer, promote. Two G. ii. 4. 158; recommend. M. of V. ii. 2. 146; T. of S. i. 1. 97; press forward. M. for M. i. 1. 54; for submitted approval. M.N.D. iv. 2. 38.

pregnant, clear, obvious. M. for M. ii. 1. 23; W.T. v. 2. 34; inventive, resourceful. M. for M. i. 1. 11; Tw.N. ii. 2. 28; receptive, disposed, ready. Tw.N. iii. 1. 92.

prejudicates, prejudices. A.W. i. 2. 8.

premises, previous circumstances. Tp. i. 2. 123.

prenzie, doubtful word, prob. an error. M. for M. iii. 1. 92, 95. preposterous, blunder for prosperous'. W.T. v. 2. 152.

present, present occasion, affair in hand. Tp. i. 1. 23; act the part of. M.W. iv. 6. 20; L.L.L. v. 1. 115; v. 2. 531; im-mediate. M. for M. iv. 2. 210; &c.; represent. M.A. iii. 3.74; document presented. L.L.L. iv. 3. 186; present store. Tw. N. iii, 4, 356.

presentation, display. As. v.

4. 107.

presently, immediately. Tp. i. 2. 125; &c.

prest, constrained, M. of V. i. 1. 160.

Prester John, a legendary Christian king and priest ruling in the extreme East, or in Abyssinia. M.A. ii. 1. 264.

presupposed, required as a necessary preceding condition. Tw.N. v. 1. 352.

pretence, intention, purpose. Two G. iii. 1.47; W.T. iii. 2. 17. pretend, intend. Two G. ii. 6.

prevailment, influence, ascendancy. M.N.D. i. 1. 35.

revent, anticipate, forestall. M. of V. i. 1. 61; As. iv. 1. 58; Tw.N. iii. 1. 86.

rey, act of preying. M.N.D.

i. 2. 150. reyful, killing much prey or quarry. L.L.L. iv. 2. 57. ribbles and prabbles, petty

wranglings. M.W. i. 1. 53. rick, the spine. Tp. ii. 2. 12; pot in centre of target. L.L.L. v. 1. 132; sting. As. iii. 2. 11; stick. T. of S. iii. 2. 69; ncite. T. of S. iii. 2. 72.

ricket, buck in its second year. L.L.L. iv. 2. 12. rig, thief. W.T. iv. 2. 102. **rime,** chief. Tp. i. 2. 72, 422. flower of life. A.W. ii. 1. 184. rimero, gambling card-

game. M.W. iv. 5. 99. rincess, paragon. M.N.D.

iii. 2. 144.

rincipality, one of the nine orders of angels. Two G. ii. 4. 153.

rint, in, with exactness or preciseness. Two G. ii. 1. 170; L.L.L. iii. 1. 173; As. v. 4. 90. rintless, leaving no trace. Tp. v. 1. 34.

riser, prize-fighter. As. ii.

3. 8.

rivate, privacy. Tw.N. iii. 4.

96.

rivilege, extend right of sanctuary to. C. of E. v. 1.95; protection. M.N.D. ii. 1. 220. **Prize,** contest. M. of V. iii. 2. 141; estimate. M.A. iii. 1. 90. robable need, apparently necessary. A.W. ii. 4. 51. robation, proof. M. for M. v. 1. 157; trial. Tw.N. ii. 5.

135. rocess, course, story. M. of

V. iv. 1. 273.

Procrus, blunder for 'Procris'. M.N.D. v. 1. 198.

procure, obtain women for gratification of lust. M. for

M. iii. 2. 57.

prodigious, abnormal, monstrous. M.N.D. v. 2. 42. profess, make it one's busi-

ness. Tp. ii. 1. 237.

profession, i.e. of ability. A.W. ii. 1. 85.

profit, proficiency. As. i. 1.6. **prolixious**, long in duration. M. for M. ii. 4. 163.

Prologue, speaker of the prologue. M.N.D. v. 1. 106.

prologues, the only, only the prologues. As. v. 3. 12.

prolonged, postponed. M.A. iv. 1. 256.

prompture, instigation. for M. ii. 4. 179.

proof, vulgar, common experience. Tw.N. iii. 1. 129.

proof, your own, making trial yourself. M.A. iv. 1. 45. propagation, increase in amount. M. for M. i. 2. 153.

proper, handsome, goodly. Tp. ii. 2. 59; &c.; own. Tp. iii. 3. 60; &c.; inherently. M. for M. i. 1. 30; fine, likely. M.A. iv. 1. 314; of good character, worthy. A.W. iv. 3. 215.

properer, handsomer. As. iii.

proper-false, handsome and deceitful. Tw.N. ii. 2. 29. properly, peculiarly. W.T. ii.

1. 169.

properties, portable articles used in acting a play. M.W. iv. 4. 79; M.N.D. i. 2. 103.

proper to, belonging to. M. for M. v. 1. 111.

property, mere means to an end. M.W. iii. 4. 10; fulfilment. A.W. ii. 1. 189; make a tool of, exploit. Tw.N.iv.2.96. proportions, fortune. M. for

M. v. 1. 212.

propose, converse, conversation. M.A. iii. 1. 3, 12.

propriety, individuality.

Tw.N. v. 1. 147.

protest, declare, vow. M.A. v. 1. 148; M.N.D. i. 1. 89.

provincial, belonging to an ecclesiastical province. for M. v. 1. 311.

provision, foresight, prepar-

ation. Tp. i. 2. 28.

provoke, invoke. M. for M. iii. 1. 18.

pruning, adorning. L.L.L. iv. 3. 180.

puddings, bowels, entrails. M.W. ii. 1. 31.

pugging,? prigging, thievish, or 'pug tooth', eyetooth. W.T. iv. 2. 7.

puisny, puny, insignificant. As. iii. 4. 42.

puke, vomit. As. ii. 7. 144. puling, whining. Two G. ii. 1. 26.

pulpiter, preacher. As. iii. 2.

155.

M.W. pumpion, pumpkin. iii. 3. 39.

pumps, low shoes. M.N.D. iv.

2. 36.

punk, prostitute. M.W. ii. 2. 133; M. for M. v. 1. 174, 518. punto, stroke or thrust with sword-point. M.W. ii. 3. 25.

purgation, vindication, proof. As. i. 3. 52; v. 4. 44;

W.T. iii. 2. 7. purlieus, ground on the bor-

ders. As. iv. 3. 76. purple-in-grain, dyed deep

red. M.N.D. i. 2, 92.

push, pish! make a push at= treat with disdain. M.A. v. 1. 38; impulse, impetus. W.T. v. 3, 129,

push-pin, child's game. L.L.L. iv. 3. 166.

put, compelled; called upon. M. for M. i. 1. 5.

put in, plead, intercede. M. for M. i. 2. 103.

put on, urge onward. M. for M. iv. 2. 117; ? to lay on as a blow. L.L.L. iv. 1. 116; communicate, impart. As. i. 2.93; Tw.N. v. 1.67.

putter-on, instigator.

ii. 1. 140.

putter-out, one who lends moneyat interest. Tp.iii.3.48.

quail, overpower. M.N.D. v. 1. 285; fail. As. ii. 2. 20.

quaint, ingenious. Tp. i. 2.317; T. of S. iii. 2. 147; beautiful, elegant. M.W. iv. 6.41; T. of S. iv. 3. 102; strange. M.N.D. ii. 1. 99; ii. 2. 7.

quaintly, skilfully, grace-fully. Two G. ii. 1. 127; iii. 1. 117; gracefully. M. of V. ii. 4.

qualify, moderate, control. M. for M. i. 1. 65; &c.

quality, skill. Tp. i. 2. 193; profession. Two G. iv. 1. 58.

quantity, size, greatness. M.N.D. i. 1. 232; fragment. T. of S. iv. 3. 112.

quarter, to add another's coat to one's hereditary coat-ofarms. M.W. i. 1. 24; conduct, relations. C. of E. ii. 1. 108.

quatch-buttock, squat buttock. A.W. ii. 2. 17.

quean, ill-behaved woman. M.W. iv. 2. 170. queasy, nice, delicate. M.A.

ii. 1. 376. queen, act or have eminence as queen. W.T. iv. 3, 456. quell, kill. M.N.D. v. 1, 285.

quern, handmill. M.N.D. ii. 1.

inquiry, quest, quest, inquiry, pursuit, search. M. for M. iv. 1.63; M. of V. i. 1. 172. pursuit.

questant, seeker. A.W. ii. 1. 16.

question, consideration. M. for M. i. 1. 46; that's the question. M.A. v. 2. 80; talk, discourse. M.N.D. ii. 1. 235; &c. question, in, under examina-

tion (or likely to be so put). M.A. iii. 3.176; W.T. v. 1.198. questionless, undoubtedly. M. of V. i. 1. 176.

question, loss of, for the sake of argument. M.for M. ii. 4.91. quick, running. Tp. iii. 2. 72; living. M.W. iii. 4. 89; &c.; pregnant. L.L.L. v. 2. 670.

quicken, restore or give life 52; rouse, brighten. A.W. ii. 1.76. to. Tp. iii. 1. 6; M. of V. ii. 8.

quillets, casuistries, L.L.L.

iv. 3. 285.

quintain, stout post, used as mark in tilting. As. i. 2. 250. quip, sarcasm, witty remark.

Two G. iv. 2.12; M.A. ii. 3.242; As. v. 4, 76,

uire, company. M.N.D. ii. 1. 55; sing in concert. M. of V.

v. 1. 62.

wirk, witty turn, conceit. M.A. ii. 3. 238; fit, sudden stroke. A.W. iii. 2. 48; trick of behaviour. Tw.N. iii. 4. 253. uit, leave. Tp. i. 2. 148; M. for M. ii. 4. 29; remit. C. of E. i. 1. 22; M. of V. iv. 1. 380; acquit. As. iii. 1. 11; A.W. v. 3. 300; renounce, dismiss. Tw.N. v. 1. 323.

uit of, revenge upon. M.A.

iv. 1. 202.

uittance, receipt. M.W. i. 1.

uoif, cap. W.T. iv. 3. 224. uote, regard, mention. L.L.L. iv. 3. 84; v. 2. 781; A.W. v. 3.

1V. 5. 84; V. 2. 781; A. W. V. 3. 205. **Notidian** intermittent fo

uotidian, intermittent fever. As. iii. 2.363.

abato, kind of stiff collar. M.A. iii. 4.6.

ace, natural or inherited disposition. Tp. i. 2. 358; M. for M. ii. 4. 161; a herd of horses. M. of V. v. 1. 72; root. W.T. v. 2. 48.

ack, driving mist. Tp. iv. 1. 156; stretch or raise beyond the normal degree. M.A. iv. 1. 222; M. of V. i. 1. 181.

ag, contemptuous term. M.W. iv. 2. 183; T. of S. iv. 3. 12; particle. C. of E. iv. 4. 87. agged, harsh, discordant. As. ii. 5. 15.

ank, abundantly. M.W. iv. 6. 2; lustful. M. of V. i. 3. 78; position. As. i. 2. 106; movenent in line or file. As. iii. 2. 7; row. As. iv. 3. 79.

nkness, pride, rebellion.

As. i. 1. 85.

apt, deeply engaged. Tp. i. 2.

ascal, inferior deer of a herd. As. iii. 3, 55.

ash, hasty, quick, sudden. M. for M. v. i. 388; W.T. i. 2.

19. ate, estimation, considera-

ate, estimation, consideraion. Tp. i. 2. 92; ii. 1. 110; value. M. for M. ii. 2. 150; M. of V. ii. 7. 26; mode of living. M. of V. i. 1. 127; scold. T. of S. i. 1. 161; price. A.W. v. 3. 217.

rato-lorum, blunder for 'rotulorum.' M.W. i. 1. 8.

raught, reached. L.L.L. iv. 2.

ravel, become entangled. Two G. iii. 2. 52.

ravin, ravenously devour. M. for M. i. 2. 132; ravenous. A.W. iii. 2. 116.

raw, ignorant, inexperienced.

As. iii. 2. 71.

rayed, befouled, soiled. T. of S. iii. 2. 53; iv. 1. 3.

razure, effacement. M. for M. v. 1. 13.

rear, lift up, raise. Tp. ii. 1. 296; W.T. i. 2. 314.

reason, anything reasonable. Tp. iii. 2. 126; possibility of action. Two G. ii. 4. 213; T. of S. ii. 1. 400; discourse. L.L.L. v. 1. 2; As. i. 2. 52; argue. M. of V. ii. 8. 27; 'it is just'. W.T. iv. 3. 413.

reasonable shores, shores of reason. Tp. v. 1. 81.

reave, deprive. A.W. v. 3. 86. rebate, make blunt. M. for M. i. 4. 60.

rebused, blunder for 'abused'. T. of S. i. 2. 7.

receive, accept, believe. Two G. v. 4. 78; M. for M. i. 3. 16; Tw.N. iii. 4. 200.

received, understood. M. for M. ii. 4.83.

receiving, understanding. Tw.N. iii. 1. 124.

recheat, notes sounded on a horn to call together the hounds in a hunt. M.A. i. 1. 238.

reclusive, secluded. M.A. iv.

record, render in song. Two G. v. 4.6; memory. Tw.N. v. 1.248.

recorder, wind instrument. M.N.D. v. 1. 123.

recountment, relation, recital. As. iv. 3. 140.

recover, restore to conscious-

ness or health. Tp. ii. 2. 75; As. iv. 3. 150; A.W. iii. 2. 20; Tw. N. ii. 1. 38; reach, attain to. Tp. iii. 2. 14; Two G. v. 1. 12; Tw. N. ii. 3. 200; win. Tw. N. ii. 3, 187.

red, applied to a disease marked by evacuation of blood. Tp. i. 2. 364.

redemption, deliverance, release. M. for M. ii. 4. 114; blunder for 'perdition'. M.A.

iv. 2. 58.

red-lattice, lattice painted red as the mark of an inn, hence an alchouse or inn. M.W. ii. 2. 27.

red-looked, red-looking. W.T.

ii. 2. 34.

reechy, smoky, dirty. M.A. iii. 3. 134.

reed, reedy or squeaking. M.

of V. iii. 4. 67.

reek, smoke. M.W. iii. 3.77. reeling-ripe, drunk to the point of reeling. Tp. v. i. 279. refell, refuse, reject. M. for M. v. 1. 95.

refer, have recourse. M. for

M. iii. 1. 244.

reformed, blunder for 'informed'. M.A. v. 1. 252. reft, robbed. M.A. iv. 1. 198.

refuse, reject, disown. M.A. iv. 1. 186.

regard, look. M. for M. v. 1.

20: &c. regreet, greeting. M. of V. ii. 9. 89.

rehearse, sing over. M.N.D. v. 2. 27.

rein, submit to the rein. Tw.N. iii. 4. 336.

relation, narrative. Tp. v. 1.

release, your, you release them. Tp. v. 1. 11.

religious, faithful. A.W. ii. 3, 186,

relique, memorial, sight. Tw.N. iii. 3. 19. relish, realize. W.T. ii. 1. 166.

remain, dwell, abide. Tp. i. 2. 420; As. iii. 2. 224.

remainder, remaining. ii. 7. 39; the residual or further interest remaining over from a part estate, coming into effect when this has determined, and created by the same conveyance by which the estate itself was granted. A.W. iv. 3. 283.

remember, commemorate. Tp. i. 2. 402; remind. W.T.

remembered, be, remember.

M. for M. ii. 1. 108.

remember thy curtsy, put on thy hat. L.L.L. v. 1. 97. remembrance, memory. As. i. 1, 63,

remit, resign. L.L.L. v. 2. 460. remonstrance, demonstration. M. for M. v. i. 388.

remorse, compassion. Tp. v. 1. 76, &c.

remorseful, compassionate. Two G. iv. 3. 13.

remove, absence. M. for M. i. 1. 43; post-stage. A.W. v. 3. 131.

removed, removedness, secluded, seclusion. M. for M. i. 3. 8, &c.; distant in relationship. As. v. 4. 69; separated by time. Tw.N. v. 1. 89.

render, describe as. As. iv. 3. 122; pay, exhibit. M.A. v. 3. 33; to make. M. of V. iii. 2. 88.

renegado, apostate. Tw.N. iii. 2. 71.

renouncement, i.e. of the world. M. for M. i. 4. 35.

renown, make famous. Tw. N. iii. 3. 24.

rent, rend. M.N.D. iii. 2. 215. repair, come back. L.L.L. v. 2. 293; restores, revives. A.W. i. 2. 30; restoration. W.T. v. 1. 31.

repasture, repast. L.L.L. iv.

1. 93.

repeal, recall. Two G. v. 4. 143; A.W. ii. 3. 52.

repetition, A.W. v. 3. 22. remembrance.

replenished, full, perfect. W.T. ii. 1. 78.

replete, full. A.W. ii. 3. 179. report, reputation. M. for M.

ii. 3. 12; M.A. iii. 1. 97; testi-mony. L.L.L. ii. 1. 63. reportingly, by report or hearsay. M.A. iii. 1. 116. reprehend, misused for 'represent'. L.L.L. i. 1. 180.

reproach, blunder for 'approach'. M. of V. ii. 5. 20. reprove, disprove. M.A. ii. 3. 235.

require, deserve. W.T. ii. 3.

189; iii. 2. 62.

requit, repay, requite. Tp. iii. 3. 71.

rere-mice, bats. M.N.D. ii. 2. 4.

resemblance, likelihood, probability, M. for M. iv. 2. 191. resolve, bring to a clear understanding. Tp. v. 1. 248; M. for M. iv. 2. 212; inform. M. for M. iii. 1. 187; answer. L.L.L. ii. 1. 110; T. of S. iv. 2. 7; solve. As. iii. 2. 233.

resolvedly, definitely. A.W. v. 3. 333.

resolve you, prepare your-selves. W.T. v. 3. 86. respect, value. Two G. i. 2. 131: regard, care for. Two G. iii. 1. 89; &c.; consideration, estimation. L.L.L. v. 2. 777; M.N.D. ii. 1. 224; regard to circumstances. M. of V. v. 1. 99; reason. A.W. ii. 5. 68. respected, blunder for 'sus-

pected'. M. for M. ii. 1. 166. respecting, in comparison with. W.T. v. 1. 35.

respective, worthy of regard. Two G. iv. 4. 195; careful. M. of V. v. 1. 156. respect of, comparison with.

M.A. iii. 4. 19.

respect upon, regard for. M. of V. i. 1. 74. rest, remain. T. of S. i. 1. 245. **rest,** arrest. C. of E. iv. 2.42;

&c. restrained, forbidden. M. for M. ii. 4. 49; drawn tightly. T. of S. iii. 2. 58.

rest, set up one's, resolve, determine. C. of E. iv. 3. 26; M. of V. ii. 2. 103; A.W. ii. 1. 137.

retention, power to retain. Tw.N. ii. 4. 96.

retort, refer back. M. for M. v. 1. 295.

reverberate, reverberating. Tw.N. i. 5. 280.

reverence, age. M.A. v. 1. 64; respect due to him. As. i. 1. 51.

reverend, respectful. T. of S.

iv. 1. 202.

reverse, back-handed stroke. M.W. ii. 3. 25.

review, see again. W.T. iv. 3.

674.

rheum, cold or catarrh. M. for M. iii. 1. 31; C. of E. iii. 2, 136; W.T. iv. 3, 406; saliva. M. of V. i. 3, 115; tears. M.A. v. 2, 81.

rheumatic, inducing catarrhal affections. M.W. iii. 1. 44; characterized by rheum. M.N.D. ii. 1. 105.

Rialto, quarter of Venice in which the Exchange was situated. M. of V. i. 3. 19.

rib, enclose as with ribs. M. of V. ii. 7. 51.

richest, most experienced. A.W. v. 3. 17.

richly, with riches. M. of V.

i. 1. 161; v. 1. 277. rid, destroy. Tp. i. 2. 364. rift, cleft. Tp. i. 2. 277; split. Tp. v. 1. 45; W.T. v. 1. 66. right, exactly. M.N.D. iv. 2.

right, do me, give me satisfaction. M.A. v. 1, 147; true. As. iii. 2. 97, 120.

ring-carrier, go-between. A.W. iii. 5. 91.

ring, get the, carry off the prize. T. of S. i. 1. 141.

ringlet, fairy-ring. Tp. v. 1. 37; M.N.D. ii. 1. 86.

ring-time, time of giving or exchanging rings. As. v. 3. 18.

Ringwood, name of a dog. M.W. ii. 1. 116. riot, noisy revel, tumult. M.N.D. v. 1. 48.

ripe, grow ripe. M.N.D. ii. 2. 118; As. ii. 7. 26; urgent. M. of V. i. 3. 61; W.T. i. 2.

332; ready. M.N.D. v. 1. 42;

grown-up. As. iv. 3. 87. riping, point of becoming ripe. M. of V. ii. 8. 40.

road, port, harbour. M. of V.

i. 1. 19; &c.

ronyon, abusive term applied to a woman. M.W. iv. 2. 184. rope-tricks,? blunder or pun for 'rhetoric'. T. of S. i. 2.111.
round, bring to completeness. Tp. iv. 1. 158; plain spoken. C. of E. ii. 1. 82;
Tw.N. ii. 3. 98; circle. M.N.D. ii. 1. 140; encircle. M.N.D. iv. 1. 53; whisper. W.T. i. 2. iv. 1. 53; whisper. W.T. i. 2. 217; develop to a full round form. W.T. ii. 1. 16.

roundel, round dance.

M.N.D. ii. 2. 1.

round hose, trunk hose made very full. M. of V. i. 2.73.

roundly, promptly. As. v. 3. 10; T. of S. v. 2. 21; bluntly. T. of S. iii. 2. 214; without needless ceremony. T. of S. iv. 4. 107.

rout, rabble. C. of E. iii. 1.

roynish, coarse, base. As. ii.

rub, encounter (in playing bowls) some impediment which diverts the bowl from its proper course. L.L.L. iv. 1. 139.

ruby - coloured. rubious,

Tw.N. i. 4. 32.

rudesby, insolent fellow. T. of S. iii. 2. 10; Tw.N. iv. 1. 51; ruffling, rising in ruffles. T. of S. iv. 3. 60.

rule, procedure. M. of V. iv. 1. 176; Tw.N. ii. 3. 125.

rushling, blunder for 'rustling'. M.W. ii. 2.66.

russet, homespun. LLL. v. 2. 414.

russet-pated, grey-headed. M.N.D. iii. 2. 21.

ruttish, lustful. A.W. iv. 3. 218.

sack, white wine. Tp. ii. 2.119;

T. of S. Ind. 2.2; Tw.N. ii. 3. 193.

Sackerson, name of a famous bear. M.W. i. 1. 287. sacrament, i.e. as an oath.

A.W. iv. 3, 137.

sad, sadness, serious, seriousness. Two G. i. 3.1; &c.

sad brow, serious face. As. iii. 2. 216.

sadly, seriously. M.A. ii. 3.

sain. said. L.L.L. iii. 1. 83. sale-work, ready-made goods.

As. iii. 5. 43.

salt, salt-cellar. Two G. iii. 1. 359; lustful. M. for M. v. 1. 397.

saltiers, blunder for 'satyrs'.

W.T. iv. 3. 332.

salve, ointment. L.L.L. iii. 1.

salve, palliate. M.A. i. 1. 311. sanctimonious, holy, consecrated. Tp. iv. 1. 16.

sanctimony, sanctity. A.W.

iv. 3. 50.

sand-blind, half-blind, dimsighted, purblind. M. of V. ii. 2. 34.

sanded, of a sandy colour.

M.N.D. iv. 1. 122. sans, without. Tp. i. 2. 97; L.L.L. v. 2. 416; As. ii. 7. 32, 166.

sap, life, hope. W.T. iv. 3. 572. satisfaction, heavy, sad acquiescence. A.W. v. 3, 100. satisfy, sustain. M. for M. iii.

1. 166.

wanton, lascivious. saucy, M. for M. ii. 4. 46; A.W. iv.

savour, smell, taste, have some of the characteristics. M.N.D. ii. 1. 13; Tw.N. v. 1. 120, 316; W.T.i. 2. 421; iv. 3. 75. saw, maxim. L.L.L. v. 2. 917;

As. ii. 7. 156.

scale, weigh as in scales, estimate. M. for M. iii. 1. 254.

scall, scabby. M.W. iii. 1. 116. scambling, scrambling. M.A. v. 1. 94.

scamel, meaning uncertain. Tp. ii. 2. 172.

scandaled, scandalous. Tp. iv. 1. 90.

scant, limit, moderate. M. of V. ii. 1. 17; iii. 2. 112.

scape, transgression. W.T. iii. 3. 71.

scarfed, beflagged. M. of V. ii. 6. 15.

scarfs and bannerets, silken ornaments worn on various parts of the attire. A.W. ii. 3. 207.

scathful, hurtful, harmful.

Tw.N. v. 1. 56.

A.W. i. 3. 238.

sconce, head. C. of E. i. 79; ii. 2. 34; defence. C. of E. ii. 2. 37.

scope, liberty to act, free play.

M. for M. i. 1. 64; &c. scour, to depart in haste, run away, decamp. W.T. ii. 1. 34. scout me for him, be on the

look out for him on my behalf. Tw.N. iii. 4. 183.

scrip, written list. M.N.D. i. 2. 3; small bag. As. iii. 2. 162. scrippage, contents of a scrip. As. iii. 2. 162.

scrivener, writer of contracts. T. of S. iv. 4. 59. scrubbed, stunted. M. of V.

v. 1. 162.

scruple, quantity. M. for M. i.

1. 37. scut, tail. M.W. v. 5. 19. seal, pledge. M.N.D. iii. 2. 144; put an end to. W.T. i. 2. 337.

sealed, stamped with the official seal. T. of S. Ind. 2. 88. sea-maid, mermaid. M.N.D. ii. 1. 154; M. for M. iii. 2. 114. sea-marge, seashore. Tp. iv.

1. 69. sear, brand. W.T. ii. 1. 72. search, probe. As. ii. 4. 42.

season, influence. M. for M. ii. 2.168; opportunity. C. of E. iv. 2. 58; that which preserves. M.A. iv. 1. 144; preserve. A.W. i.1. 50; Tw.N. i.

season, day of, seasonable day. A.W. v. 3. 32. second, helpful. W.T. ii. 3. 27. secondary, subordinate. M. for M. i. 1. 46.

secret, confidential. T. of S. i. 1. 154.

sect, section of society. M. for M. ii. 2. 5.

secure, careless. M.W. ii. 1.

seedness, sowing of the seed.

M. for M. i. 1. 42.

seeming, appearance, hypocrisy. M. for M. ii. 4, 151; M.A. iv. 1.56; seemingly, becomingly. As. v. 4. 70; freshness. W.T. iv. 3. 75.

seen, well, well-skilled. T. of

S. i. 2. 133.

seething, heated, excited. M.N.D. v. 1. 4.

seize, overpower. W.T. v. 1. 142.

seize thee that list, let them take thee that will. T. of S. iii. 1. 90.

seldom when, rarely. M. for M. iv. 2. 86.

self, same. M. of V. i. 1. 148; Tw.N. i. 1. 39.

self-affairs, private affairs. M.N.D. i. 1. 113. self-sovereignty (a wife's), self-same authority as a hus-

band. L.L.L. iv. 1. 36. semblative, resembling, like.

Tw.N. i. 4. 34. semi-circled farthingale,

petticoat, the hoop of which did not come round in front. M.W. iii. 3, 61.

se'nnight, a week. As. iii. 2.

Senoys, Sienese. A.W. i. 2. 1. sense, feelings. Tp. ii. 1. 108; sensual passions. M. for M. i. 459; ii. 2. 169; reason. M. of V. v. 1. 136; A.W. i. 1. 231. sensible, sensitive. Tp. ii. 1. 175; C. of E. iv. 4. 27; M. of V. ii. 8. 48; capable of feeling. M. N.D. v. 1. 182; substantial

M.N.D. v. 1. 182; substantial. M. of V. ii. 9. 89.

sentences, sententious say-

ings. M.A. ii. 3. 242.

sequent, following. M. for M. v. 1. 369; follower. L.L.L. iv. 2. 140.

sere, dry, withered. C. of E.

iv. 2. 19.

serpent's tongue, hissing (of the audience). M.N.D. v. 2.64. serpigo, skin eruption. M. for M. iii. 1. 31.

serviceable, offering service.

Two G. iii. 2. 70.

sessa, exclamation urging to speed. T. of S. Ind. 1.6.

set, set to music, value. Two G. i. 2. 78; seated. Two G. ii. 1. 89: a set at tennis. L.L.L. v. 2. 29.

seven-night, week. M.A. ii. 1. 353; W.T. i. 2. 17.

several, belonging to private owner. L.L.L. ii. 1. 221; individual. W.T. i. 2. 226.

shadow, shady place. As. iv. 1. 212.

shadowed, dark. M. of V. ii. 1. 2.

shadowy, shady. Two G. v.

i.e. Cephalus.

Shafalus, i.e. M.N.D. v. 1. 198.

shallow, in, superficial in judging. A.W.i. 3. 42.

shapeless, purposeless. Two G. i. 1.8; unshapely. L.L.L. v. 2. 304.

sheaf, gather into sheaves. As. iii. 2. 106.

shine, brightness. sheen, M.N.D. ii. 1. 29.

sheep-biter, sheep-biting, thief, thieving. Tw.N. ii. 5. 5; M. for M. v. 1. 350.

sheepcote, shepherd's hut. As. ii. 4. 82.

sheep - whistling, sheeptending. W.T. iv. 3. 786.

sheer, mere, nothing but. T. of S. Ind. 2. 23.

shent, rated, reviled. M.W. i. 4. 34; Tw.N. iv. 2. 109.

shepherd's note, noted by shepherd. W.T. i. 2. 2.

sheriff's post, post to which proclamations were affixed. Tw.N. i. 5. 151.

shield, defend, grant. M. for M. iii. 1. 139.

ship-tire, headdress. M.W. iii. 3. 54.

shore, shorn. M.N.D. v. 1. 339; set ashore. W.T. iv. 3. 848.

shot, reckoning. Two G. iii.5.

shoulder-shotten, with dis-

located shoulder. T. of S. iii. 2. 56. shovel-board, shilling used in game of that name. M.W.

shows, outward appearances. M. of V. ii. 7. 20. 'shrew, beshrew, plague. W.T. i. 2. 281.

shrewd, mischievous, bad. M.W.ii.2.222; &c.; shrewish. M.A. ii. 1. 19.

shrewishly, in high-pitched voice. Tw.N. i. 5. 163.

shrieve, sheriff. A.W. iv. 3.

shrift, absolution. M. for M. iv. 2. 210.

shrive, absolve after confession. C. of E. ii. 2. 217; M. of V. i. 2. 130.

shroud, take shelter. Tp. ii. 2. 40.

shrow, shrew. L.L.L. v. 2. 46. sick, longing. A.W. i. 2. 16. sicles, shekels. M. for M. ii.

2, 149,

side sleeves, long hanging sleeves. M.A. iii. 4. 20.

siege, stool, excrement. Tp. ii. 2.104; seat. M. for M. iv. 2. 98.

significant, something to express meaning. L.L.L. iii. 1. 130.

signory, lordship, domain, territory. Tp. i. 2.71. silly, defenceless. Two G. iv.

1.72; homely. Tw.N. ii. 4.46. silly cheat, petty thieving. W.T. iv. 2. 27.

simple, herb used in medicine. M.W. i. 4. 60; iii. 3. 71; As. iv. 1.16; foolish. T. of S. v. 2. 162.

simplicity, folly. L.L.L. iv. 2. 23; v. 2. 78.

since once, that once upon a time. M.N.D. ii. 1. 149; T. of S. Ind. 1. 84; when. W.T. v. 1. 219.

single bond, bond with borrower's signature only, and vithout names of sureties. M. of V. i. 3. 143.

ngled, separated. L.L.L. v. . 80.

ngular, unique. W.T. iv. 3. 44.

ngularities, rarities. W.T. r. 3. 12.

 \mathbf{nister} , left. M.N.D. v. 1. 163;

A.W. ii. 1. 44. nk, make fall. Tp. ii. 1. 202.

nking-ripe, ready to sink. U. of E. i. 1. 77.

r, gentleman. Tp. v. 1. 69; Fw.N. iii. 4. 80; title given to riests with bachelor's de-ree. M.W. i. 1.1; &c.

rrah, familiar style of ad-lress. Tp. v. 1. 287.

ir-reverence, corruption of save-reverence', an apolocetic expression. C. of E. iii.

2.94. isters Three, the Fates.

M.N.D. v. 1. 335. ith, since. M. for M. i. 3.35;

ХC. ithence, since. A.W. i. 3.

.18.

itting, interview. W.T. iv. 3. 568.

kill, matter. T. of S. iii. 2. 32; Tw.N. v. 1. 290; cunning. W.T. ii. 1. 165; reason. W.T. v. 3. 152.

kill-less, skilless, ignorant. Fp. iii. 1.53; Tw.N. iii. 3.9.

kipper, thoughtless fellow.

Γ. of S. ii. 1. 332. kipping, frivolous. L.L.L.

v. 2.756; wild, mad. Tw.N. i. 5.205. **lack,** neglect. M.W. iii. 4. 112.

lackness, negligence. W.T. v. 1. 151. lander, reproach, disgrace. C. of E. iv. 4. 68; As. iv. 1. 58;

olunder 'slanderer'. for

M.A.v. 1. 216. leeve-hand, a wristband. W.T. iv. 3. 210.

slid, God's lid, an oath. M.W. iii. 4. 24; Tw.N. iii. 4. 102.

slight, God's light, an oath. Γw.N. ii. 5. 34; iii. 2. 14.

slighted, chucked, threw contemptuously. M.W. iii.

slip, started, let slip. T. of S.

v. 2. 52.

slop, slops, loose breeches. M.A. iii. 2. 34; L.L.L. iv. 3. 56. slough, cast off snake-skin. Tw.N. ii. 5. 154.

slubber, slur over. M. of V.

ii. 8. 39.

sluggardized, made indo-

lent. Two G. i. 1. 7. smack, savour. M. for M. ii. 2. 5; M. of V. ii. 2. 16; the small of the leg. L.L.L. v. 2. 634; smattering. A.W. iv. 1. 17.

small, boy's or woman's treble voice; shrill-voiced. M.N.D. i. 2. 50; Tw.N. i. 4. 32. smirch, soil, smear. M.A. iii.

3. 136; iv. 1. 135; As. i. 3. 111. smoked, scented, found out. A.W. iii. 6. 107.

smoking, fumigating. M.A. i. 3. 56.

smother, suffocating smoke. As. i. 2. 286.

smug, trim, spruce. M. of V. iii. 1. 46. smutch, smudged. W.T. i. 2.

snatches, repartees. M. for

M. iv. 2. 6. sneap, check, nip. L.L.L. i. 1. 100; W.T. i. 2. 13.

sneck up, expression of contempt. Tw.N. ii. 3. 97.

snipt-taffeta, dressed in silks and ribbons. A.W. iv. 5. 2.

snuff, object of loathing. A.W. i. 2. 59.

snuff, in, offended. L.L.L. v. 2. 22; M.N.D. v. 1. 248.

soaking, absorbent. W.T. i. 2. 224.

sod, sodden. L.L.L. iv. 2. 23. **softly,** gently, slowly. W.T. iv. 2. 73, 114.

soft you, hold, stop. M.A. v.

solely, absolutely. A.W. i. 1. 106; alone. W.T. ii. 3. 17. solemn, ceremonious. A.W.

iv. 3. 77.

something, somewhat. M. of

V. i. 1. 124.

sonties,?corruption of 'sante', 'sanctity', or 'saints'. M. of V. ii. 2. 43.

sooth, truth. M.N.D. ii. 2, 129;

&c.

Sophy, Shah of Persia. Tw.N. ii. 5. 185: iii. 4. 287.

sore, buck of the fourth year.

L.L.L. iv. 2. 58.

sorel, buck of the third year. L.L.L. iv. 2.60.

sorry, sorrowful. C. of E. v.

1. 121.

sort, manner. Tp. iv. 1. 146; M. of V. i. 2. 102; pick out. Two G. iii. 2. 92; rank. M. for M. iv. 4. 17; M.A. i. 1. 7, 32; fall out, happen. M.A. iv. 1, 242; v. 4. 7; M.N.D. iii. 2. 352; company. M.N.D. iii. 2. 13, 21; befit. M.N.D. v. 1. 55.

sorted, associated, L.L.L. i.1.

252.

sorted to no proof, proved to be to no purpose. T. of S. iv. 3.43; dispose. M. of V. v. 1. 132.

sot, fool. Tp. iii. 2.98; C. of E. ii. 2. 203; Tw. N. i. 5. 124.

soud, a sigh of fatigue. T. of S. iv. 1. 140.

soul, liking. M. for M. i. 1. 17. sound, clear. Tw.N. i. 4. 33. sovereignty, efficacy. A.W. i. 3. 222.

Sowter, name of a hound.

Tw.N. ii. 5. 128.

spare, forbear to offend. M. for M. ii. 3. 33.

spark, fashionable man. A.W. ii. 1, 25. young

specialties, articles of a contract. L.L.L. ii. 1. 164; T. of S. ii. 1. 126.

speciously, blunder for 'specially '. M.W. iii. 4. 110; iv. 5. 109.

sped, done for, prospered. M. of V. ii. 9. 72; W.T. i. 2. 389.

speed, succeed. Two G. iv. 4. 107; T. of S. i. 2. 245; help. As. i. 2. 208; fortune, progress. T. of S. ii. 1. 138; W.T. iii. 2. 142.

spell backward, misconstrue. M.A. iii. 1. 61.

spend, waste. M. of V. i. 1. 153; employ. A.W. v. 1.8. sphery, starry. M.N.D. ii. 2.

99.

spices, seasoning. W.T. iii. 2. 185.

spinner, spider. M.N.D. ii. 2.

spiriting, functions of a spirit. Tp. i. 2. 298.

spite, vexation, C. of E. iv. 2. 8.

splay, castrate. M. for M. ii. 1. 235.

spicen, supposed seat of emotion of laughter. M. for M. ii. 2. 122; quick movement. M.N.D. i. 1. 146; passion. As. iv. 1. 207; ill-temper. T. of S. iii. 2. 10; laughter. Tw.N. iii. 2. 69; &c.

split, make all=set everything into violent uproar.

M.N.D. i. 2. 30.

spotted, stained, polluted. M.N.D. i. 1. 110.

sprag, quick, sharp. M.W. iv. 1. 83.

sprat, worthless fellow. A. W. iii. 6. 109.

spring, beginning. M.N.D. ii. 1. 82.

springe, trap. W.T. iv. 2. 35. spurs, roots. Tp. v. 1, 47. squandered, scattered. M. of

V. i. 3. 21. squandering, random. As.

ii. 7. 57.

square, quarrel. M.N.D. ii. 1. 30; embroidery about the bosom of garment. W.T. iv. 3. 210; shape. W.T. v. 1. 52. squarer, brawler, braggart.

M.A. i. 1. 80. squash, unripe peascod. M.N.D. iii. 1. 184; Tw.N. i. 5. 160; W.T. i. 2. 161.

squire, squier, square, rule, measure. L.L.L. v. 2. 475; W.T. iv. 3. 345. stable, steady. Tw.N. iv. 3. 19. staff, lance. M.A. v. 1. 138.

stage, exhibit. M. for M. i. 1. 68.

stagger, staggering, hesitate, hesitation. M.W. iii. 3. 11; M. for M. i. 2. 168; As. iii. 3. 47.

staggers, apoplexy in horses. T. of S. iii. 2. 55; bewilderment. A.W. ii. 3. 166. stain, tinge, characteristic.

A.W. i. 1. 116.

stale, decoy. Tp. iv. 1. 187;
T. of S. iii. 1. 89; dupe, laughing-stock. M.W. ii. 3. 29; T. of S. i. 1. 58; prostitute.
C. of E. ii. 1. 101; M.A. ii. 2. 25; iv. 1. 65.

stalk, move stealthily. M.A.

ii. 3. 97.

stalking - horse, horse, or figure of horse, behind which sportsmen creep up to their game, As. v. 4. 106.

stall, keep close, as in a stall.

A.W. i. 3. 124.

stamps, impressed coins. M.W. iii. 4. 16.

stand, withstand. T. of S. i. 2. 112; fight. W.T. iii. 2. 44. standard, standard - bearer. Tp. iii. 2. 16.

standing, duration. W.T. i.

2. 431,

standing-bed, bed standing on posts. M.W. iv. 5, 7.

standing water, between ebb and flood of tide. Tw.N. i. 5. 162.

stand upon, be of importance to. C. of E. iv. 1. 68.

staniel, kestrel-hawk. Tw.N. ii. 5. 117. stanze, stanzo, stanza. L.L.L.

. iv. 2. 106; As. ii. 5. 18, 19. staple, thread. L.L.L. v. 1.17. star, pole star. M.A. iii. 4. 55; fortune. Tw.N. ii. 5. 148. star, most received, leader

of fashion. A.W. ii. 1. 56. starkly, stiffly. M. for M. iv.

2. 67. starred, fated. W.T. iii. 2.

98. start-up, upstart. M.A. i. 3.

starve, nip with cold. Two G. iv. 4. 154.

state, attitude. L.L.L. iv. 3.

182; estate, fortune. M. of V. iii. 2. 260; &c.; chair of state. Tw.N. ii. 5. 46; authority. Tw.N. ii. 5. 53; condition. Tw.N. v. 1. 264. statues, blunder for 'statutes'. M.A. iii. 3. 78.

statute-caps, woollen caps, worn by citizens in accordance with an Act of Parliament of 1571. L.L.L. v. 2. 282. stay, to stay. M.N.D. ii. 1.

138; await. As. iii. 2. 211. stays upon, waits for. M. for

M. iv. 1. 49. stead, be of service. Tp. i. 2.

165; &c.

stead up, supply, take the place of. M. for M. iii. 1. 249. stealth, stealthy flight, or approach. M.N.D. iii. 2. 310;

Tw.N. i. 5. 305.

steely, unyielding. A.W. i. 1. 108.

stew. cauldron. M. for M. v. 1. 314.

sticks, stabs. As. i. 2. 241. stigmatical, marked with deformity. C. of E. iv. 2. 22. still, always. Two G. ii. 6.

24; &c. still an end, perpetually.

Two G. iv. 4. 62.

still - closing, constant closing again. Tp. iii. 3. 64. constantly still music, soft, low, gentle music. As. v. 4. 108.

stillness, silence, M. of V. i.

1. 90.

still-piecing, doubtful word. A.W. iii. 2. 109. still-vexed, always disturb-

ed. Tp. i. 2. 229. stitches, sharp pains. Tw.N.

iii. 2. 70.

stoccado, thrust in fencing. M.W. ii. 1. 215.

stock, thrust in fencing. M.W. ii. 3. 25; stocking. T. of S. iii. 2. 66; Tw.N. i. 3. 140.

stock-fish, dried cod. Tp. iii. 2. 76; M. for M. iii. 2. 115.

stockish, insensible. M. of V. v. 1, 81.

stomach, courage. Tp. i. 2.

157; temper. Two G. i. 2. 66; appetite. C. of E. i. 2. 49; M.A. i. 3. 15; T. of S. iv. 1.156; pride. T. of S. v. 2. 177; inclination. A.W. iii, 6. 65.

stone-bow, cross - bow for shooting stones. Tw.N. ii. 5.

stood, depended. M.N.D. i. 1.

stoop, ? stooping. L.L.L. iv. 3. 86; yield. T. of S. iv. 1. 189.

stops, divisions on the fingerboard of a lute. M.A. iii. 2.

story, subject of mirth. M. for M. i. 4. 30.

stoup, drinking-cup. Tw.N.

ii. 3. 14, 122. stout, haughty, proud. Tw.N.

ii. 5. 175.

stover, fodder for cattle. Tp. iv. 1. 63.

straight, immediately. M. of V. i. 1. 31; &c.

strain, pervert oneself. W.T. iii. 2. 49.

strained, constrained. M. of V. iv. 1. 182; turned from right course. W.T. iii. 2. 49. strait, strict. M. for M. ii. 1. 9. straited, at a loss. W.T. iv.

3, 360, straitness, strictness, M. for

M. iii. 2. 262.

strange, original. L.L.L. v. 1. 6; reserved, distant. Tw.N. ii. 5. 175; estranged, Tw.N. v. 1. 214.

strange, grow exceeding, become quite strangers. M.

of V. i. 1. 67.

extraordinarily strangely,

well. Tp. iv. 1. 7.

strange, make it, treat as something unusual. Two G. i. 2. 99.

strangeness, reserve, distant manner. Tw.N. iv. 1. 16. strangers, foreigners. A.W. iv. 1, 16.

strangle, suppress. Tw.N. v. 1. 147.

strayed, led astray C. of E. v. 1. 51.

streak, stroke. M.N.D. ii. 1.

stretched, strained. M.N.D. v. 1. 80.

stretch-mouthed, broad-spoken. W.T. iv. 3. 196.

stricture, strictness. M. for M. i. 3. 12.

strond, strand. M. of V. i. 1. 171.

strong, effected by strength. C. of E. v. 1. 148; forcible. W.T. i. 2. 34.

stronger, greater. A.W. iv. 3, 55,

struck, advanced, T. of S. ii. 1. 353.

stuck-in, thrust in fencing.

Tw.N. iii. 4. 283.

studied, practised, instructed. M. of V. ii. 2. 195. study, wonder. Tp. ii. 1. 82. stuff, baggage, furniture. C. of E. iv. 4. 150; T. of S. Ind. ii.

140.

stuffed, complete. M.A. i. 1. 58; W.T. ii. I. 184.

sty, confine, as in a sty. Tp. i. 2. 342.

subject, subjects. M. for M. ii. 4. 28; iii. 2. 143; W.T. i. 1. 40.

subscribe, be surety. A.W. iii. 6. 85; iv. 5. 32; admit, acknowledge. M. for M. ii. 4. 90; declare. M.A. v. 2. 58.

subscribe to, admit, acknowledge. Two G. v. 4. 145;

A.W. v. 3. 96. substitution, deputyship. Tp. i. 2. 103.

substractors. detractors. Tw.N. i. 3. 36.

illusions, false subtilties, appearances. Tp. v. 1. 124.

succeed, inherit. M. for M. ii. 4. 124; descend by order of succession; A.W. iii. 7. 23.

succeeding, A.W. ii. 3. 194. consequence.

success, the issue. M.A. iv. 1. 236; succession. W.T.i. 2.394. successfully, likely to succeed. As. i. 2. 153.

succession, others from doing the same. A.W. iii. 5. 23. suddenly, instantly, quickly. M.W. iv. 1. 6; As. ii. 2. 19; W.T. ii. 3. 199.

sue, to entreat; also, to prosecute, L.L.L. v. 2. 428.

sufferance, suffering. M.W. iv. 2. 2; &c.

sufficiency, ability. W.T. ii. 1. 184.

suffigance, blunder for 'sufficient'. M.A. iii. 5. 52.

suggest, tempt. Two G. iii. i. 34; L.L.L. v. 2. 765; A.W. iv. 5, 45,

suggestion, prompting, temptation. Tp. ii. 1. 289; iv.

1. 26; L.L. i. i. 1. 155.

suit, service due to a feudal superior. M. for M. iv. 4. 17; fit. M.A. v. 1. 7; Tw. N. i. 2. 48; furnish. As. i. 3. 115; petition, dress. As. ii. 7. 44. suited, dressed. M. of V. i. 2.

79; Tw.N. v. 1. 236.

suits, respects. T. of S. Ind. 1. 106.

suits with fortune, out of. dismissed from Fortune's service. As. i. 2. 245.

sunburnt, homely, ill-favoured. M.A. ii. 1. 312.

superfluous. luxurious. A.W. i. 1. 110. superpraise. overpraise.

M.N.D. iii. 2. 153.

superscript, address. L.L.L. iv. 2. 133.

supportable, endurable. Tp. v. 1. 145.

supportance, keeping. Tw. N. iii. 4. 308.

suppose, supposition. T. of S. v. 1. 117.

supposed, blunder for 'deposed'. M. for M. ii. 1. 159; spurious. M. of V. iii. 2. 94. supposition, beguile the,

deceive the opinion. A.W. iv. 3, 303.

sure, secure. Two G.v.1.12; betrothed. M.W.v.5,237; As.v. 4.135; faithful. M.A. i. 3,65. surmount, surpass. L.L.L.

v. 2. 665.

surprised, to be surprised. A.W. i. 3. 144.

suspect, suspicion. C. of E. iii. 1. 87; blunder for 'respect'. M.A. ii. 2. 75.

swabber, one who scrubs the deck of a ship. Tp. ii. 2. 45;

Tw.N. i. 5. 208.

swart, swarthy. C. of E. iii.

swarth, grass cut by one sweep of scythe. Tw.N. ii. 3.

swashing, swaggering. As. i. 3. 119.

swayed, strained. T. of S. iii. 2, 55,

swear his thought over, repeat your oath regarding his thought. W.T. i. 2. 424.

swearings, oaths. Tw.N. v. 1. 272.

sweat, plague. M. for M. i. 2. 84; sweated. M. of V. iii. 2. 204; As. ii. 3. 58.

sweetness, self-indulgence.

M. for M. ii. 4. 46.

sweet-suggesting, sweetly

tempting. Two G. ii. 6.7. swift, quick-witted. As. v. 4. 63; T. of S. v. 2.54.

swinge, beat. Two G. ii. 1.86;

sworn brother, one pledged to share another's fortunes. M.A. i. 1. 71.

sworn counsel, pledge of secrecy. A.W. iii. 7. 9.

sworn out, forsworn. L.L.L. ii. 1. 104.

swound, swoon. L.L.L.v.2.393. sympathized, mutually suffered. C. of E. v. 1. 400; suitably matched. L.L.L. iii. 1. 51,

table, writing tablet. Two G. ii. 7. 3; palm of the hand. M. of V. ii. 2. 158; tablet. A.W. i. 1. 100.

table-book, memorandum-book. W.T. iv. 3. 605.

tables, backgammon. L.L.L. v. 2. 327.

tabor, small drum. Tp. iii. 2. 158 : &c.

ta'en, given. T. of S. i. 2. 125. ta'en up, arranged amicably. As. v. 4. 49.

taffeta, plain wove glossy silk. L.L.L. v. 2. 159; Tw.N. ii. 4. 74; florid, bombastic. L.L.L. v. 2. 407.

tainting of, bringing discredit upon. Tw.N. v. 1. 138. take, strike. M. for M. ii. 1. 184; T. of S. iii. 2. 163; Tw.N. ii. 5. 68; strike with disease. M.W. iv. 4.32; captivate. Tp. v. 1.313. W.T. iii. 2.36; iv. 3. 119; take to. C. of E. i. 2. 94.

take a house, take refuge in a house. C. of E. v. 1. 36.

take air, get abroad. Tw.N. iii. 4. 138.

take in, conquer. W.T. iv. 3.

take order, take measures. M. for M. ii. 1. 239. take this of me, let me tell you this. T. of S. ii. 1. 190.

taken up. arrested; and obtained on credit. M.A. iii. 3.

take up, take to task. Two G. i. 2. 132; make up, arrange amicably. As. v. 4. 49, 99; Tw.N. iii. 4. 300; assume. Tw.N. v. 1. 148.

tale, both in a, both say the same thing. M.A. iv. 2. 32. tall, fine, doughty. M.W. i.

4. 23; &c.

tang, ? pungent or stinging effect; or an unpleasant tone, twang. Tp. ii. 2. 49; utter with a ringing tone. Tw.N.

ii. 5. 155; iii. 4. 76. tardy, retard. W.T. iii. 2. 160. targe, light shield or buckler.

L.L.L. v. 2. 549.

tarriance, tarrying, delay, procrastination. Two G. ii. 7. 90.

Tartar, Tartarus, hell. C. of E. iv. 2. 32; Tw.N. ii. 5. 209.

taste, experience. Tp. v. 1. 123; to try, to test. Tw.N. iii. 1. 80; iii. 4. 252.

tawdry-lace, woman's silk necktie. W.T. iv. 3. 250.

tax, taxing, charge, accusation, censure. M.A. i. 1. 44; As. ii. 7. 86; A.W. ii. 1. 172. taxation, censure, satire. As. i. 2, 85.

taxation of, demand for. Tw.N. i. 5. 216.

tear a cat, rant. M.N.D. i. 2.

teen, grief. Tp. i. 2. 64; L.L.L. iv. 2. 161.

tell, count. Tp. ii. 1. 15, 290; W.T. iv. 3. 184.

temper, mix. M.A. ii. 2. 21. temperance, temperature. Tp. ii. 1. 42.

temperate, chaste. Tp. iv. 1.

132.

tempered, disposed. As. i. 2. 14.

temple, church. M.A. iii. 3. 158; M. of V. ii. 1. 44.

temporary meddler, cleric who meddles with temporal affairs. M. for M. v. 1. 145.

tend, attend. Tp. i. 1. 6. tender, regard, especially with care or tenderness. Tp. ii. 1. 271; &c.; dear. Two G. v. 4. 37; tend. T. of S. Ind. 1. 16; in-troduce. W.T. iv. 3. 807. tents, bed hangings. T. of S.

ii. 1. 345.

terminations, terms. M.A. ii. i. 245. term in gross, sum up. M. of

V. iii. 2. 159. terms, legal phraseology. M. for M. i. 1. 10.

tester, sixpence, money in general. M.W.i.3.88.

testern, present with a tester. Two G. i. 1. 147.

testimonied, attested. M. for M. iii. 2. 151.

testril, sixpence. Tw.N. ii. 3.

testy, fretful. M.N.D. iii. 2. 358.

thanking, thanks. A.W. iii. 5. 97.

tharborough, constable. L.L.L. i. 1. 181.

thatched, covered, strewn. Tp. iv. 1.63.

theorick, theory. A.W. iv. 3.

thereabouts. of that import.

W.T. i. 2, 378.

thereto, in addition, besides.

W.T. i. 2. 391.

thick-pleached, thickly intertwined. M.A. i. 2. 8.

thick-skin, blockhead. M.W. iv. 5.2; M.N.D. iii. 2.13. thill-horse, shaft-horse. M. of V. ii. 2. 95.

think, bethink. M. of V. iv. 1. 70.

third-borough, constable. T. of S. Ind. 1. 12.

thitherward, on his way thither. A.W. iii. 2. 52.

thou, address one as 'thou'. Tw.N. iii. 2.46.

thought, care, anxiety, melancholy. As. iv. 1. 207; Tw.N. ii. 4. 112; the swiftness thought, of thought, Tp. iv. 1. 164. thought on, estimated. W.T.

iv. 3. 527.

Thracian singer, Orpheus. M.N.D. v. i. 49.

thrasonical, boastful. L.L.L.

v. 1. 12; As. v. 2. 31. thread and thrum, everything in general. M.N.D. v. 1. 284.

three-man song-men, singers of three-part glees. W.T. iv. 2. 43.

three-pile, richest kind of velvet. W.T. iv. 2. 14. three-piled, having a thick pile, richest. M. for M. i. 2. 33; superfine. L.L.L. v. 2, 408.

thrice-crowned, ruling triple capacity. As. iii. 2. 2. thrid, thread, fibre. Tp. iv.

1. 3. thrift, success, M. of V. i. 1. 175; profits. M. of V. i. 3, 48. thrifty, saved by thrift. As.

ii. 3. 39. throe, pain, pang. Tp. ii. 1.

throughfare, thoroughfare. M. of V. ii. 7.42.

throughly, thoroughly. Tp. iii. 3. 14; Two G. i. 2. 112; T. of S. iv. 4. 11.

throw, venture (as in dice).

Tw.N. v. i. 42.

thrum, tufted end of a thread in weaving, M.N.D. v. 1. 284.

thrummed hat, hat made of very coarse woollen stuff. M.W. iv. 2. 76.

tickle, tottering. M. for M. i.

2.176.

tick-tack, sort of backgammon. M. for M. i. 2. 193. 'tide, betide. M.N.D. v. 1. 203.

tight, watertight. Tp. v. 1. 224; T. of S. ii. 1. 372.

tightly, briskly, smartly. M.W. i. 3. 80; ii. 3. 63.

tillyvally, an expression of contempt. Tw.N. ii. 3. 80. tilth, tillage. Tp. ii. 1. 153; M. for M. i. 4. 44.

tilting, contending. C. of E. iv. 2. 6.

time, youth. M. of V. i. 1. 129. timeless, untimely. Two G. iii. 1. 21.

tinct, grand elixir sought by alchemists. A.W. v. 3. 102. tincture, colour. W.T. iii. 2.

tire, headdress. Two G. iv. 4. 185; M.W. iii. 3. 55; M.A. iii.

'tired, attired. L.L.L. iv. 2.

tire-valiant, fanciful head-

dress. M.W. iii. 3. 54. tiring, attiring. C. of E. ii. 2. 106.

tiring-house, dressing-room of a theatre. M.N.D. iii. 1.4. tithe, ?tilth. M. for M. iv. 1.

title, want of rank. A.W. ii.

tittles, trifles. L.L.L. iv. 1.82. to, compared to. Tp. i. 2.477; ii. 1.179; L.L.L. ii. 1. 63; A.W. ii. 3. 298; for, as. Tp. ii. L. 75; Two G. ii. 4. 139, 140; at. Two G. i. 1.57; with. M. A. ii. 1. 233. toaze, drag out. W.T. iv. 3. 743.

tod, 28lbs. of wool, yield a tod.

W.T. iv. 2. 32, 33.

tofore, before. L.L.L. iii. 1.83. toil, trouble, labour. M.N.D. v. 1. 74.

token, pledge. Two G iv. 4. 74; to be a sign of. A.W. iv. 2, 63,

toll, pay toll. A.W. v. 3. 149. tongue, to denounce. M. for

M. iv. 4. 26.

tongues, foreign languages. Two G. iv. 1. 33; M.A. v. 1. 166.

took, gave. T. of S. iii. 2. 163. too much, excess. A.W. iii. 2.

too-too, too, repeated emphatically. Two G. ii. 4. 206; M. of V. ii. 6. 42.

top, forelock. M.A. i. 2. 14; head. A.W. i. 2. 43.

torcher, torch-bearer. A.W. ii. 1. 164.

touch, action. M.N.D. iii. 2.70; trait. As. iii. 2. 152; v. 4. 27. touch near, concern deeply.

Two G. iii. 1. 60. touse, pull, tear. M. for M.

v. 1. 306.

toward, in preparation. M.N.D. iii. 1. 76; As. v. 4. 35; T. of S. i. 1. 68; tractable. T. of S. v. 2. 183.

toy, trifle, fancy. L.L.L. iv. 3.

198; &c.

trace, traverse. M.A. iii. 1. 16;

M.N.D. ii. 1. 25.

trade, business. Tw.N. iii. 1. 77; to go in a particular direction. M. of V. iii. 4. 54. trafficker, trader. M. of V. i.

1. 12.

train, entice, allure. C. of E. iii. 2. 45.

traitorly, treacherous. W.T. iv. 3.803.

traject, ferry. M. of V. iii. 4. 53.

translate, change, transform. M.N.D. i. 1. 191; iii. 1. 116.

transport, remove to another world. M. for M. iv. 3. 69; M.N.D. iv. 2. 4; carried away by feeling. W.T. iii. 2. 156; v. 3. 69.

trash, lop, cut off high branches. Tp. 1. 2. 81.

travail, labour. A.W. ii. 3.

travel of regard, grave survey. Tw.N. ii. 5. 54.

traverse, make a thrust.

M.W. ii. 3. 24; crosswise. As. iii. 4. 41.

tray-trip, a game of dice in which success depended on throwing the three. Tw.N. ii. 5. 194.

treasury, treasure. W.T. iv. 3, 356.

treble, make thrice as great, Tp. ii. 1. 222.

trembling, a sign of demoniacal possession. Tp. ii. 2. 79. tremor cordis, trembling of the heart. W.T. i. 2. 111.

trench, cut. Two G. iii. 2.7. trenchering, trencher. Tp.

ii. 2. 183. trencher-knight, servant who waits at table, L.L.L. v.

2.465. trencher-man, good feeder.

M.A. i. 1. 50. trey, three at cards. L.L.L.

v. 2. 232. trial of a man, combat. M.A.

v. 1. 66. **trice**, moment. Tp. v. 1. 238; Tw. N. iv. 2. 128.

trick, custom, habit, M. for M. v. 1. 501; toy. T. of S. iv. 3. 67; W.T. ii. 1. 50; special peculiarity of look, voice, &c. A.W. i. 1. 101; W.T. ii. 3. 100.

tricking, ornaments, costumes. M.W. iv. 4. 80.

tricksy, sportive. Tp. v.1.226; M. of V. iii. 5.68.

trifle, appearance. Tp. v. 1. 112; toy. M.N.D. i. 1. 34. triple, third. A.W. ii. 1. 110.

triple Hecate, ruling in three capacities. M.N.D. v. 2. 14.

triplex, triple-time in music. Tw.N. v. 1. 38.

triumph, festival. Two G. v. 4.161; M.N.D. i. 1.19.

triumviry, group of three. L.L.L. iv. 3. 50. troll, sing in rotation. Tp.

iii. 2. 123.

trol-my-dames, French game of 'trou madame'. W.T. iv. 2. 88.

trot, troth. M.W. iv. 5. 86; term of contempt. M. for M. iii. 2. 52; hag. T. of S. i. 2. 78. troth, truth. M.W. i. 4. 139; M.N.D. ii. 2. 36, 42.

troth-plight, betrothal. W.T. i. 2. 278; betrothed. W.T. v. 3. 151.

trow, wonder. M.W. i. 4. 127; ii. 1. 63; think ye. M.A. iii. 4. 56; know. As. iii. 2. 180. **Troyan**, used as term of contempt. L.L.L. v. 2. 629.

truant, play truant. C. of E. iii. 2. 17.

truckle-bed, low bed, which can be pushed under another. M.W. iv. 5. 7. true, honest. M.W. ii. 1. 140;

M.A. iii. 3. 50.

trumpet, herald. W.T. ii. 2. 35. trunk, body. W.T. i. 2. 435. trunk sleeve, full sleeve, T.

of S. iv. 3. 140.

trust, credit. M. of V. i. 1. 185. try, bring a ship as close to wind as possible. Tp. i. 1. 36. tub, process of curing venereal disease by sweating. M. for M. iii. 2. 59.

tuck, rapier. Tw.N. iii. 4. 231. tucket, flourish on a trumpet. M. of V. v. 1. 121; A.W. iii.

5, stage direction.

tuft, clump. As. iii. 5. 74. tug, contend. W.T. iv. 3. 504. tuition, guardianship. M.A. i. 1. 277.

tumbler's hoop was decked with parti-coloured ribbons.

L.L.L. iii. 1. 190.

tundish, funnel. M. for M. iii.

tuneable, tuneful. M.N.D.i.1. 184; iv. 1, 126.

Turk, turn, become wicked.

M.A. iii. 4. 54.

turn, change. Two G. ii. 2.4; modulate, tune. As. ii. 5. 3. turned, brought. As. iv. 3. 23. turn i' the wheel, turn a roasting-jack. C. of E. iii. 2. 158.

turtle, turtle-dove. T. of S. ii.

twangling, twanging. Tp. iii. 2. 143; T. of S. ii. 1. 158. twelve score, twelve score

yards. M.W. iii. 2. 32.

twilled, covered with reeds. Tp. iv. 1. 64.

twink, twinkling, instant. Tp. iv. 1. 43; T. of S. ii. 1. 303. Tyburn, three-cornered Tyburn gallows. L.L.L. iv. 3, 51. tyrant, pitiless critic. M.A. i. 1. 167.

umber, red ochre. As. i. 3. 111. unable, helpless. T. of S. v. 2. 170.

unadvised, unintentionally. Two G. iv. 4. 122.

unbanded, without a band. As. iii. 2. 376.

unbraided, ? embroidered. W.T. iv. 3. 203.

unbreathed, unexercised. M.N.D. v. 1. 74.

uncapable, incapable. M. of V. iv. 1. 5.

uncape, uncouple, throw off the hounds. M.W. iii. 3. 162. uncase, undress. L.L.L. v. 2.

695: T. of S. i. 1. 208.

unchary, carelessly. Tw.N. iii. 4. 209.

unchecked, not contradicted.

M. of V. iii. 1. 2.

uncivil, uncivilized, barbarous. Two G. v. 4.17; Tw.N. ii. 3. 125.

unclasp, open, reveal. M.A. i. 1. 319; W.T. iii. 2. 165.

unconfinable, unrestrainable. M.W. ii. 2. 21.

unconfirmed, inexperienced. M.A. iii. 3. 116; L.L.L. iv. 2.

uncouth, strange. As. ii. 6. 6. uncurrent, extraordinary. W.T. iii. 2. 48.

underbear, face, trim. M.A. iii. 4. 21.

undergo, endure, sustain. Two G. v. 4. 42; M. for M. i. 1. 23; undertake. W.T. iv. 3. 550. undergoing, enduring. Tp. i. 2. 157.

undertake, take in hand. M.W. iii. 5. 122; Tw.N. i. 3.59; assume. T. of S. iv. 2. 107.

undertaker, surety, or agent for others. Tw.N. iii. 4. 327. undervalued, inferior in

value. M. of V. i. 1, 165; ii. 7.

undeserving, undeserved. L.L.L. v. 2, 367.

undisposed, not disposed to mirth. C. of E. i. 2. 80.

undividable, not to be divided. C. of E. ii. 2. 131.

undone, ruined. A.W.iv.3.327. unexpressive, inexpressible.

As. iii. 2, 10.

unfolding star, the star that bids shepherd let sheep out of fold. M. for M. iv. 2, 206. unfool, take away reproach

of folly. M.W. iv. 2. 114. unfurnish, deprive. W.T. v.

1. 123.

unfurnished, without companion. M. of V. iii. 2. 126. ungalled, unblemished. C. of

E. iii. 1. 102.

ungenitured, without power of procreation. M. for M. iii. 2. 181.

ungird, loose, relax. Tw.N.

iv. 1. 15.

ungot, unbegotten. M. for M. v. 1. 142.

ungracious, rude. Tw.N. iv.

unhandsome, unsuitable. As, epil. 2.

unhappiness, mischief, M.A. ii. 1. 338.

unhappy, mischievous. C. of E. iv. 4. 125; L.L.L. v. 2. 12;

A.W. iv. 5. 63. unhardened, impressionable. M.N.D. i. 1. 35.

unhatched, undrawn, undisclosed. Tw.N. iii. 4. 242.

unheedy, heedless, M.N.D. i. 1. 237.

unhurtful, harmless, M. for M. iii. 2. 172.

unintelligent, unconscious. W.T. i. 1. 14.

unjust, dishonest. W.T. iv. 3. 682.

unjustly, unfairly. A.W. iv. 2. 76.

unkennel, drive fox from his earth. M.W. iii. 3. 160.

unkind, unnatural. As. ii. 7. 175.

unknown friends. to's. friends unknown to us. W.T. iv. 3, 65.

unlike, unlikely. M. for M. v. 1. 52.

unmeasurable, immeasurable. M.W. ii. 1. 102.

unmitigable, implacable. Tp. i. 2. 276.

unmuzzled, as of dogs worrying bear. Tw.N. iii. 1. 123. unpathed, pathless. W.T. iv.

3. 574. unpeeled, stripped, desolate.

L.L. ii. 1. 88.

unpinked, not pierced with eyelet holes. T. of S. iv. 1. 131. unpitied, unmerciful. M. for M. iv. 2. 12.

unpregnant, dull, without sense. M. for M. iv. 4. 21.

unprizable, invaluable. Tw. N. v. 1. 55.

unprofited, with nothing gained. Tw.N. i. 4. 22.

unquestionable, unwilling to be conversed with. As. iii. 2. 371.

unquiet, restless. M. of V. iii. 2, 307.

restlessness.

unquietness.

M.A. i. 3. 45. unraked, not made up for night. M.W. v. 5. 47.

unreverent, unreverent, irreverent. Two G. ii. 6. 14; T. of S. iii. 2. 112.

unrolled, struck off the roll. W.T. iv. 2. 123.

unroosted, henpecked. W.T.

ii. 3. 74. unroot, root up. A.W. v. 1. 6. unseasoned, inexperienced.

A.W. i. 1. 74. unseeming, not seeming. L.L.L. ii. 1. 155.

unshape, throw into disorder. M. for M. iv. 4. 21.

M. for M. iii. 2. 62. unshunned,

unsisting, funresting. M. for M. iv. 2. 89.

unsphere, remove from orbits. W.T. i. 2. 48.

unstanched, incontinent. Tp. i. 1. 49.

untaught, untrained, rude. M. for M. ii. 4. 30.

unthrift, unthrifty, goodfor-nothing. M. of V. i. 3. 174; v. 1. 16.

unthrifty to, not to increase. W.T. v. 2. 115.

unto, in addition to. As. i. 2.

untoward, unmannerly. T. of S. iv. 5. 79.

untowardly, unluckily.M.A.

iii. 2. 127. untread, retrace. M. of V. ii. 6, 10,

untreasured, empty of trea-

sure. As. ii. 2.7.

untried, unexamined. W.T. iv. Chorus. 6.

untrussing,

unloosing 'points' of hose. M. for M. iii. 2. 186.

untuneable, untuned, discordant. C. of E. v. 1. 312; As. v. 3. 35.

unweighed, unweighing, reckless, thoughtless. M.W. ii. 1. 22; M. for M. iii. 2. 146. upanddown, exactly. Two G.

ii. 3. 29; M.A. ii. 1. 117.

upon, in consequence of. M.A. iv. 1. 225; Tw.N. v. 1. 363; by. M.N.D. ii. 1. 244. uprising, ascent. L.L.L. iv. 1. 2.

upshoot, deciding shot. L.L.L. iv. 1, 136.

up-staring, standing on end.

Tp. i. 2. 213.

urchin, hedgehog, goblin. Tp. i. 2. 326; M.W. iv. 4. 50. urchin-shows, apparitions

of goblins. Tp. ii. 2.5. usance, interest of money. M. of V. i. 3. 43.

use, interest. M. for M. i. 1. 40; M.A. ii. 1. 274; Tw.N. iii. 1.53; custom. M. for M. i. 4. 62; A.W. v. 1.24; trust. M. of V. iv. 1. 382.

used, treated. A.W. i. 2. 42. usurping, counterfeit, false.

L.L.L. iv. 3. 256.

utter, pass from one to another. L.L.L. ii. 1. 16; cause so to pass. W.T. iv. 3. 328. SH. III.

vagrom, mistake for 'vagrant'. M.A. iii. 3. 25.

vail, lower, let fall. M. for M. v. 1. 20; L.L.L. v. 2. 298; M. of V. i. 1, 28; T. of S. v. 2. 177.

vain, 'for vain' = uselessly. M. for M. ii. 4. 12; light of tongue. C. of E. iii. 2. 27.

vainness, vanity. Tw.N. iii.

valance, fringe of drapery. T. of S. ii. 1. 347.

validity, value. A.W. v. 3. 192; Tw.N. i. 1. 12.

vanity, illusion. Tp. iv. 1. 41. vantage, opportunity. M.W. iv. 6. 43; M. for M. v. 1. 409; M. of V. iii. 2. 175; superiority. M.N.D. i. 1. 102.

vara, very. L.L.L. v. 2. 488. varlet, knave. Tp. iv. 1. 170;

M.A. iv. 2. 73. varnished, painted. M. of V.

ii. 5. 33.

vast, dreary stretch of sea. W.T. i. 1. 30. vastidity, extent, immensity. M. for M. iii. 1. 67.

vast of night, dark abyss of

night. Tp.i. 2. 327. vasty, vast. M. of V. ii. 7. 41. vaward, vanguard. M.N.D.

iv. 1. 107. velure, velvet. T. of S. iii, 2.61. velvet, velvety. As. ii. 1. 50.

venew, veney, a bout at fencing, M.W.i.1.277; L.L.L. v. 1. 57.

vengeance, mischief. As. iv. 3.48.

ventricle, cavity. L.L.L. iv. 2, 69,

verily, true. Tp. ii. 1. 322. verse love, make love in verse. M.N.D. ii. 1. 67.

very, true. Two G. iii. 2. 41; M. of V. iii. 2. 224.

via, go forward; away with you. M.W. ii. 2. 151; M. of V. ii. 2. 10; come on. L.L.L. v. 1. 147.

vice, the buffoon. Tw.N. iv. 2.129; screw. W.T. i. 2.416. vie, stake, as at cards. T. of S. ii. 1. 302.

viewless, invisible. M. for M. iii. 1. 122.

vigitant, blunder for 'vigilant'. M.A. iii. 3. 93.

villagery, village people. M.N.D. ii. 1. 35.

villain, used good-humoured-

ly. C. of E. i. 2. 19; Tw.N. ii. 5. 14; W.T. i. 2. 137; serf. As. i. 1. 55.

villanous, villainously. Tp. iv. 1. 250.

villany, mischief. M.W. ii. 1. 96; T. of S. iv. 3. 143.

viol-de-gamboys (blunder for 'da gamba'), violoncello. Tw.N. i. 3. 27.

virginalling, playing with fingers, as upon virginal. W.T. i. 2. 126.

virtue, essence, very being. Tp. i. 2. 27; M.N.D. iv. 1. 171; efficacy. M. of V. v. 1. 199.

wirtuous, beneficent. M. for M. ii. 2.168; M.N.D. iii. 2.367. visible, visibly. W.T. v. 1. 216.

visited, infected. L.L.L. v. 2.

visor, mask. M.A. ii. 1. 95, 156; L.L.L. v. 2. 228.

vizaments, advisements, counsel. M.W. i. 1. 38. vizarded, masked, M.W. iv.

6. 40.

vlouting-stog, laughingstock. M.W. iii. 1. 113.

woice, name, behalf. M. for M. i. 2. 183; vote. M.N.D. i. 1. 54; As. ii. 4. 85.

void, emit. M. of V. i. 3. 115. volable, quick-witted. L.L.L. iii. 1, 66.

votarist, votary. M. for M. i.

vouch, word, testimony. M. for M. ii. 4. 157; warrant. Tp. ii. 1. 61.

vow-fellow, companions in oath. L.L.L. ii. 1. 38.

voyage, enterprise. M.W. ii. 1.174; Tw.N. iii. 1.86.

vulgar, vulgar tongue. As. v. 1.51; common. Tw.N. iii. 1.129; common person. W.T. ii. 1, 93.

vulgarly, publicly. M. for M. v. 1. 160.

waft, beckon. C. of E. ii. 2. 118; M. of V. v. 1. 11; turn. W.T. i. 2. 372.

waftage, passage by water. C. of E. iv. 1. 96.

wag, to go one's way. M.W. i. 3.7; ii. 1. 219; M.A. v. 1. 16; shake. M. of V. iv. 1. 76.

waggling, wagging, shaking. M.A. ii. 1. 114.

waggon, car, chariot. W.T.

iv. 3. 118. wailful, doleful. Two G. iii.

2.69. wainropes, waggon-ropes.

Tw.N. iii. 2. 61.

waist, part of ship between quarter-deck and forecastle. Tp. i. 2. 197.

wait upon, accompany. W T. v. 1. 142.

wake, late revels. L.L.L. v. 2.

319; W.T. iv. 2. 103. wallet, bag. Tp. iii. 3. 46. want, lack. M.N.D. ii. 1. 101; T. of S. iii. 2. 248; A.W. i. 1.

11; W.T. iv. 1. 13. wanton, luxuriant. M.N.D. ii. 1.99; play, dally. W.T. ii. 1. 18.

wantonness, lasciviousness. M.W. iv. 2. 207.

want-wit, idiot. M. of V. i. 1.6. ward, guard in fencing. Tp. i. 2. 468; M.W. ii. 2. 245; W.T. i. 2. 33; defence. L.L.L. iii. 1.

ward, in, under guardian-ship. A.W. i. 1. 5.

warden, large baking pear. W.T. iv. 2. 47.

'ware, beware. L.L.L. v. 2. 43. ware, aware. As. ii. 4. 55; cautious. As. ii. 4. 55.

war-man, warrior. L.L.L. v. 2.654.

warp, deviate. M. for M. i. 1.

14; twist, pervert. As. ii. 7. 187; A.W. v. 3. 49. warrant, secure, protect. M.

for M. iv. 2. 170; C. of E. iv. 4. 3; As. iii. 3. 4; attest. M.A. iv. 1, 168.

warranted need, upon a, if the question required a guarantee. M. for M. iii. 2. 150.

warranty, warrant, permission. M. of V. i. 1. 132.

warrener, gamekeeper. M.W. i. 4. 25.

was, had been. Tw.N. iv. 3.6. waspish-headed, petulant, irascible. Tp. iv. 1. 99.

wassail, revelry. L.L.L. v. 2.

319.

watch, tame by keeping awake. M.W. v. 5. 106; T. of S. iv. 1. 193.

waters, for all, fit for anything. Tw.N. iv. 2. 66.

watery star, the moon. W.T. i. 2. 1.

wax, grow. L.L.L. v. 2. 10.

waxen, grow, increase. M.N.D. ii. 1. 56.

ways, come your, come on. As. i. 2. 207.

weak, weakening. As. ii. 7. 132.

wealth, prosperity. M. of V. v. 1. 249.

wear, fashion. M. for M. iii. 2. 78; &c.; wear out, tire. As. ii. 4. 37; A.W. v. 1. 4; are in fashion. A.W. i. 1. 163; grow fitted by use. Tw.N. ii. 4. 30. wearing, apparel. W.T. iv. 3.

weather-bitten, corroded by the weather. W.T. v. 2.58.

weather-fend, shelter. Tp. v. 1. 10.

web, disease of the eye, ?cataract. W.T. i. 2. 291. weed, garment. Two G. ii. 7.

42; &c. weeding, weeds. L.L.L. i. 1.

96. weeping-ripe, ready to weep.

L.L.L. v. 2. 275.

weigh, consider. Tp. ii. 1. 131. weikin, sky. Tp. i. 2.4; Tw. N. ii. 3. 58; iii. 1. 60; blué. W.T.

well, at rest. W.T. v. 1. 30.

well-a-day, alas! M.W. iii. 3. 97; Tw.N. iv. 2. 113.

well-advised, deliberate, in right mind. L.L.L. v. 2. 435.

well entered, being initiated. A.W. ii. 1. 6.

well found, found to be well skilled. A.W. ii. 1, 104.

well-liking, in good condition. L.L.L. v. 2, 269.

well-wished, popular. M. for M. ii. 4. 28.

wend, go. C. of E. i. 1, 157; M.N.D. iii. 2. 372.

wezand, windpipe. Tp. iii. 2.96. what is he for a fool, what sort of a fool is he? M.A. i. 3. 44.

wheels, set on, cause to go smoothly. Two G. iii. 1. 313.

whelm, overwhelm. M.W. ii.

when, exclamation of impatience. Tp. i. 2. 316; T. of S. iv. 1. 141.

when? can you tell? an expression of contempt. C. of E. iii. 1. 52.

whence, from that place where. A.W. iii. 2. 120.

whe'r, whether. Tp. v. 1.111; C. of E. iv. 1. 60.

where, whereas. Two G. iii. 1.74; L.L.L. ii. 1.103; M. of V. iv. 1. 22; to where. M.N.D. iv. 1. 154.

wherein, in what dress. As. iii. 2. 222.

where you are, what you mean. As. v. 2. 29.

whey-face, covered youthful down. M.W. i. 4. 20. which, that which. W.T. iii.

2, 59, while, meanwhile. As. ii. 5.

31; T. of S. iii. 1. 22. while-ere, not long ago. Tp.

iii. 2. 124. whiles, while. Tp. i. 2. 343; until. Tw. N. iv. 3. 29.

whipstock, Tw.N. ii. 3. 27. whip-handle.

whist, hushed, silent. Tp. i.

2.378. white, bull's-eye in target. T.

of S. v. 2. 187. whiting-time, bleaching-

time. M.W. iii. 3. 130.

whitster, bleacher. M.W. iii. 3, 13,

who, he who. Two G. v. 4. 79; which. M. for M. i. 2. 192; whoever. W.T. v. 1. 109.

whoo-bub, hubbub. W.T. iv.

3, 622.

whooping, out of all, beyond expression. As. iii. 2. 194. whoreson, bastard. Tp. i. 1.

44: &c.

why, for, because. Two G. iii. 1. 99.

wide, far from, indifferent to. M.W. iii. 1. 55; distractedly. M.A. iv. 1. 62.

wide-chapped, open-mouthed. Tp. i. 1. 58.

widow, dower. M. for M. v. 1. 420.

widowhood, rights of widow. T. of S. ii. 1. 124. wightly, nimble. L.L.L. iii. 1.

198.

wild, rash, heedless. W.T. ii. 1. 181; iv. 3. 573.

wilderness, wildness. M. for M. iii. 1. 140.

wimpled, blindfolded. L.L.L. iii. 1. 181.

wind, blow. M.A. i. 1. 238; to fold. M.N.D. iv. 1. 42. wind, allow the, give air.

A.W. v. 2. 10. windgalls, swelling in horse's

legs. T. of S. iii. 2. 53.

windring, winding. Tp. iv. 1. 128.

windy, windward, safe. M.A. ii. 1. 308; Tw.N. iii. 4. 171.

wing, of a good, strong in flight. A.W.i. 1. 210.

wink, close one's eyes. Tp. ii. 1. 217; L.L.L. i. 1. 43; the least. Tp. ii. 1. 243; closing of the eyes. Tp. ii. 1. 286; W.T. i. 2. 317; be blind, be in the dark. C. of E. iii. 2. 58.

wise woman, witch. M.W. iv. 5. 25; Tw.N. iii. 4. 108.

wish, commend. T. of S. i. 1. 111; i. 2. 59, 63; desire. M. for M. v. 1. 79.

wit, wisdom. Two G. i. 1. 34; &c.; sense. M.A. i. 1. 67.

witch, wizard. C. of E. iv. 4.157. witcracker, jester. M.A. v. 4. 101.

with, by. Two G. ii. 1. 32; &c. withal, not do, not help it. M. of V. iii. 4. 72.

withering out, delaying enjoyment of. M.N.D. i. 1.6.

without, except. Two G. ii. 1. 38; beyond. Tp. v. 1. 271; M.N.D. i. 1. 165; iv. 1. 155. without-door, external. W.T.

ii. 1. 68.

witness, evidence. M.W. iv. 2. 205.

wit-snapper, man ready at repartee. M. of V. iii. 5. 48. wit, to, namely. M. of V. ii. 9.

'wit, whither wilt?' expression used to check anyone talking too much. As, iv. 1. 160.

wittol, contented cuckold. M.W. ii. 2. 294.

wittolly, wittol-like. M.W. ii. 2, 269.

witty, cunning. M.A. iv. 2: 26. wive, marry. M. of V. i. 2. 130; Tw.N. v. 1. 398.

woe, sorry. Tp. v. 1. 139.

woman me to it, make me show my woman's weakness. A.W, iii. 2, 50.

woman of the world, married woman. As. v. 3. 4. woman-tired, henpecked.

W.T. ii. 3. 74.

womb, enclose, W.T. iv. 3, 497. wonder, wondering, admiration. W.T. iv. chor. 25; v. 1.

wondered, wonder-working. Tp. iv. 1. 123.

of, wonder wonder at. M.N.D. iv. 1. 133.

wont, is wont. C. of E. iv. 4. 38.

wood, mad. Two G. ii. 3. 28; M.N.D. ii. 1. 192.

woodbine, bindweed, honeysuckle, convolvulus. or M.N.D. ii. 1. 251; iv. 1. 44.

woodcock, fool. M.A.v.1.157; &c.

woodman, forester, wencher. M. for M. iv. 3. 165.

woollen, blankets. M.A. ii. 1. 31.

woolward, go, wear wool instead of linen next skin. L.L.L. v. 2. 704.

word, promise. A.W. ii. 1.

212.

word, at a, in short. M.W. i. 1. 104; as good as my word. M.W. i. 3. 14.

work, affect. Tp. iv. 1. 144. working, scope. As. i. 2. 201. working-day, common, ordi-

nary. As. i. 3. 12.

world, wonder. M 35; T. of S. ii. 1. 304. M.A. iii. 5.

world, go to the, be married. M.A. ii. 1. 311; A.W. i. 3. 18. worm, creature. Tp. iii. 1. 31; M.W. v. 5.86; serpent. M. for

M. iii. 1. 17; M.N.D. iii. 2. 71. worn times, old age. W.T. v. 1. 142.

worser, worse. Tp. iv. 1. 27.

worship, honour, dignity. W.T. i. 2. 314. wort, root. M.W. i. 1. 119; sweet unfermented beer. L.L.L. v. 2. 234.

worth, wealth, rank. Tw.N. iii. 3. 17; W.T. v. 1. 214.

worthy, well-deserved. A.W. iv. 3. 6.

wot, wotting, know, knowing. L.L.L. i. 1. 91; W.T. iii.

wound, wound about. Tp. ii. 2. 13.

wrack of sea, shipwreck. C. of E. v. 1. 49.

wrath, wrathful. M.N.D. ii. 1. 20; ardour. As. v. 2. 40. wreathe, fold, twine. Two G.

ii. 1. 20; L.L. iv. 3. 132; As. iv. 3. 108.

wring, writhe. M.A. v. 1.28. writ, scripture. A.W. ii. 1. 140; written, claimed. A.W. ii. 3, 64.

write, claim to be. A.W. ii. 3. 202.

wrong, done myself, put myself in the wrong. M. for M. i. 2. 41.

wrongs you, this, this is unworthy of you. M.W. iv. 2. 153.

wrong, you do yourself, you are much mistaken. Tp. i. 2. 440 (ironical for 'you have uttered a falsehood'); M.W. iii, 3, 204.

wroth (so spelt for rhyme), wrath. M. of V. ii. 9. 78.

wrought, agitated. W.T. v. 3. 58.

wry-necked, see fife.

yard, yard measure. T. of S. iv. 3. 113.

yare, yarely, ready, readily; nimble, active, briskly. Tp. i. 1. 4; &c.

ycleped, called, named. L.L.i.1.236; v. 2.592.

Yead, diminutive for 'Edward'. M.W. i. 1. 154.

year, years. M. for M. ii. 1. 265.

yearn, grieve, vex. M.W. iii. 5. 43.

years, in, into wrinkles. L.L.L. v. 2, 466.

yellow, emblem of jealousy. W.T. ii. 3. 106.

yellowness, jealousy. M.W. i. 3. 103.

yellows, jaundice in horses. T. of S. iii. 2. 54.

yest, foam, froth. W.T. iii. 3.

yet, still. T. of S. Ind. 2. 67; W.T. i. 2. 51.

yield you forth, expose you. M. for M. v. 1. 7.

youd, yonder. Tp. i. 2. 406. you, for you. As. ii. 5. 32. young, inexperienced. As. i. 1. 54.

younker, youth. M. of V. ii. 6. 14.

zany, buffoon. L.L.L. v. 2. 464; Tw.N. i. 5. 92.

zodiacs, years. M. for M. i. 2. 171.

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